

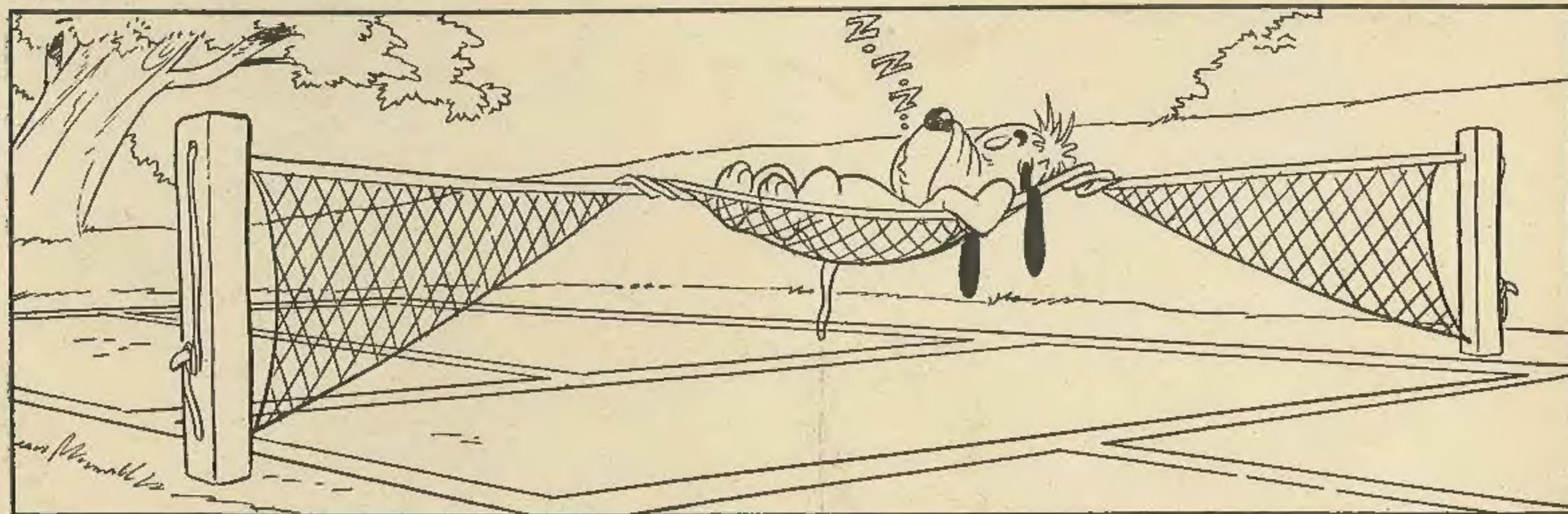
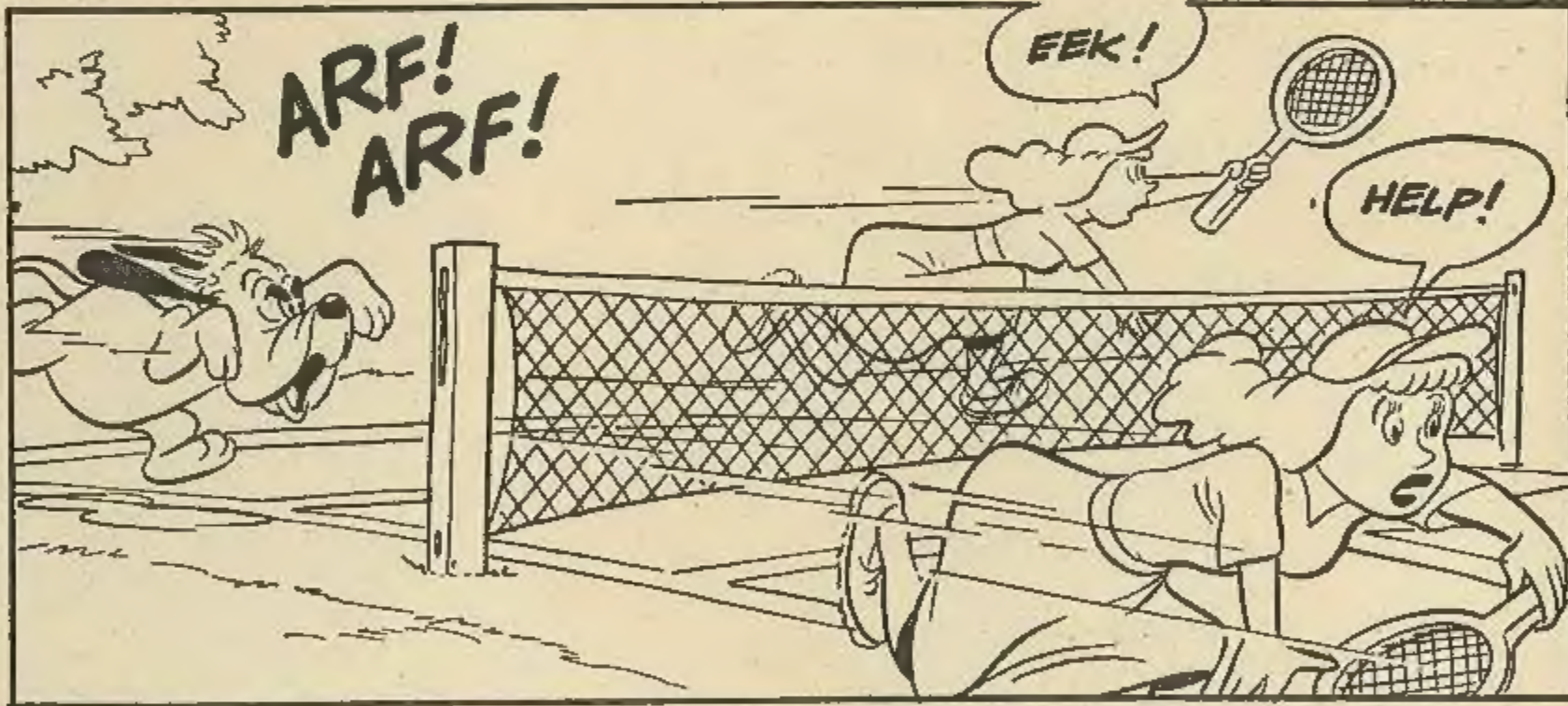
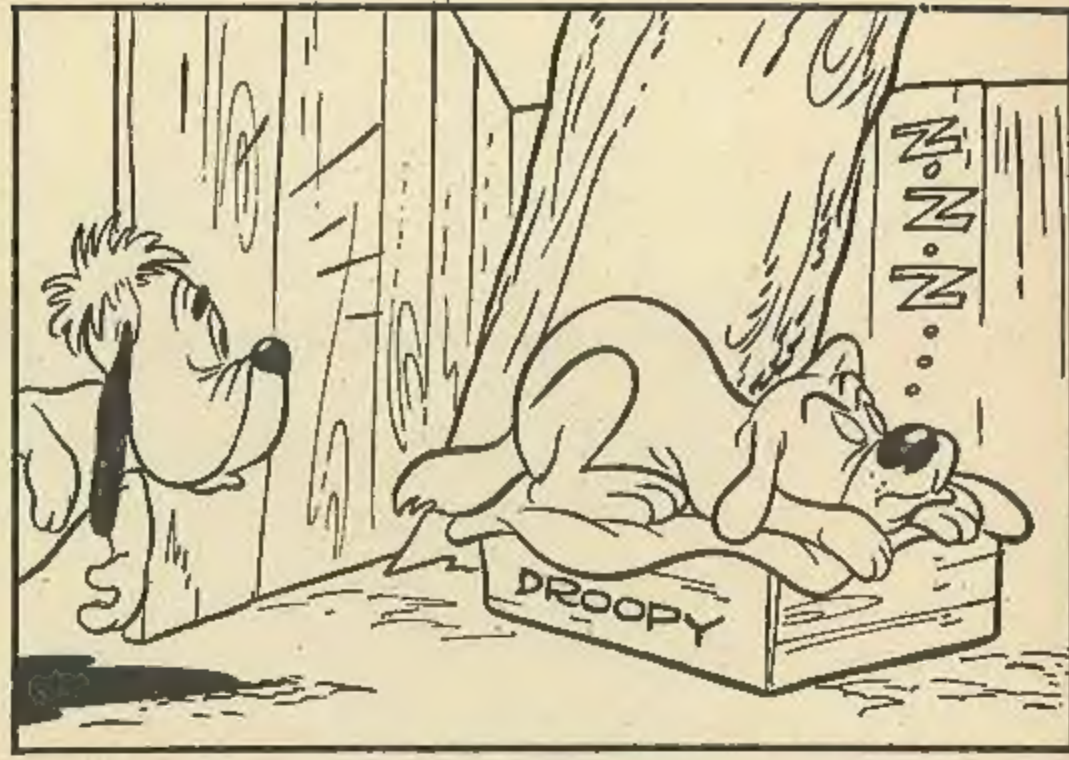
• A DELL COMIC •
DELL
• A DELL COMIC •

DECEMBER 10¢

Tom and Jerry comics



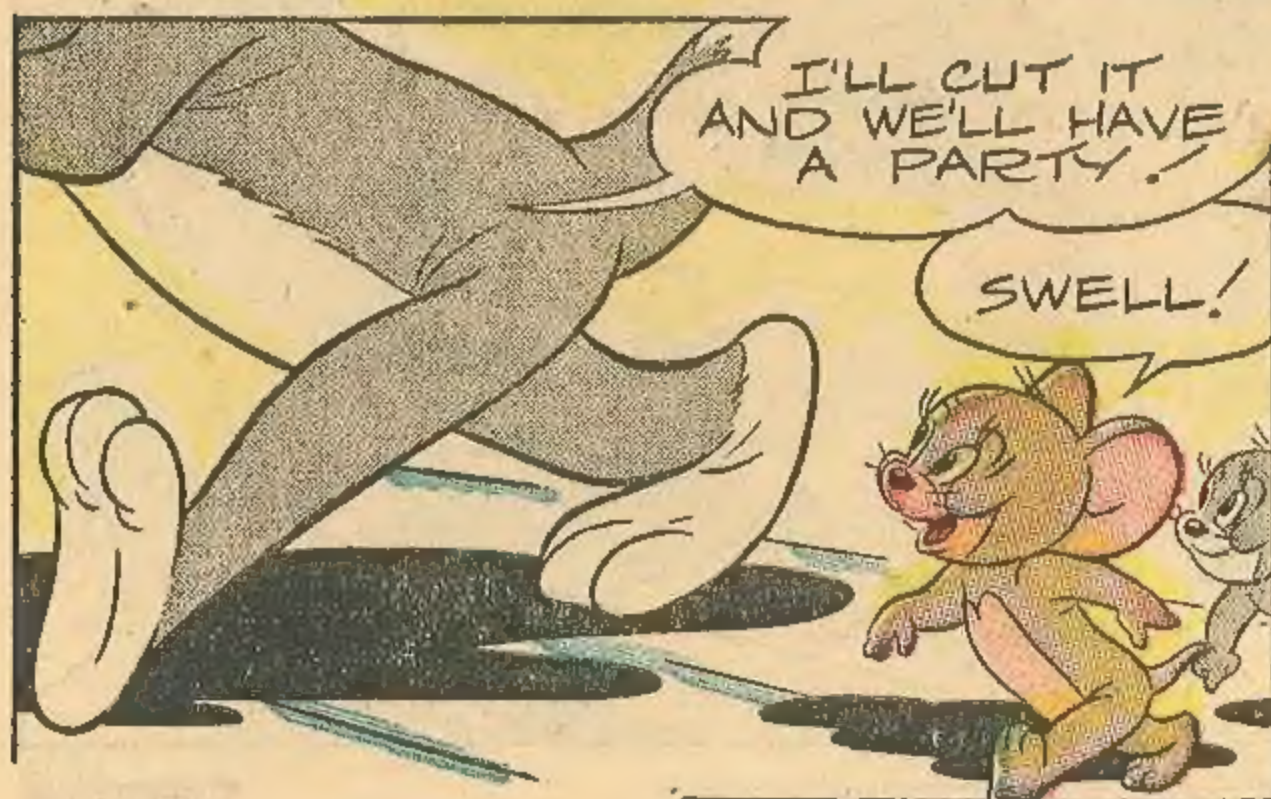
DROOPY

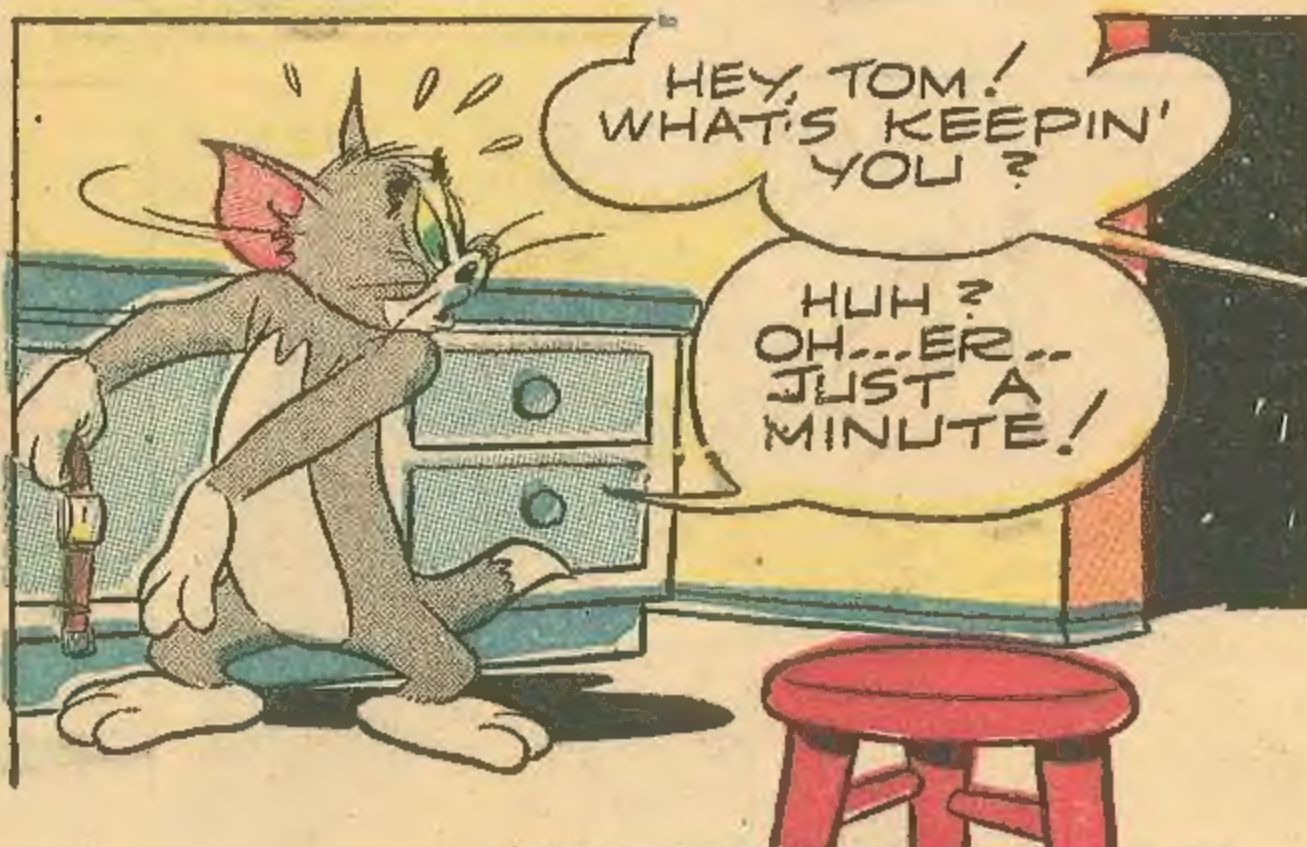
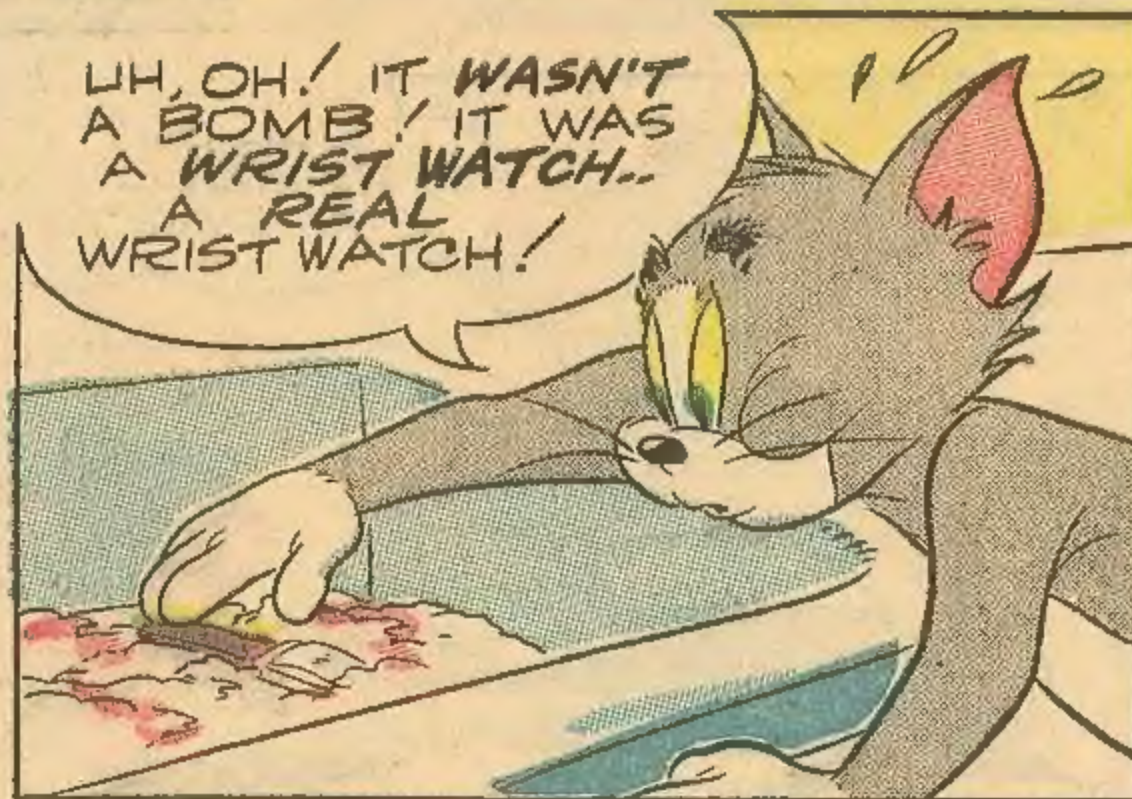
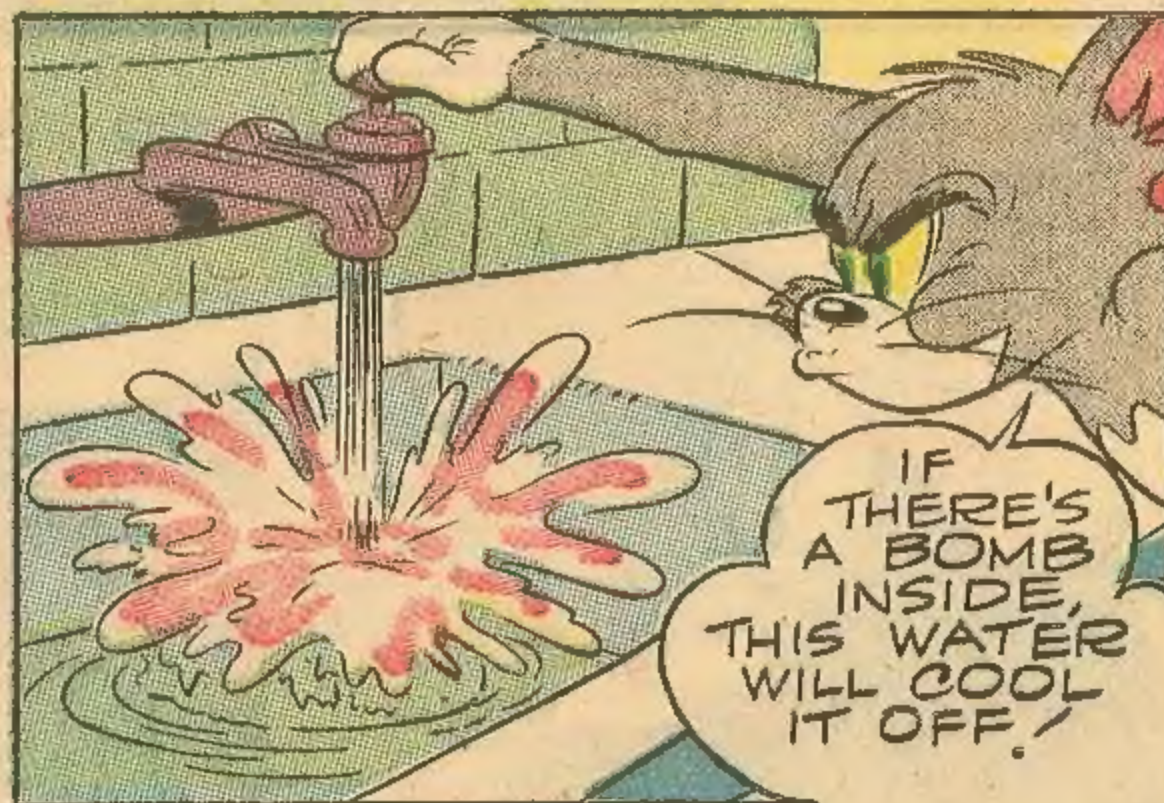
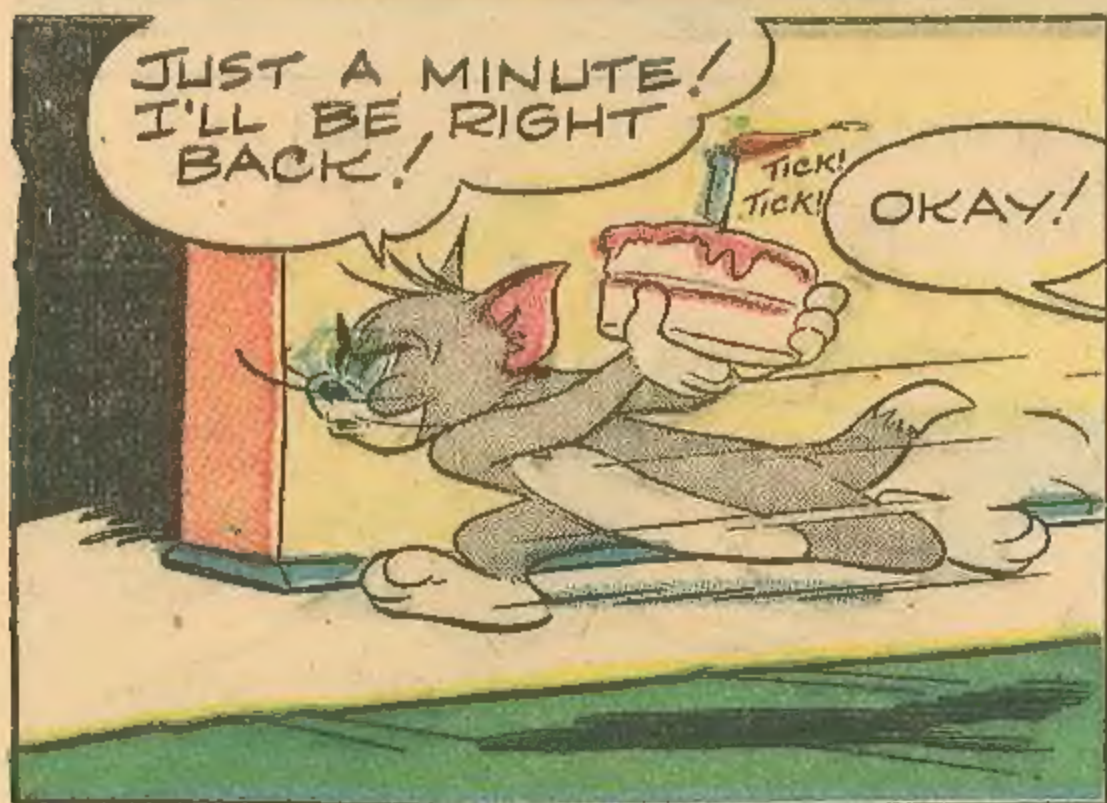
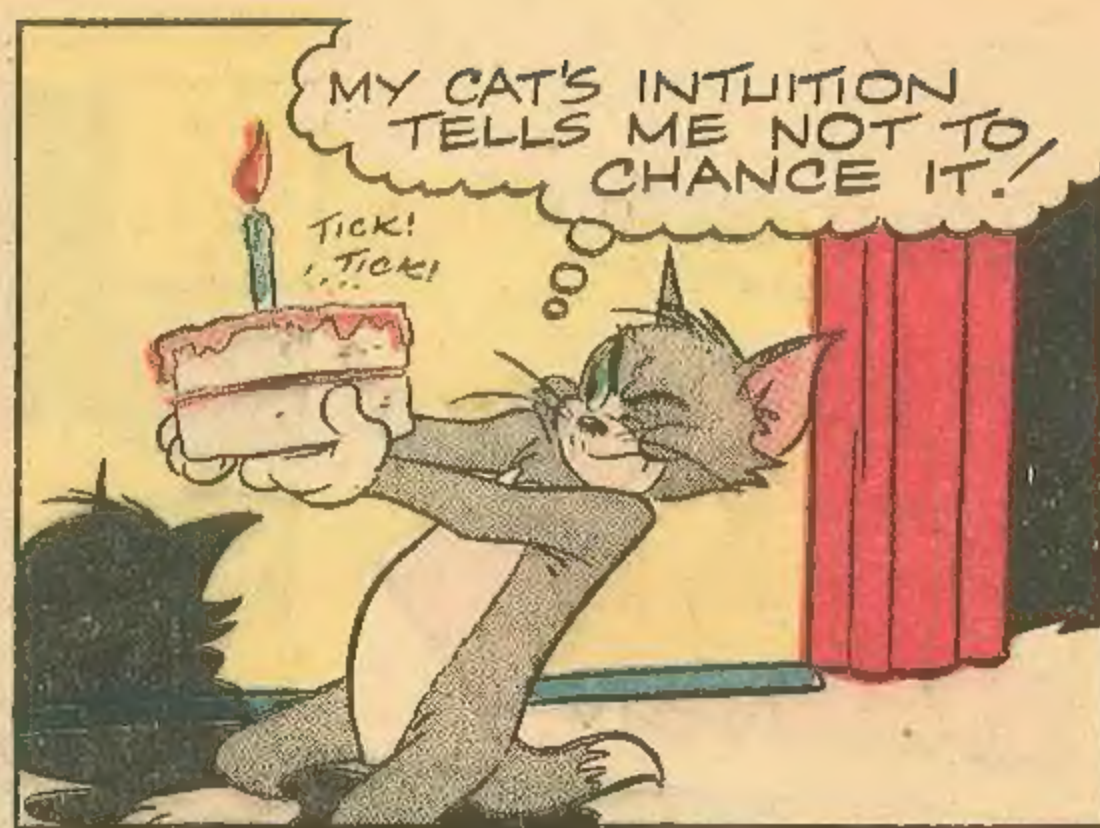
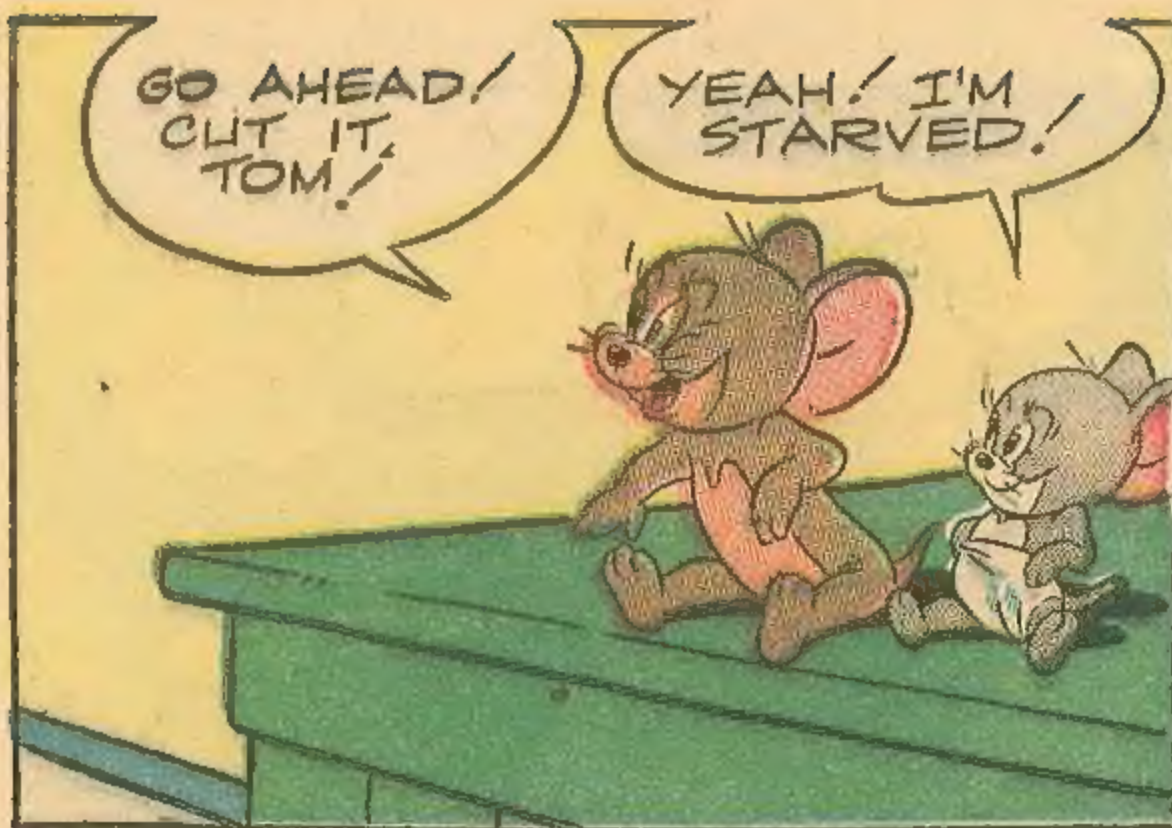


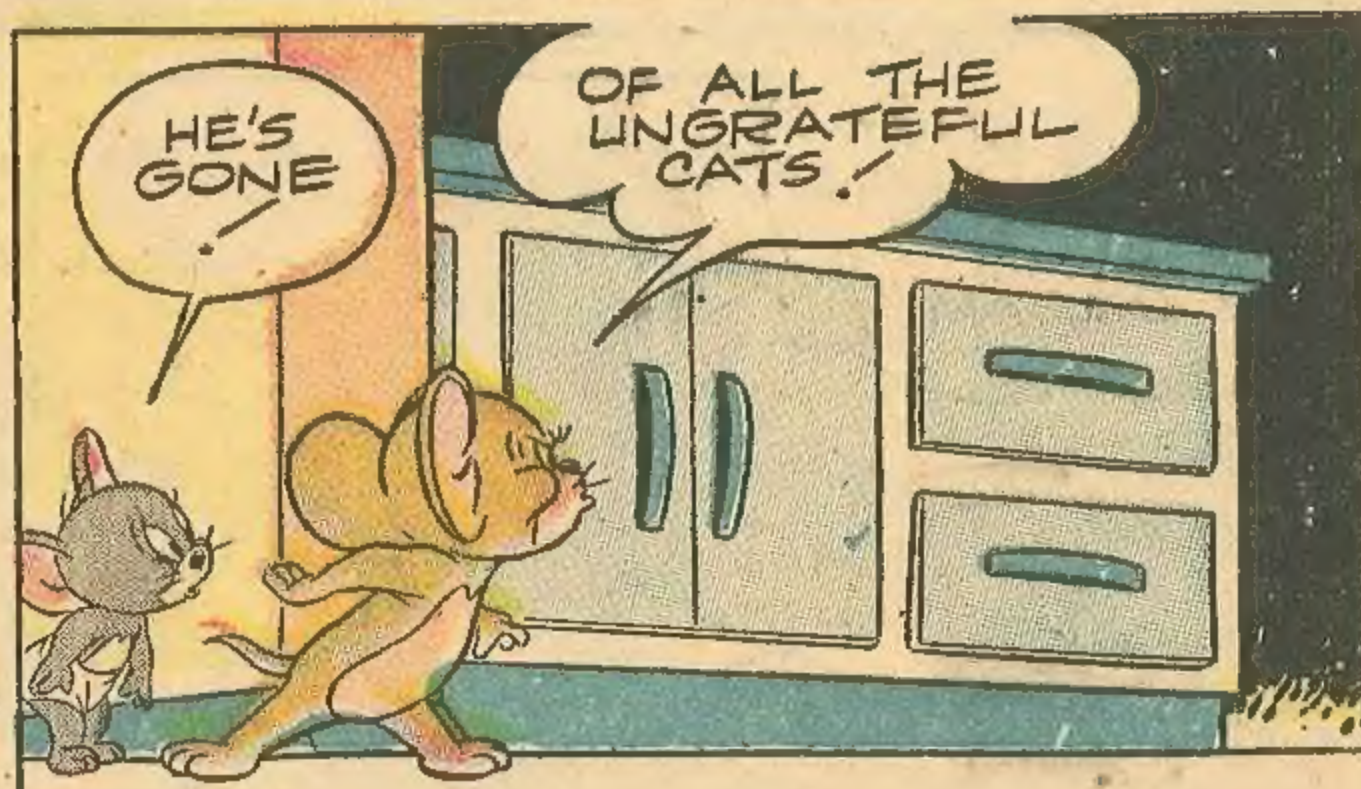
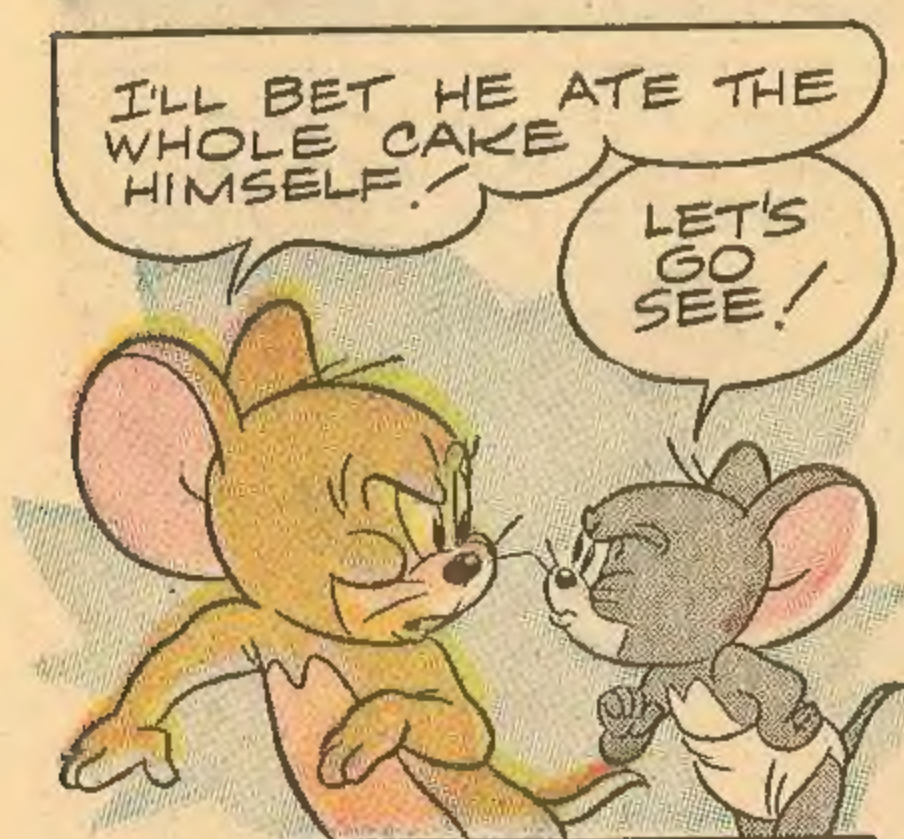
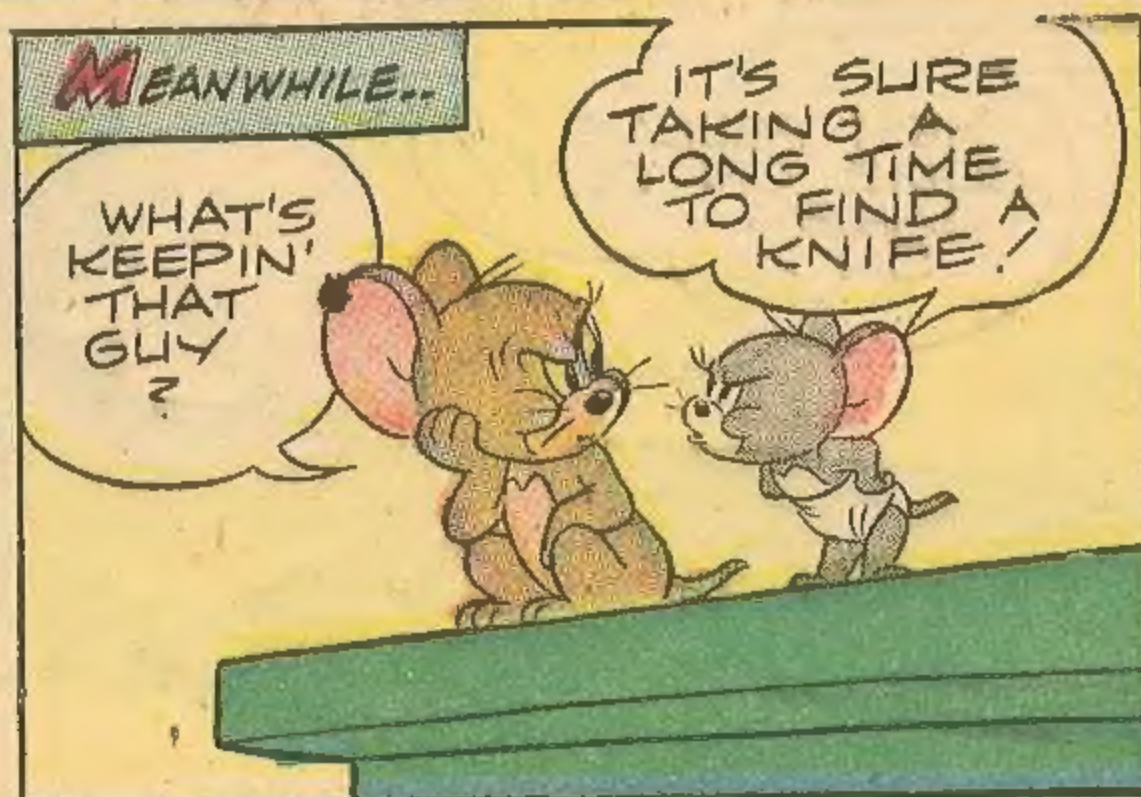
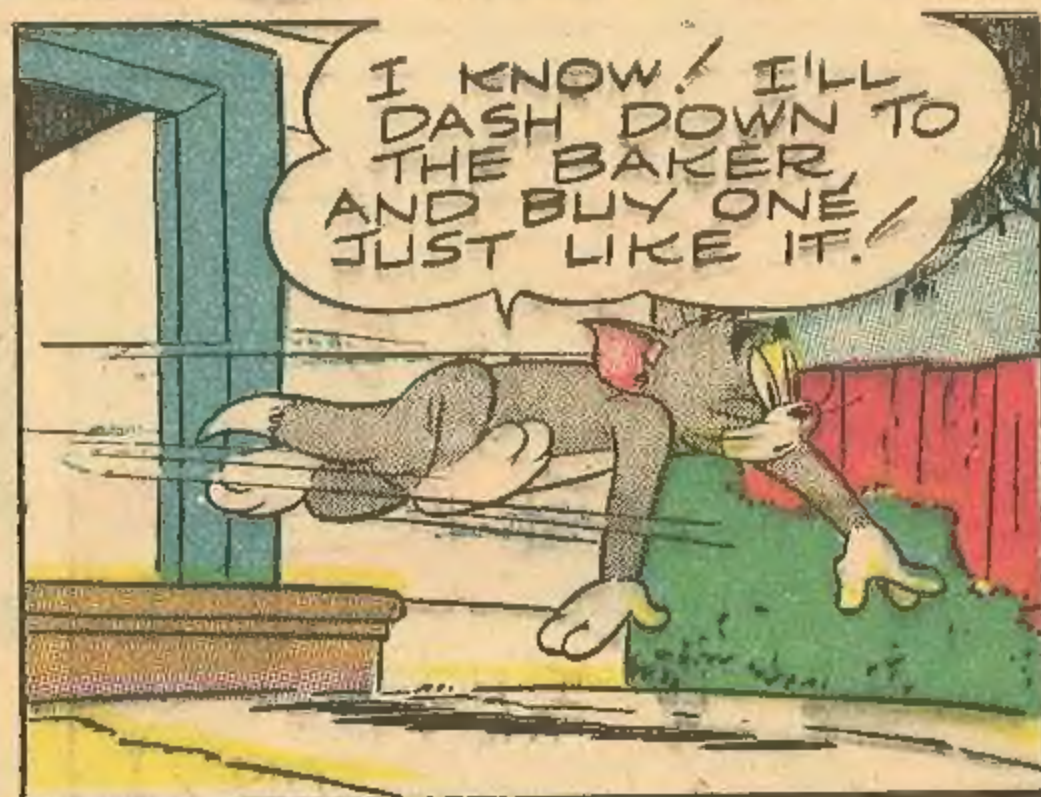
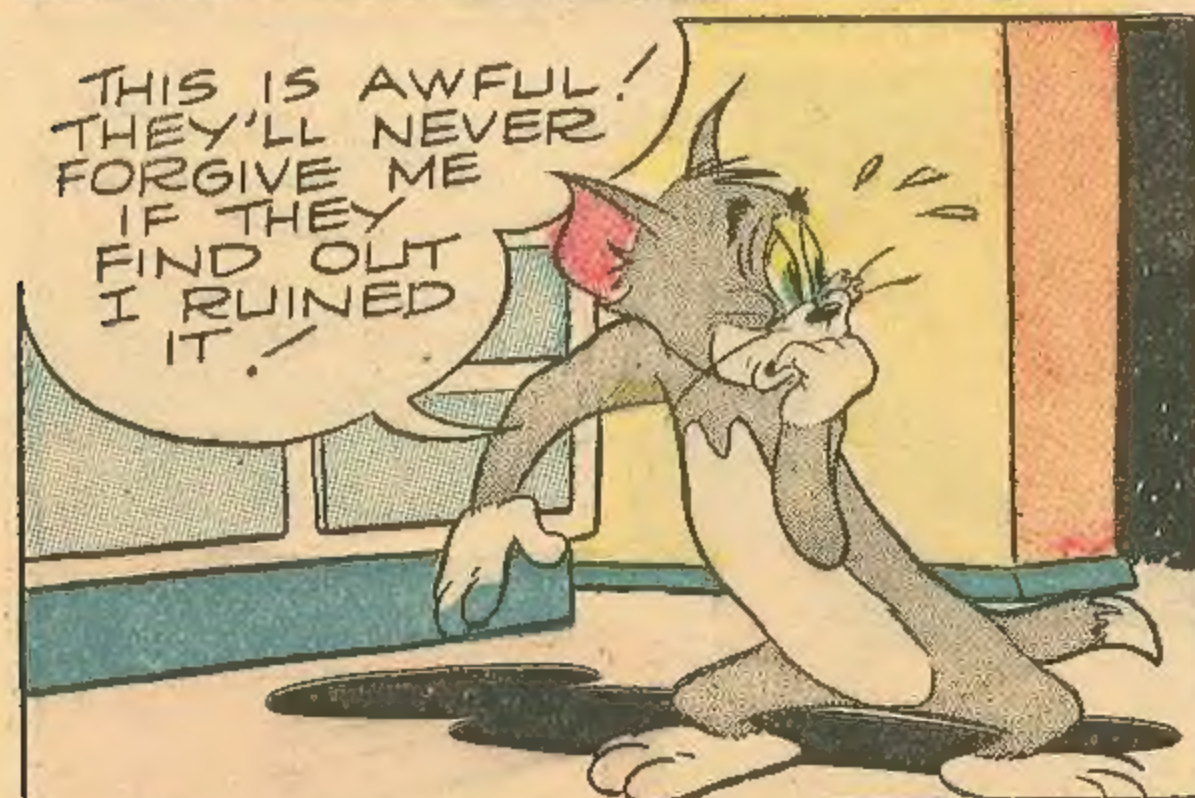
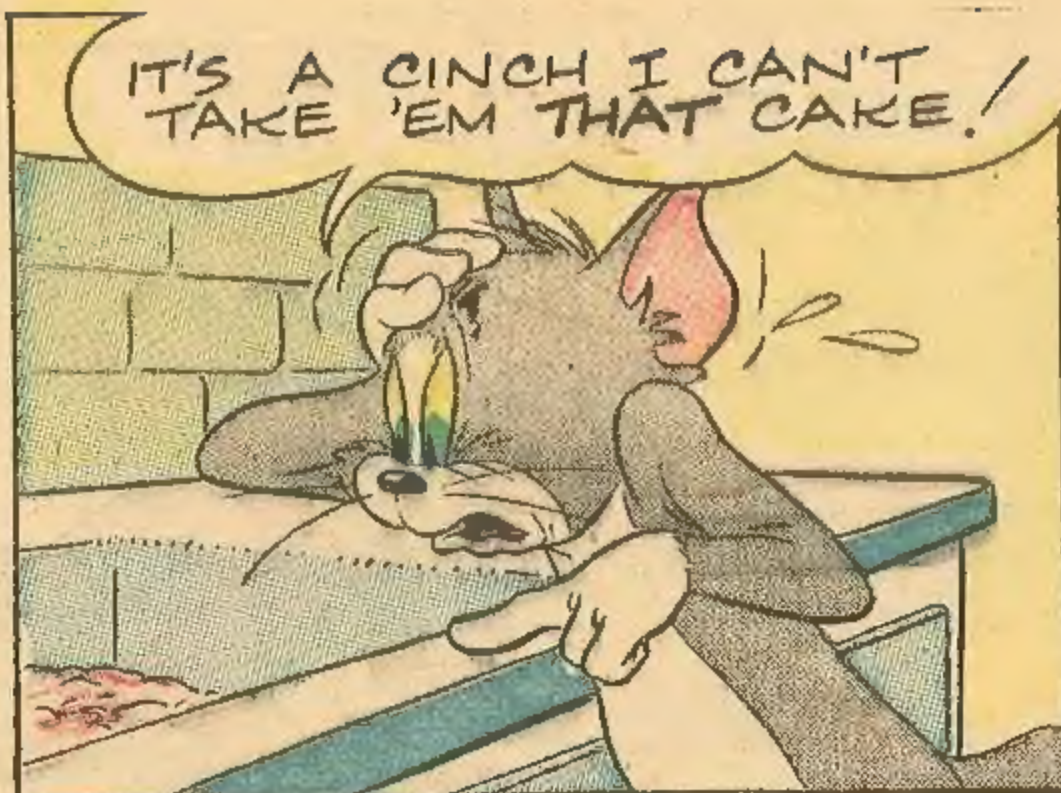
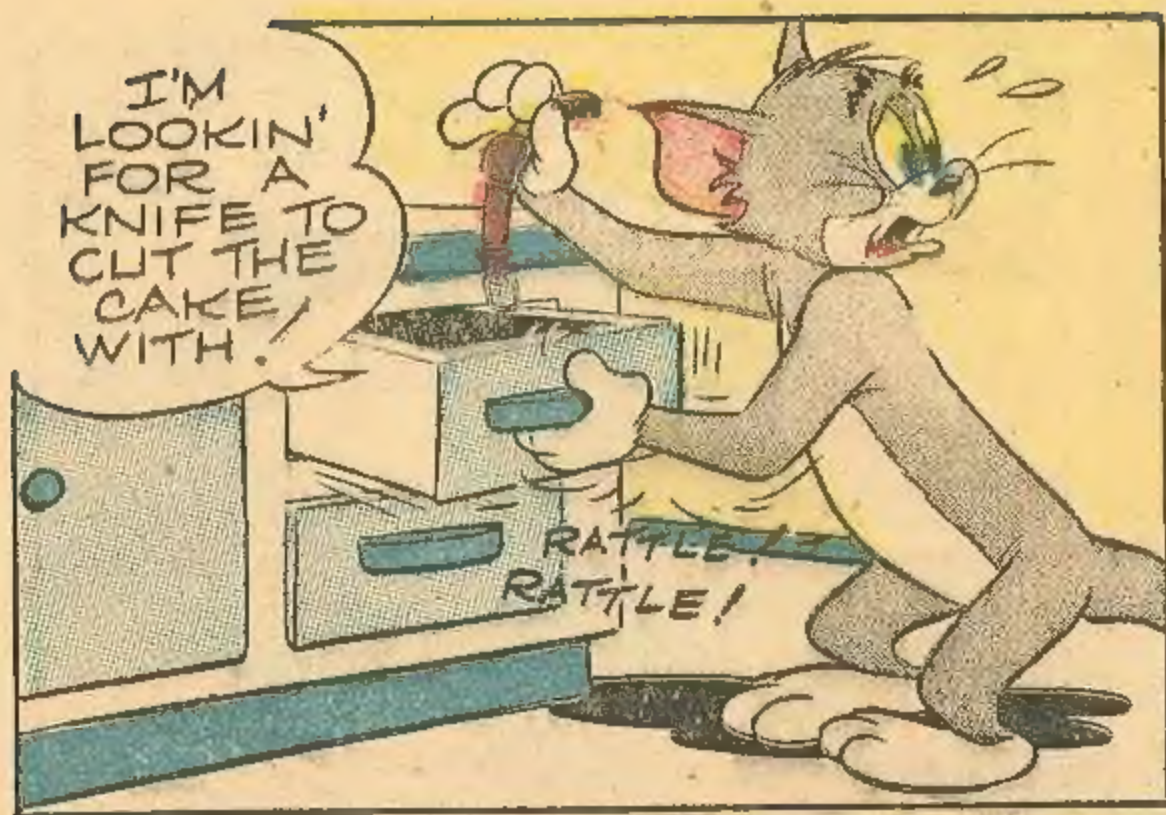
TOM & JERRY COMICS, Vol. 1, No. 89, December, 1951. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-President; Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-President. Re-entered as second-class matter May 9, 1949, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions in U. S. A., \$1.00 per year, single copies, 10 cents; foreign subscriptions, \$2.00 per year; Canadian subscriptions \$1.20 per year. Copyright, 1951, by Loew's Incorporated. Printed in U. S. A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co.

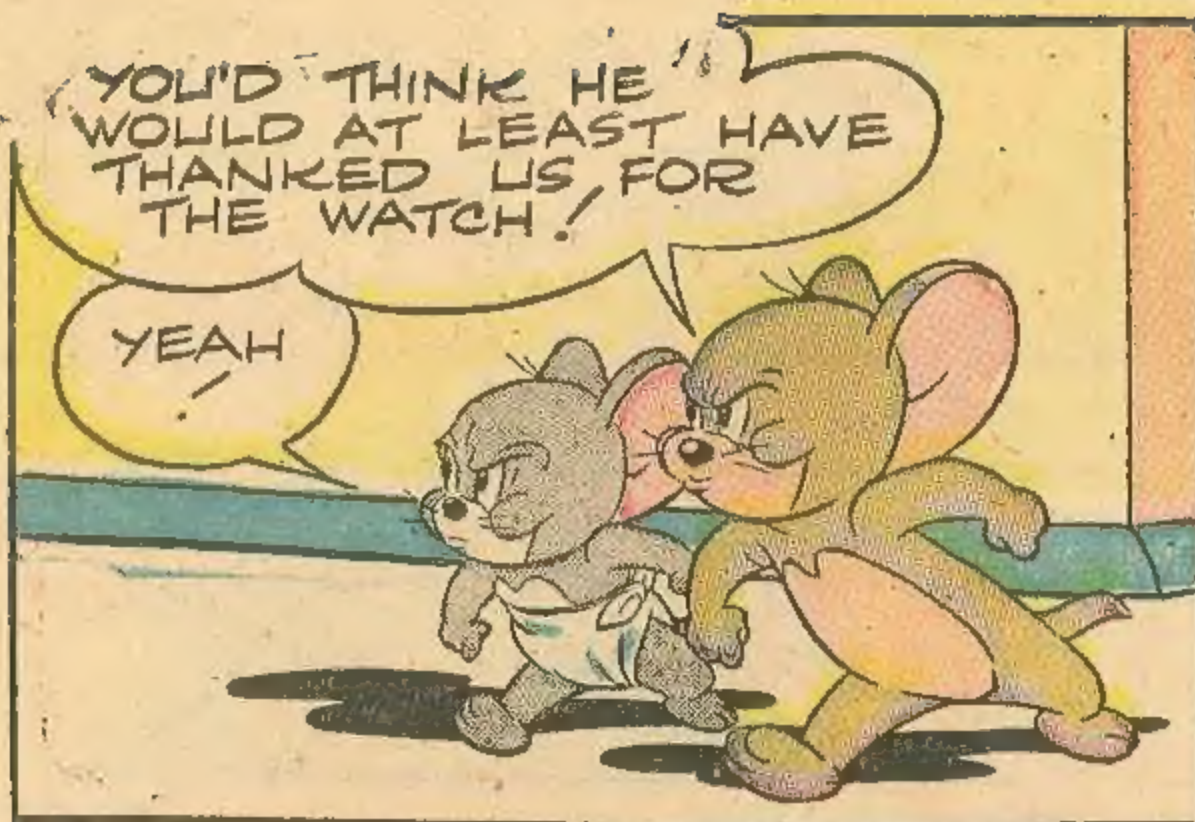
CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

M.G.M. CARTOONS
present
TOM and JERRY



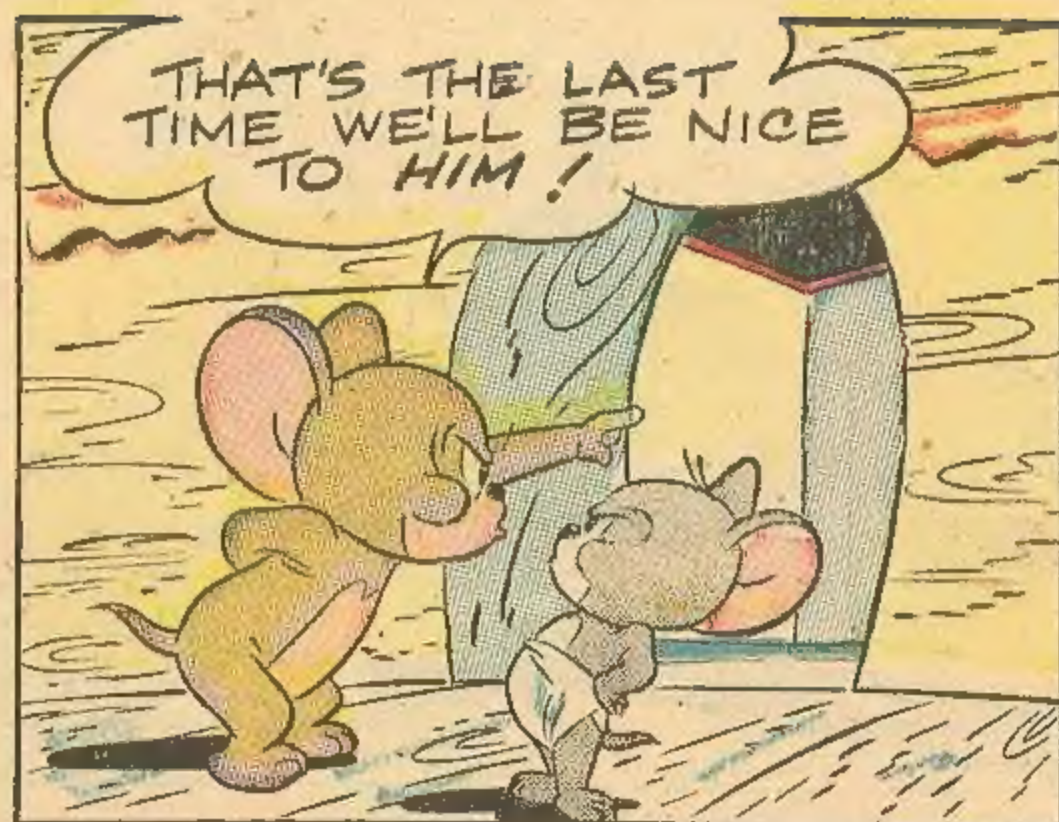




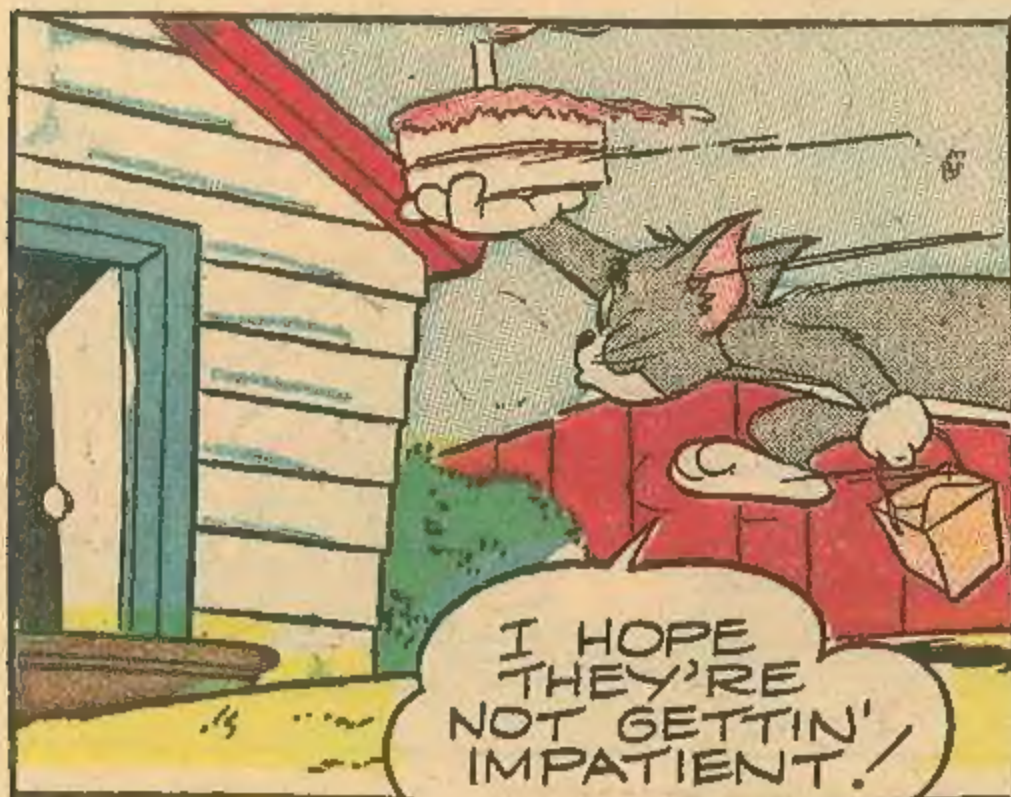


YOU'D THINK HE
WOULD AT LEAST HAVE
THANKED US FOR
THE WATCH!

YEAH



THAT'S THE LAST
TIME WE'LL BE NICE
TO HIM!

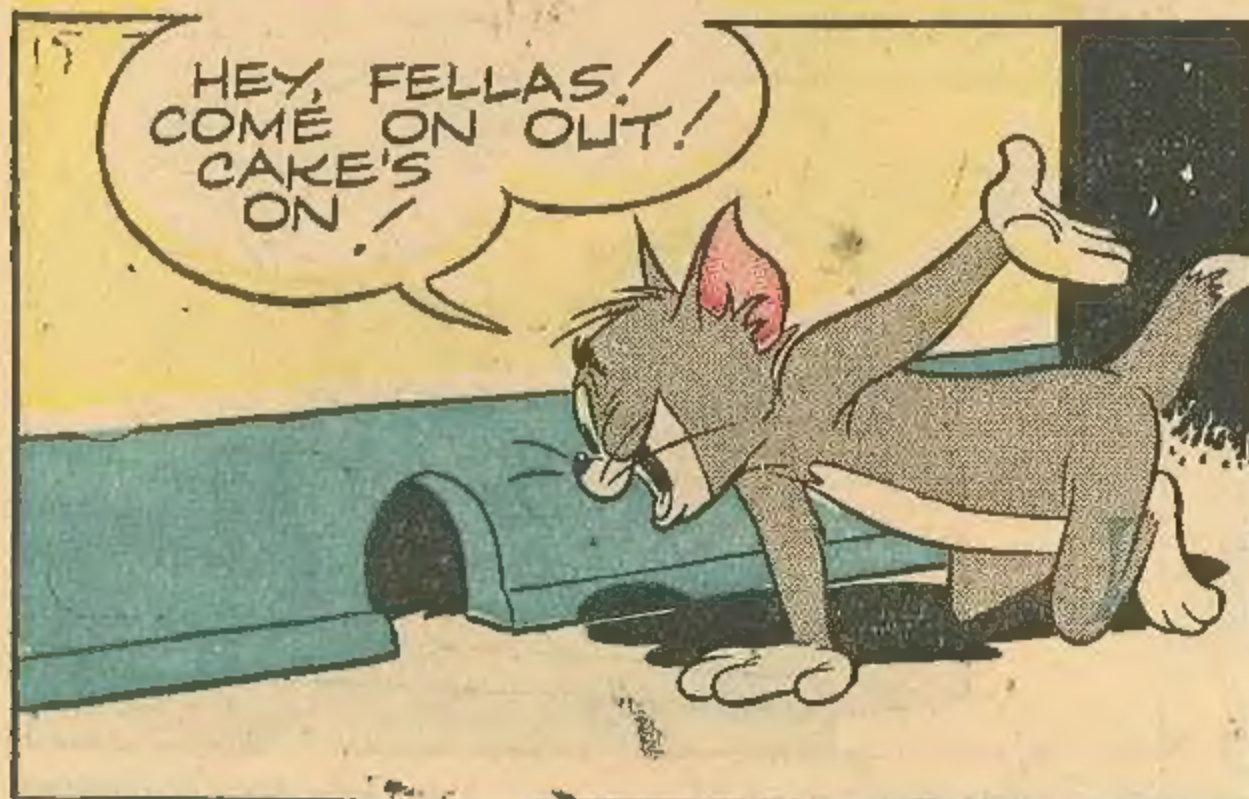


I HOPE
THEY'RE
NOT GETTIN'
IMPATIENT!



OKAY, YOU GUYS!
LET'S...

WHY
THEY'RE
GONE



HEY, FELLAS!
COME ON OUT!
CAKE'S
ON!



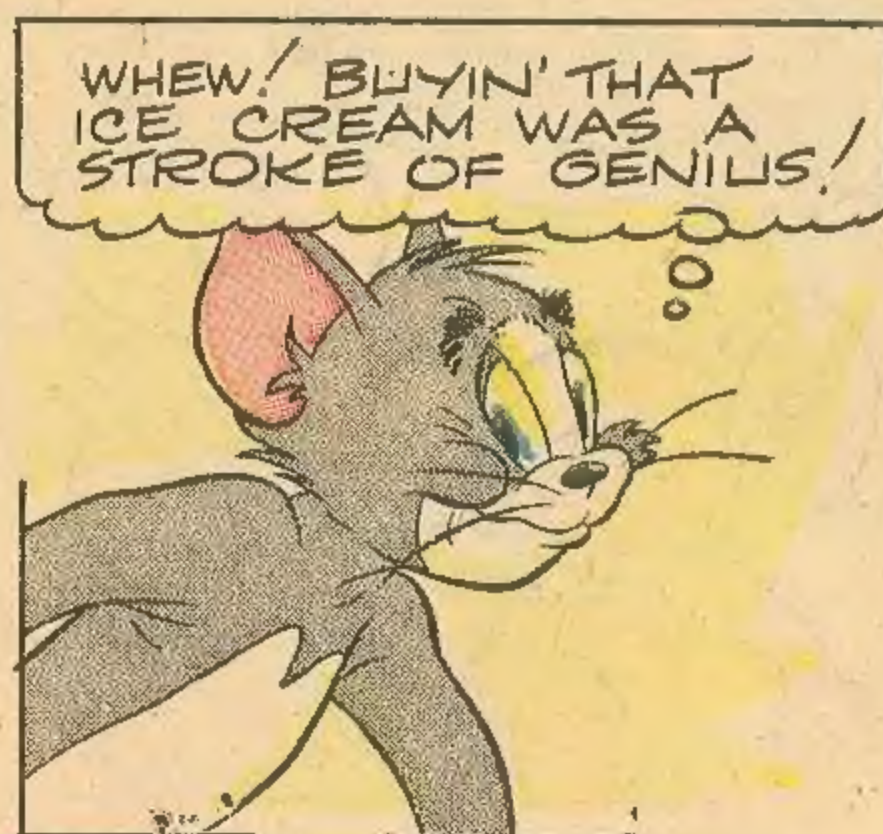
YOU MEAN
YOU DIDN'T
EAT IT?

OF
COURSE
NOT...

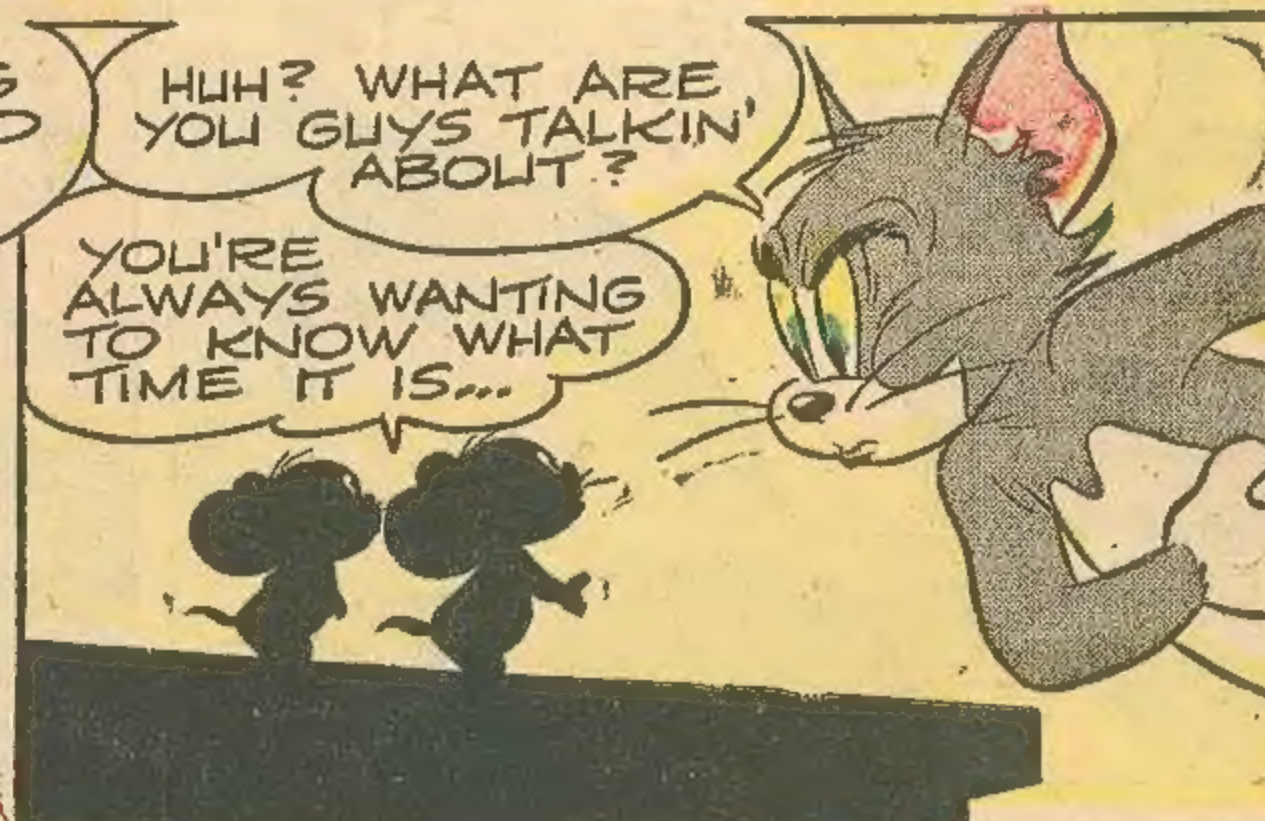
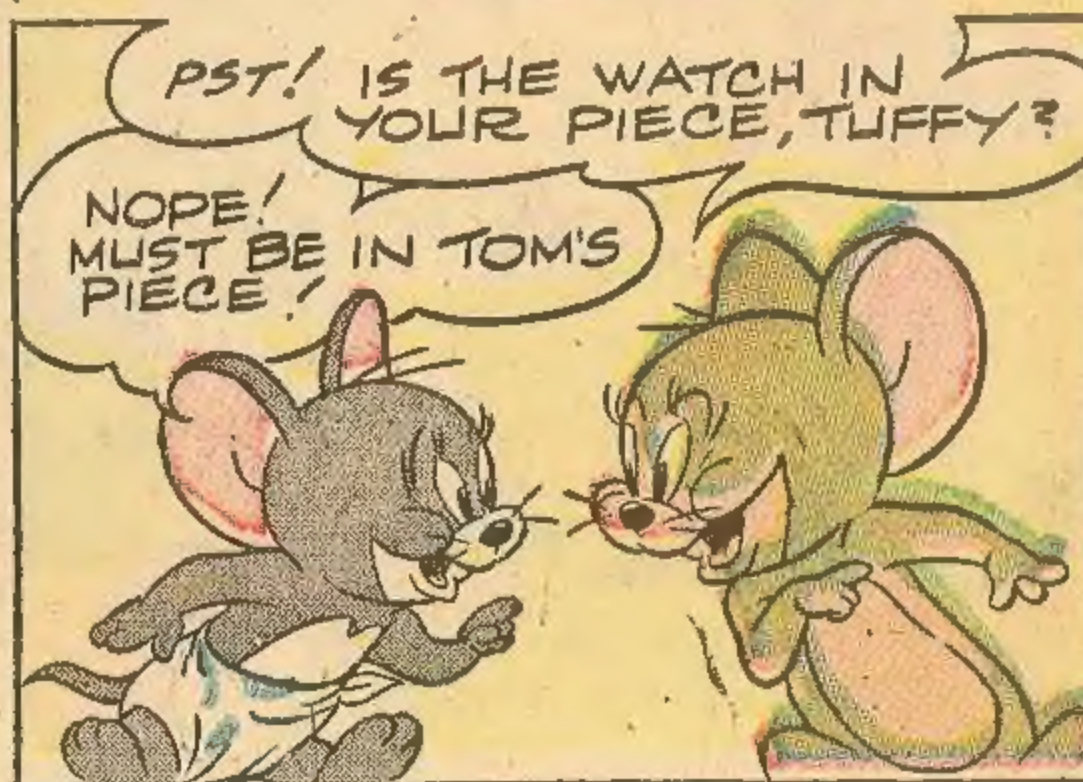
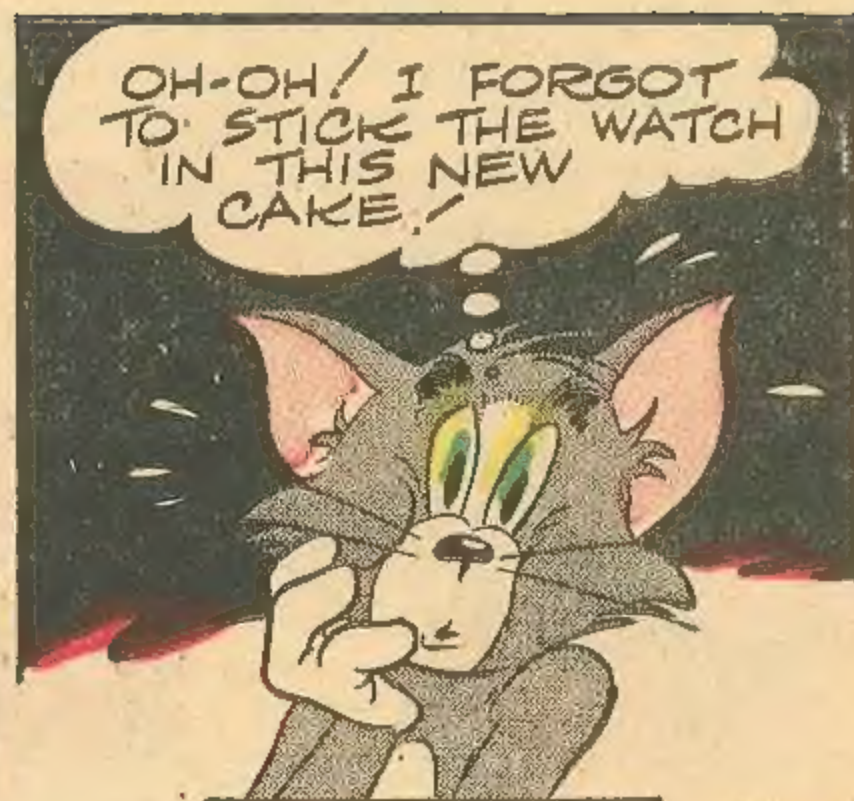


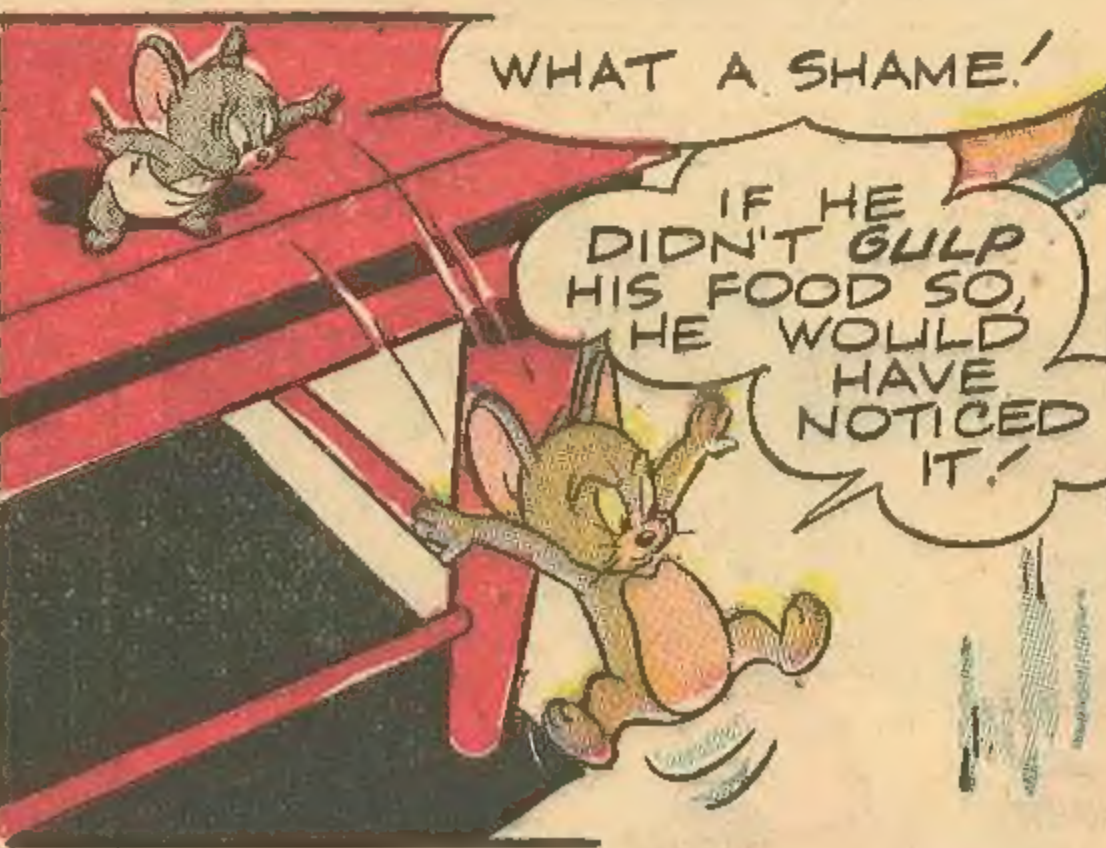
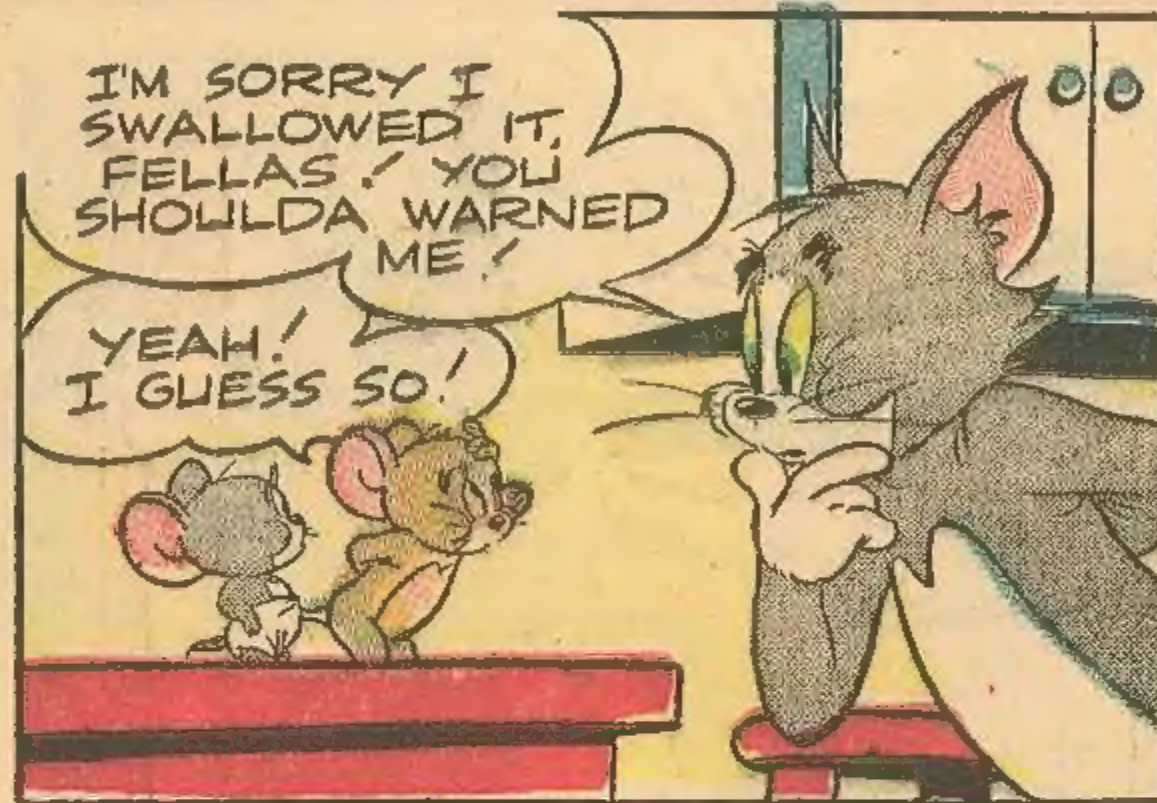
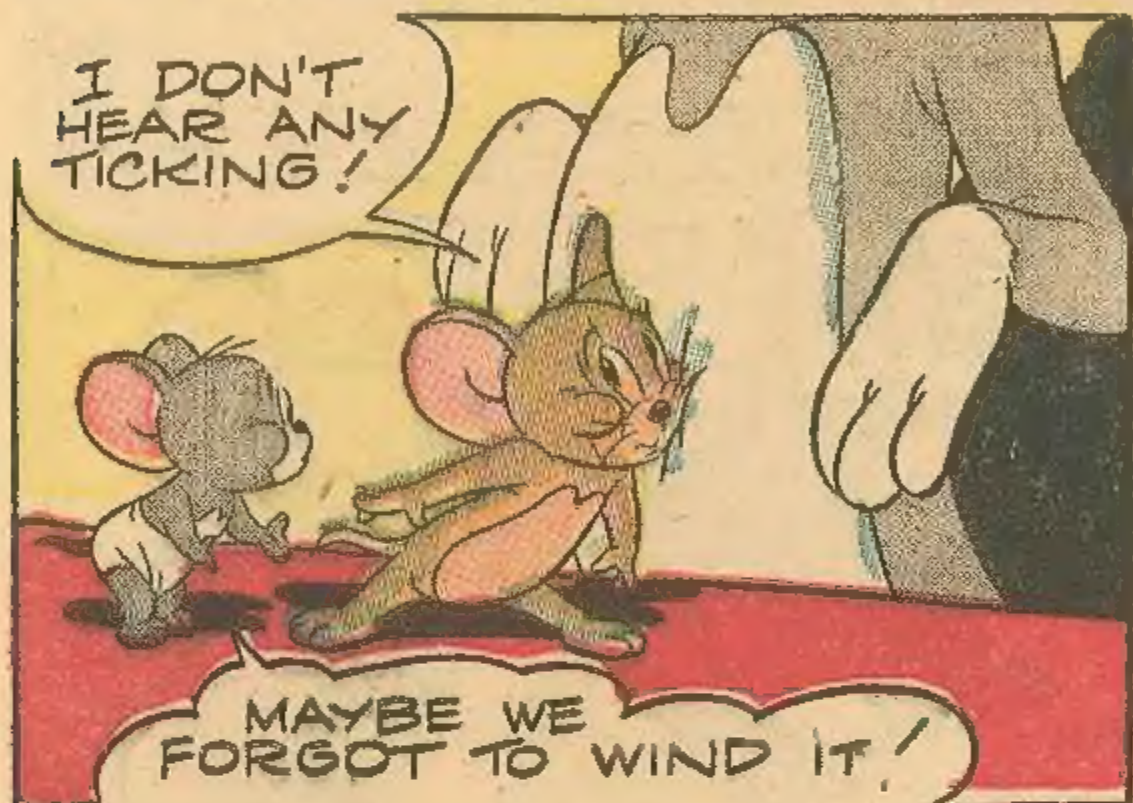
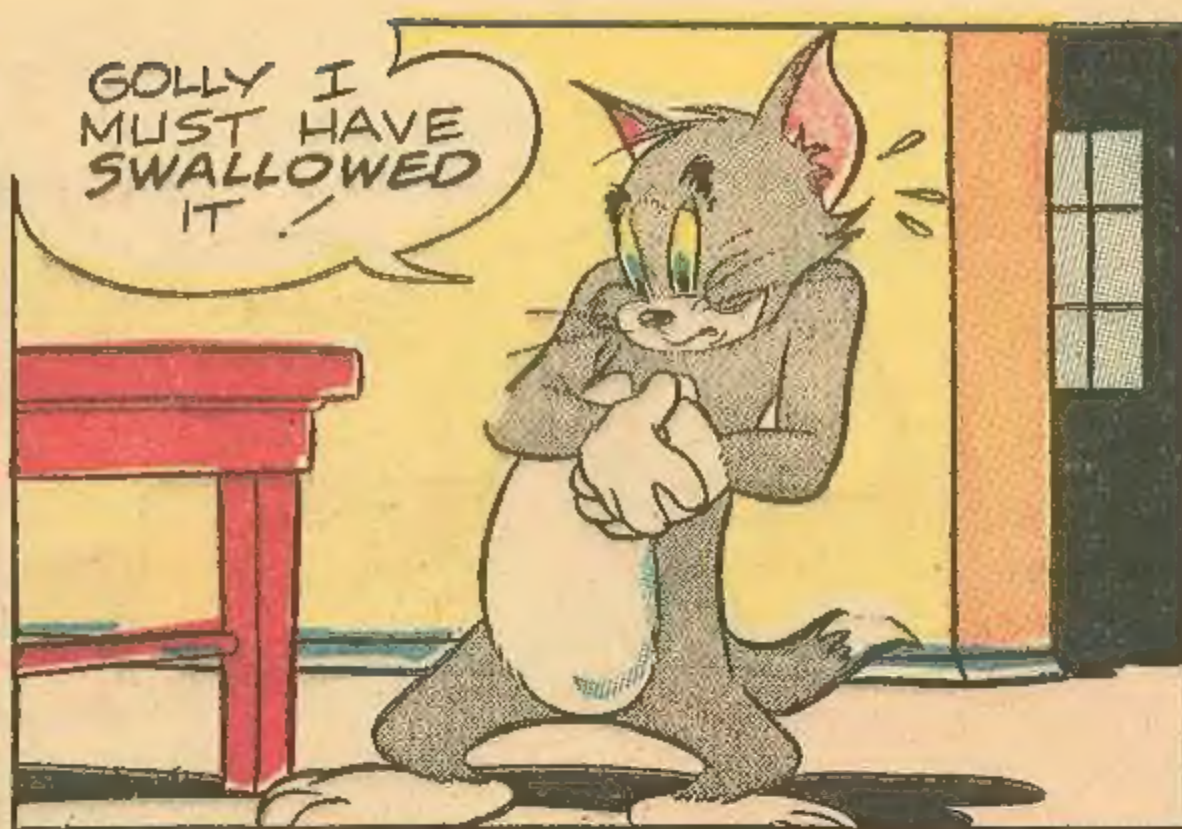
I..ER..I JUST
DASHED DOWN
AND PICKED
UP SOME
ICE CREAM!

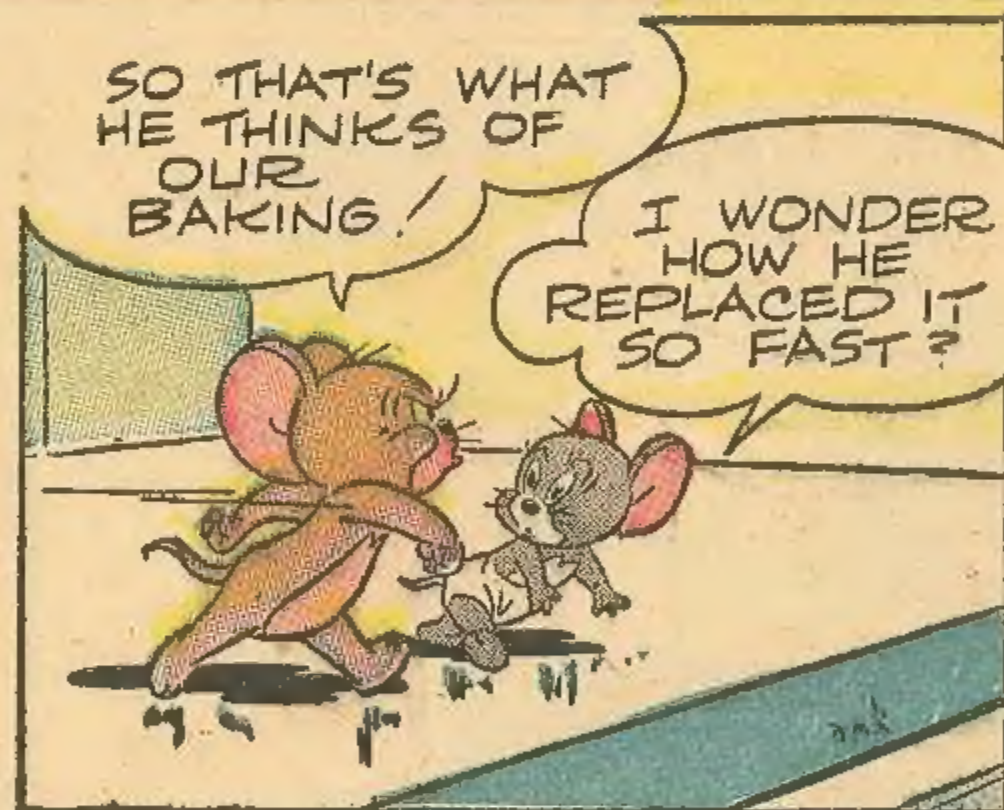
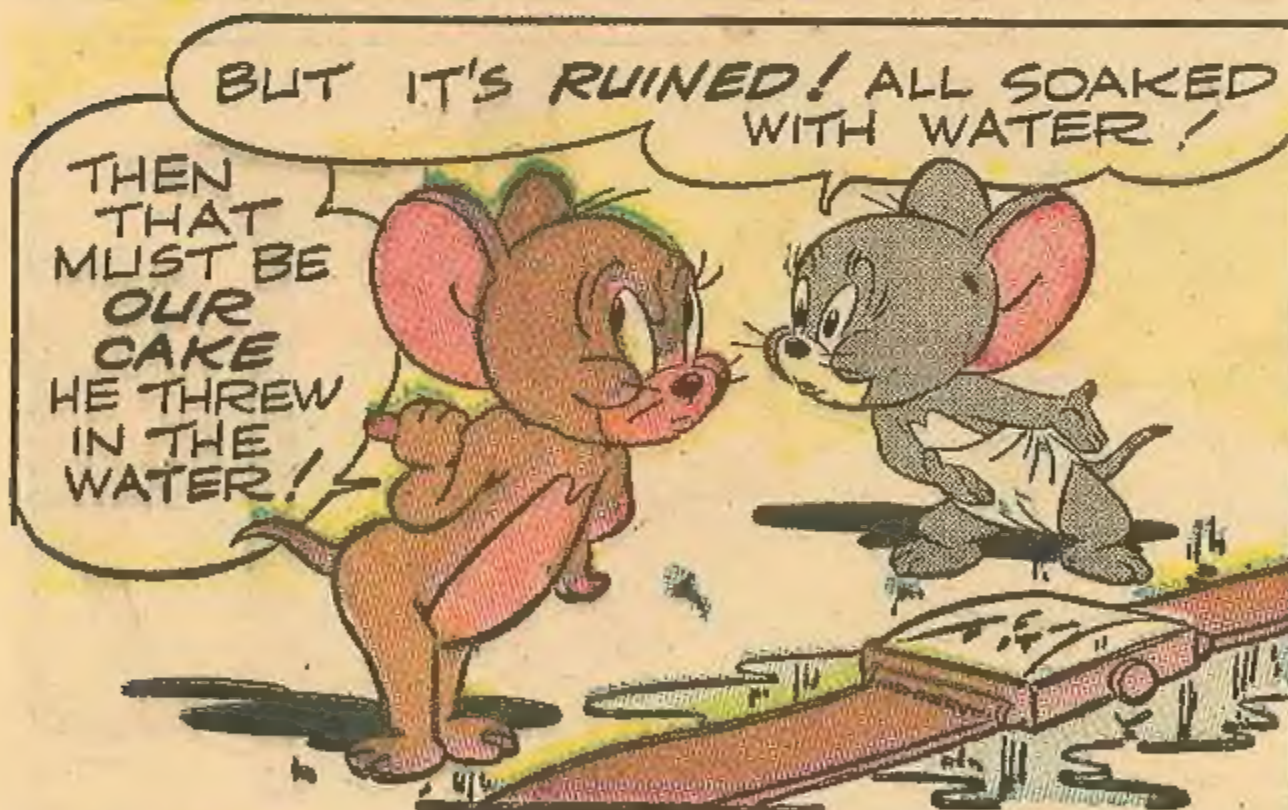
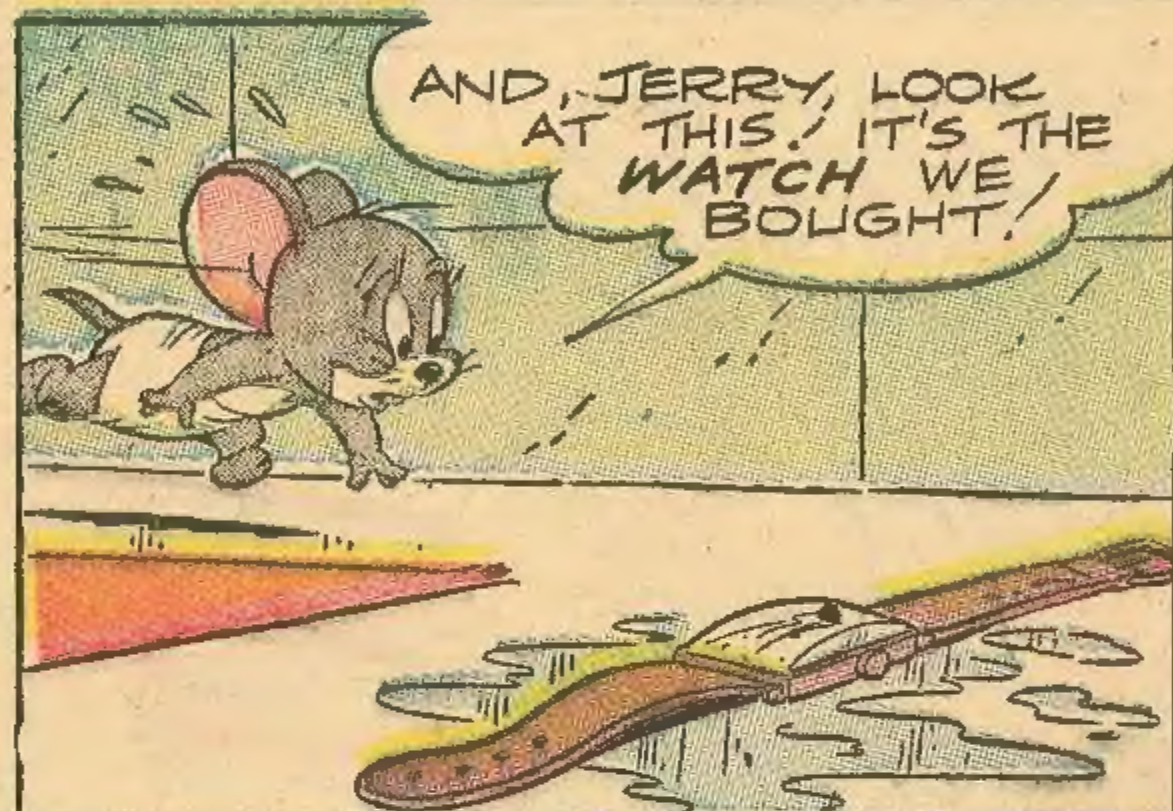
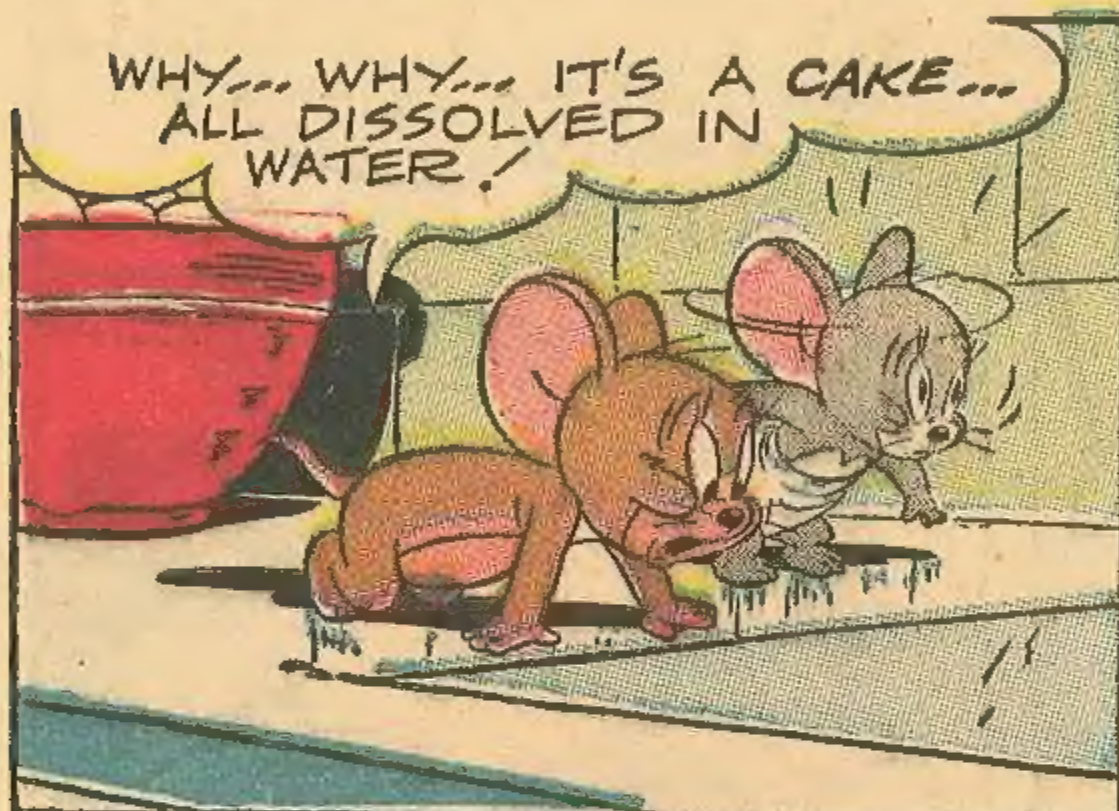
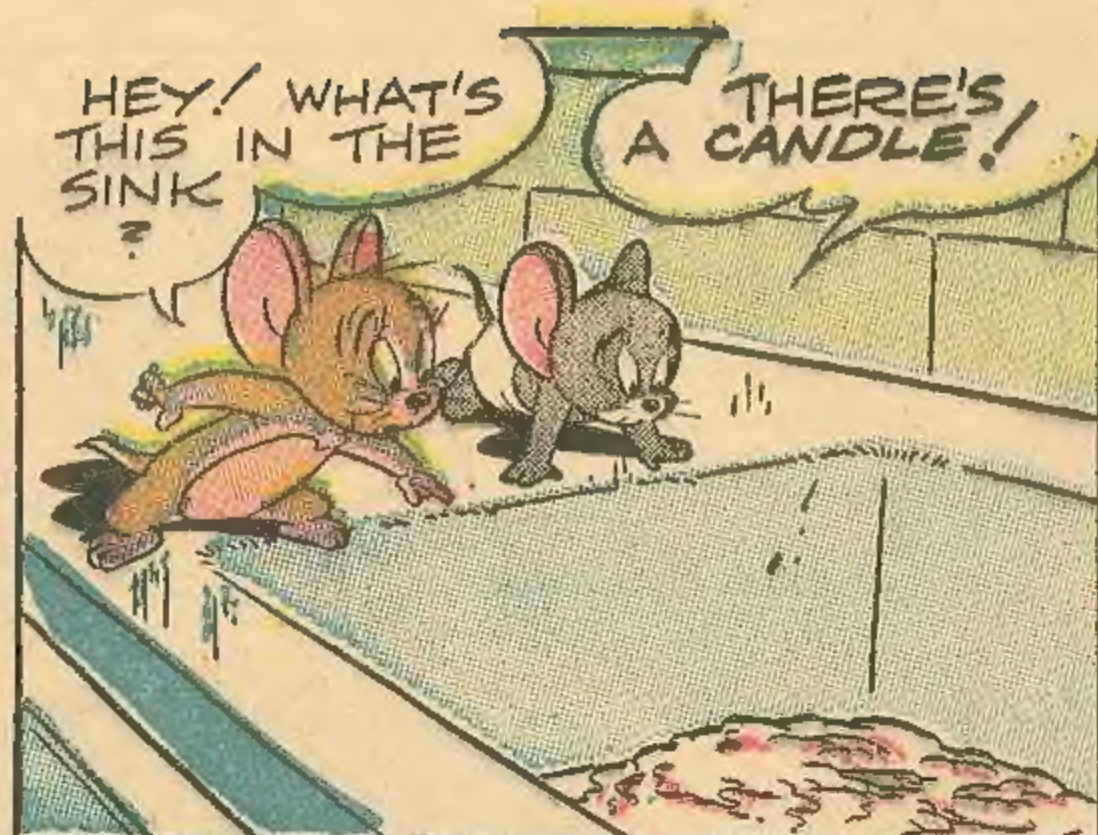
SWELL!
NOTHIN'
LIKE
ICE
CREAM
AND
CAKE!

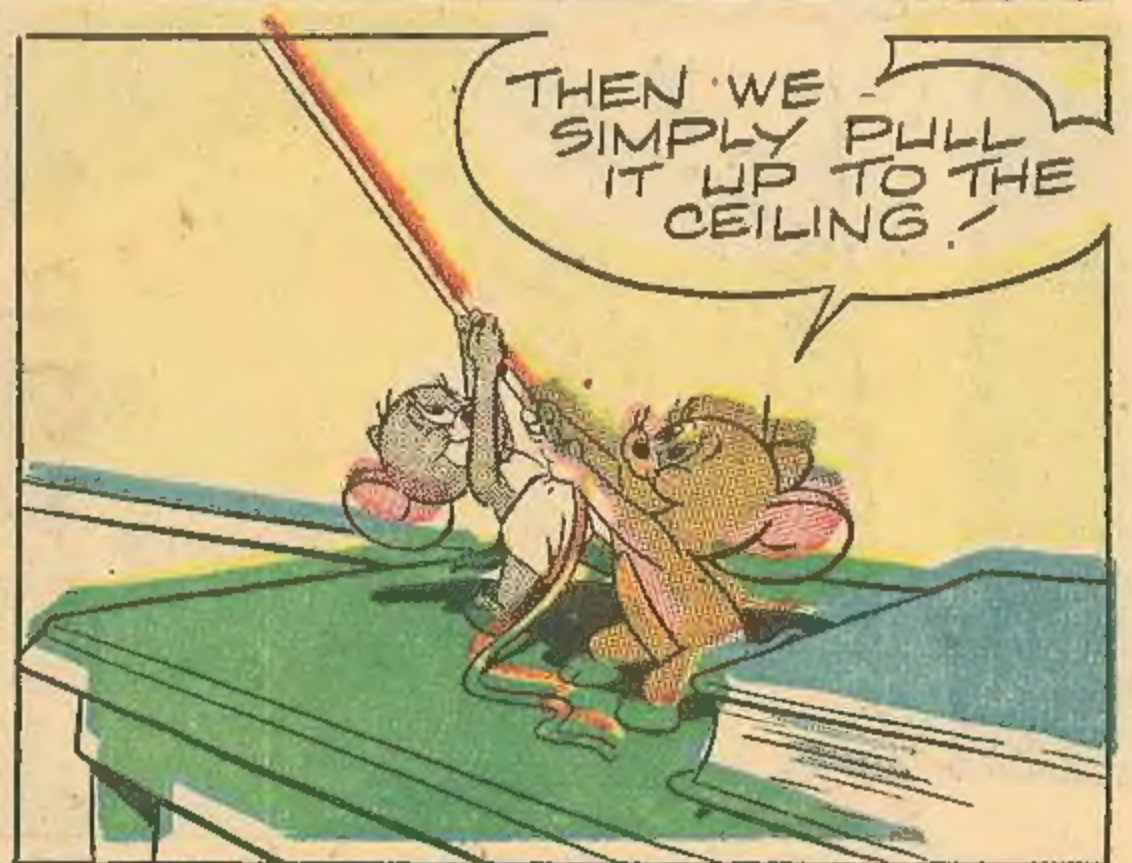
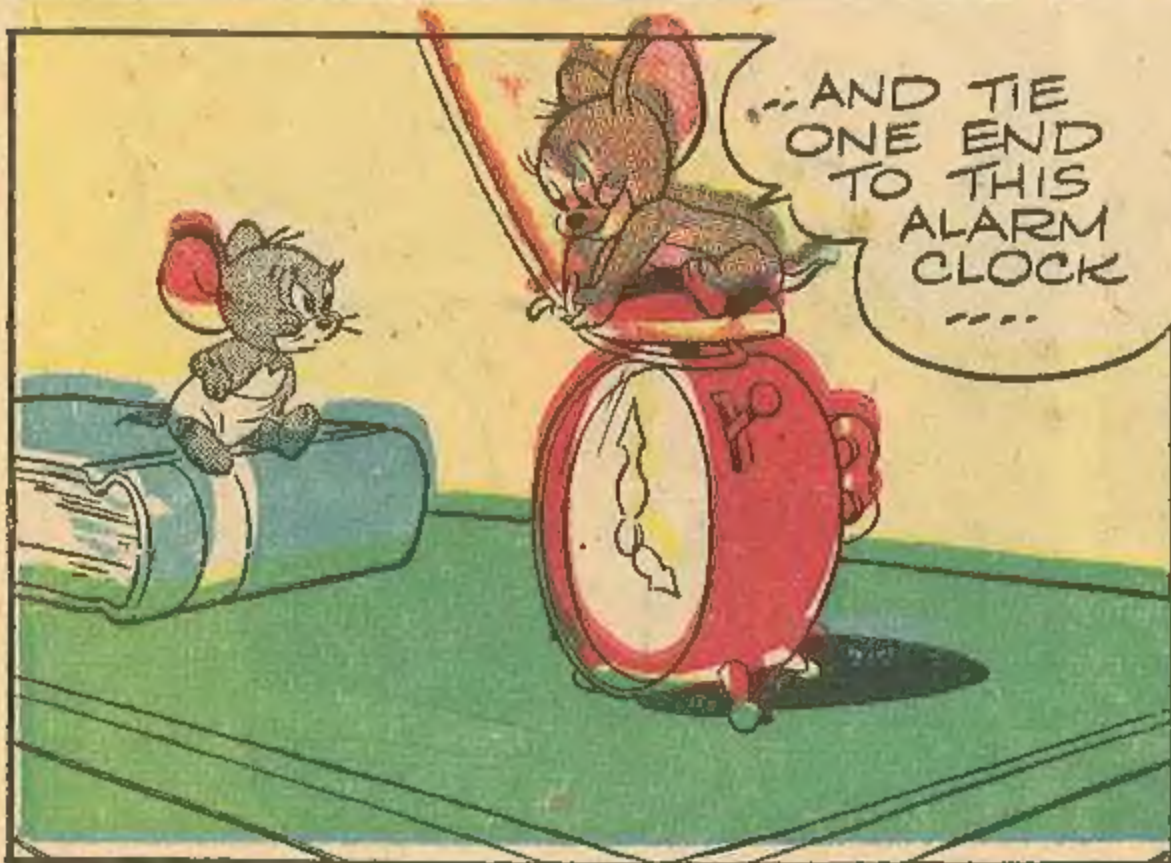
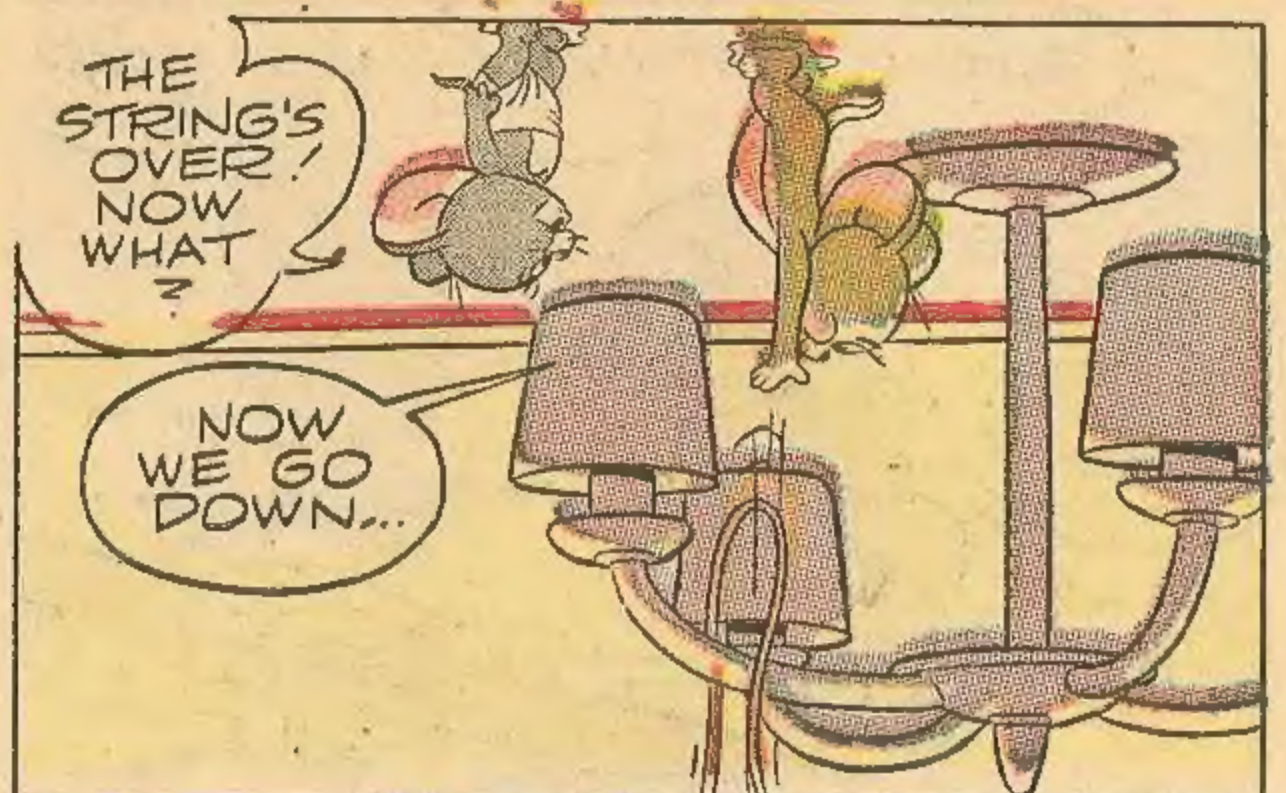
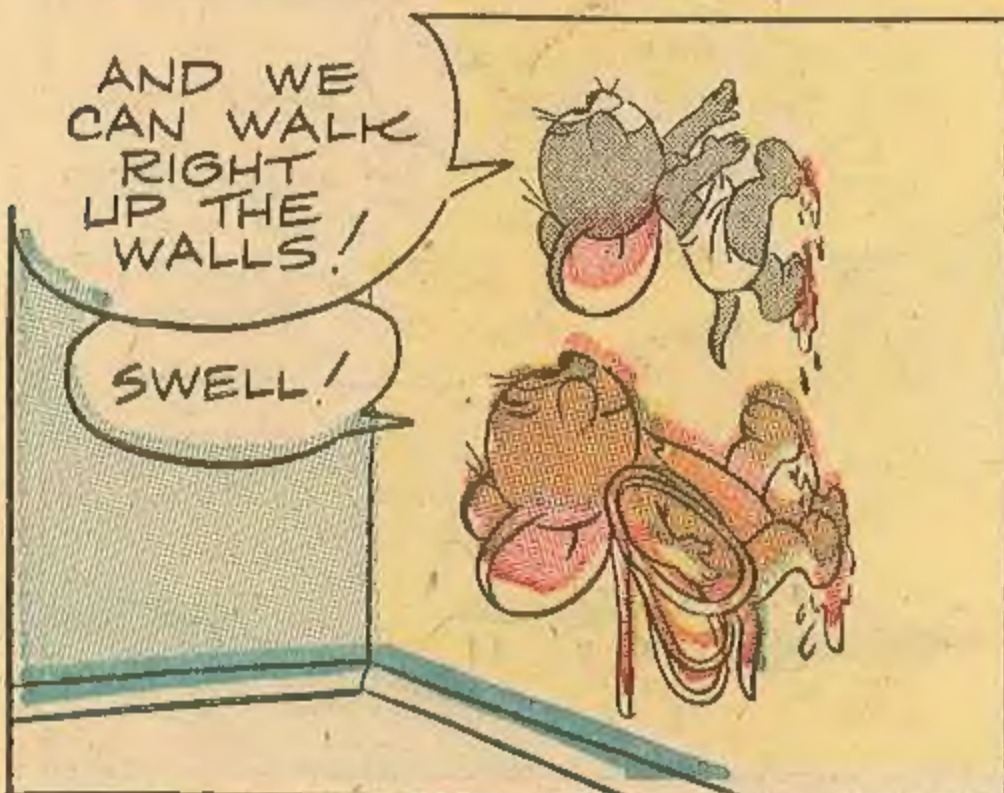
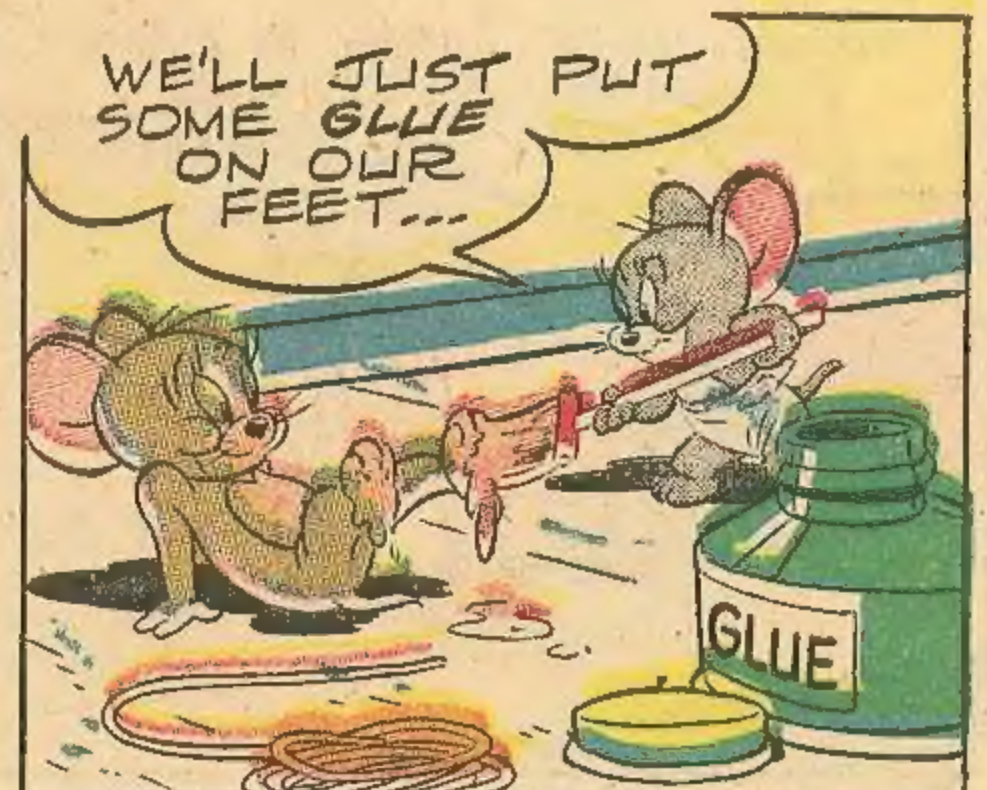
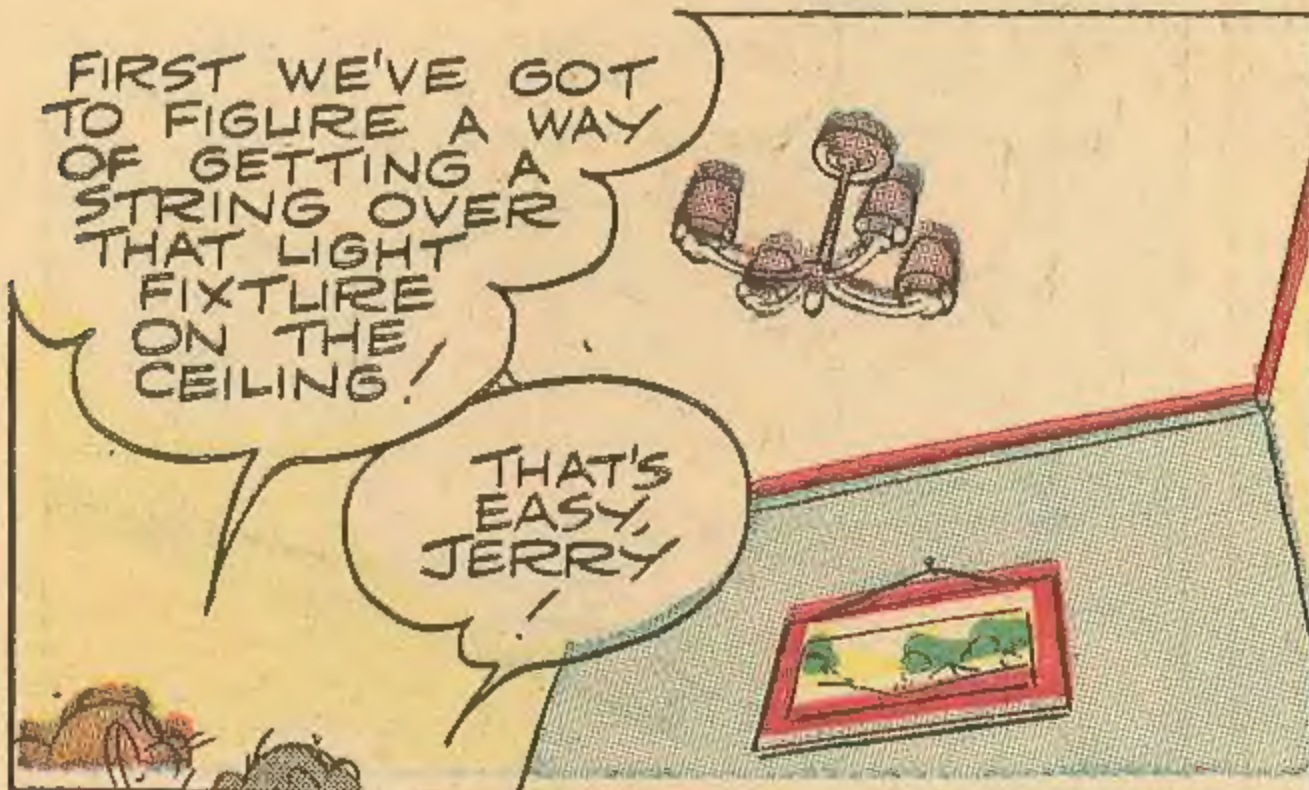
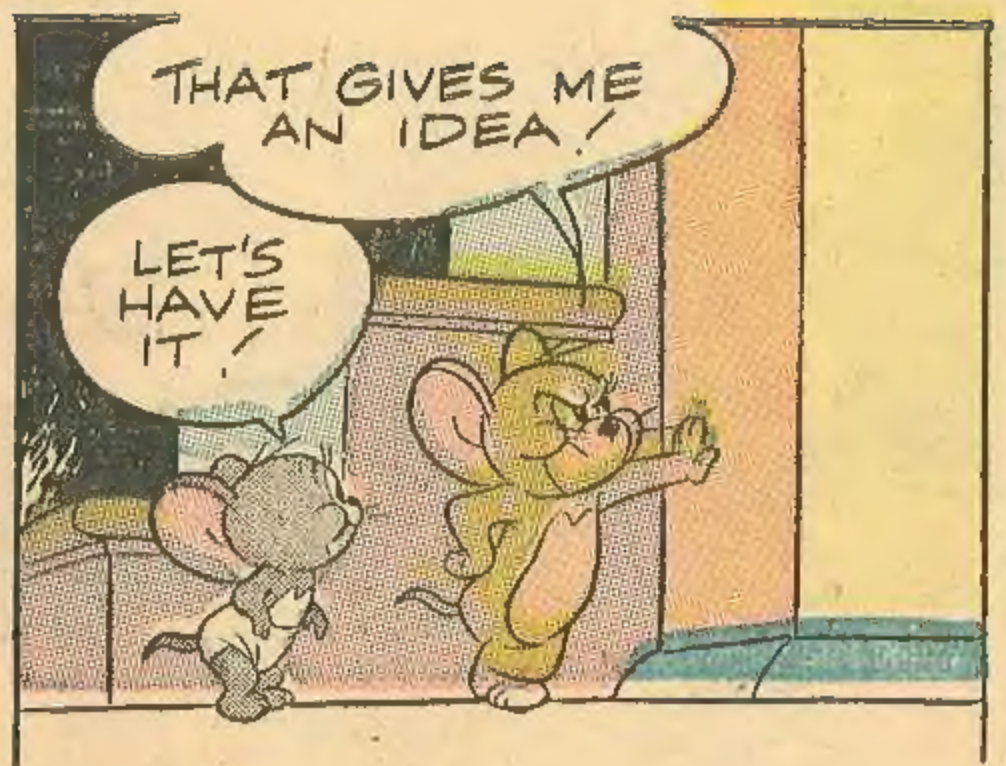


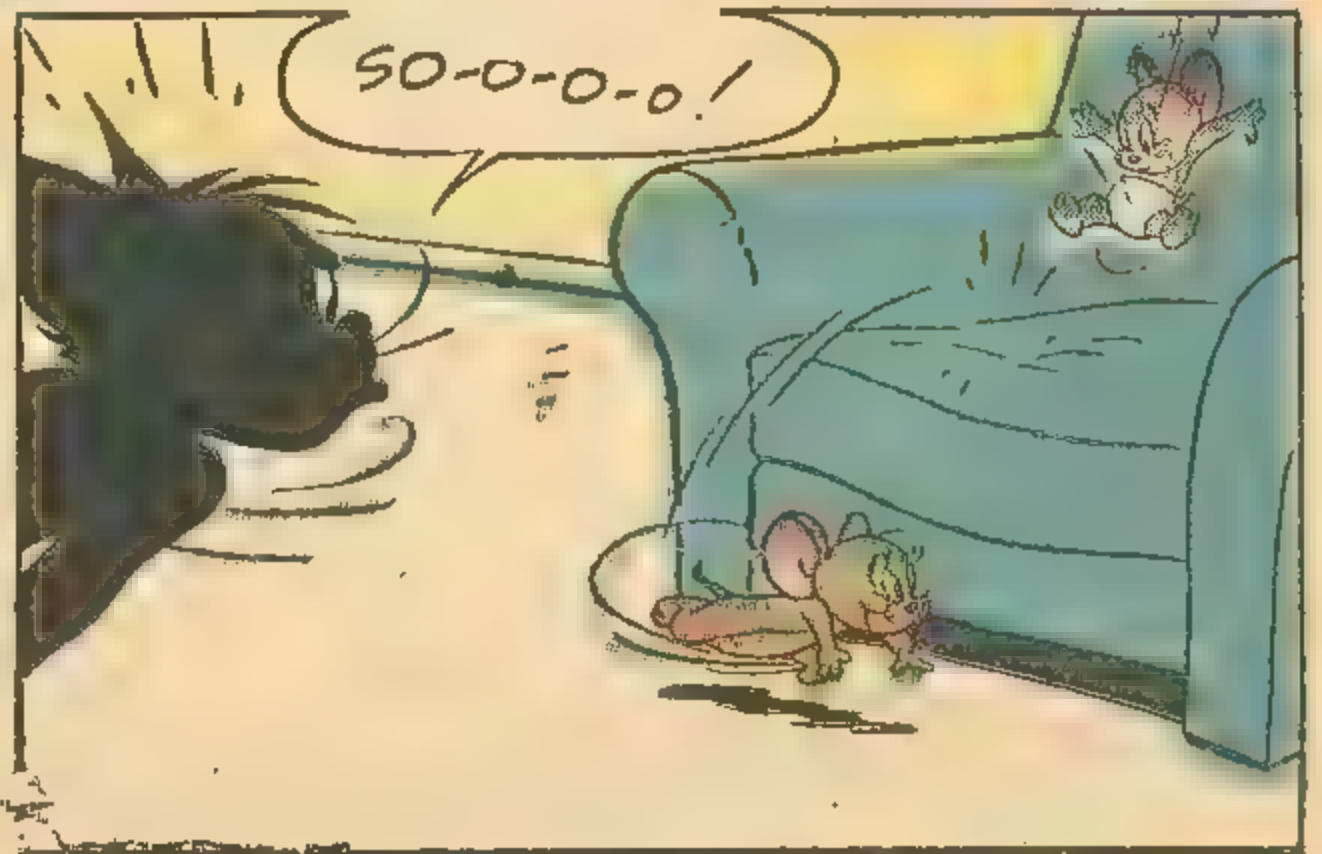
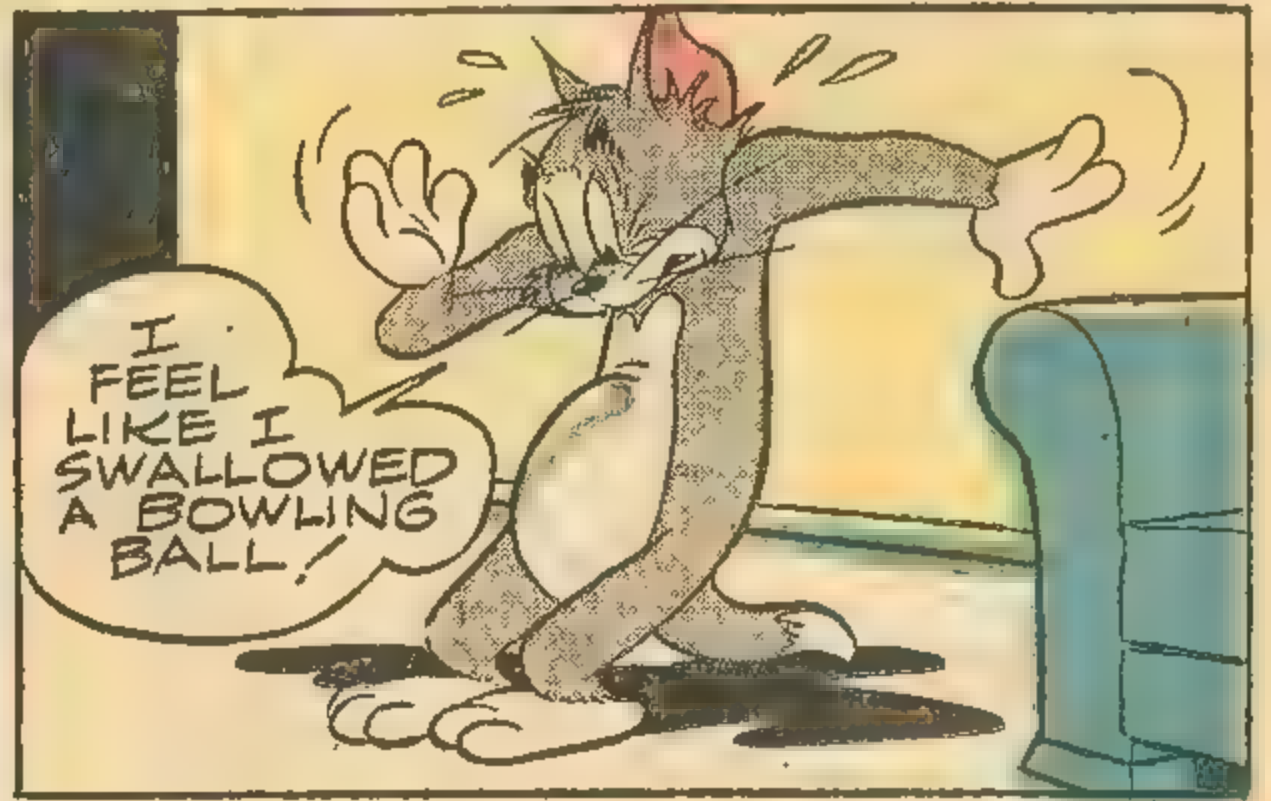
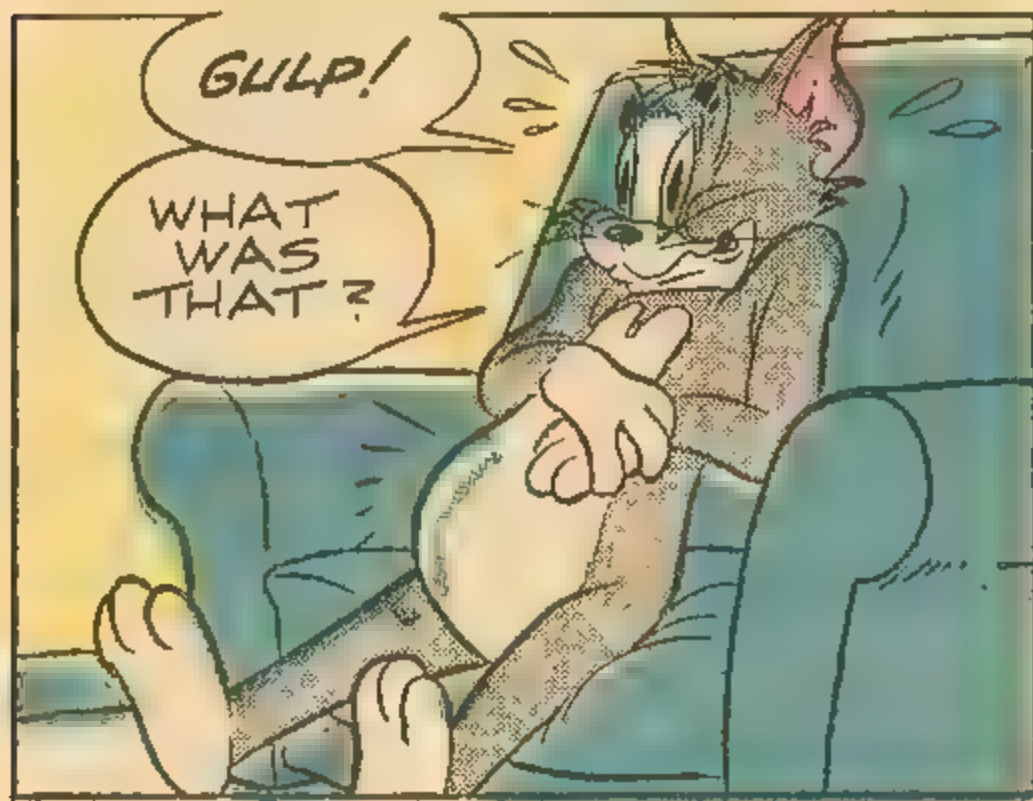
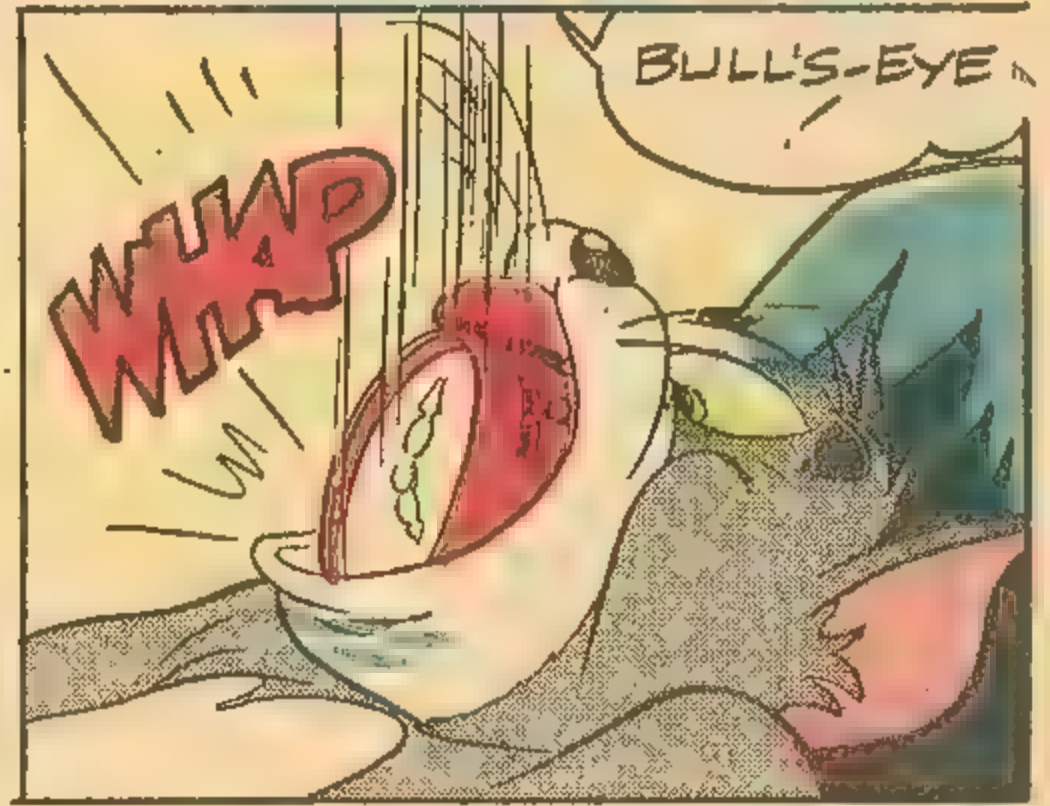
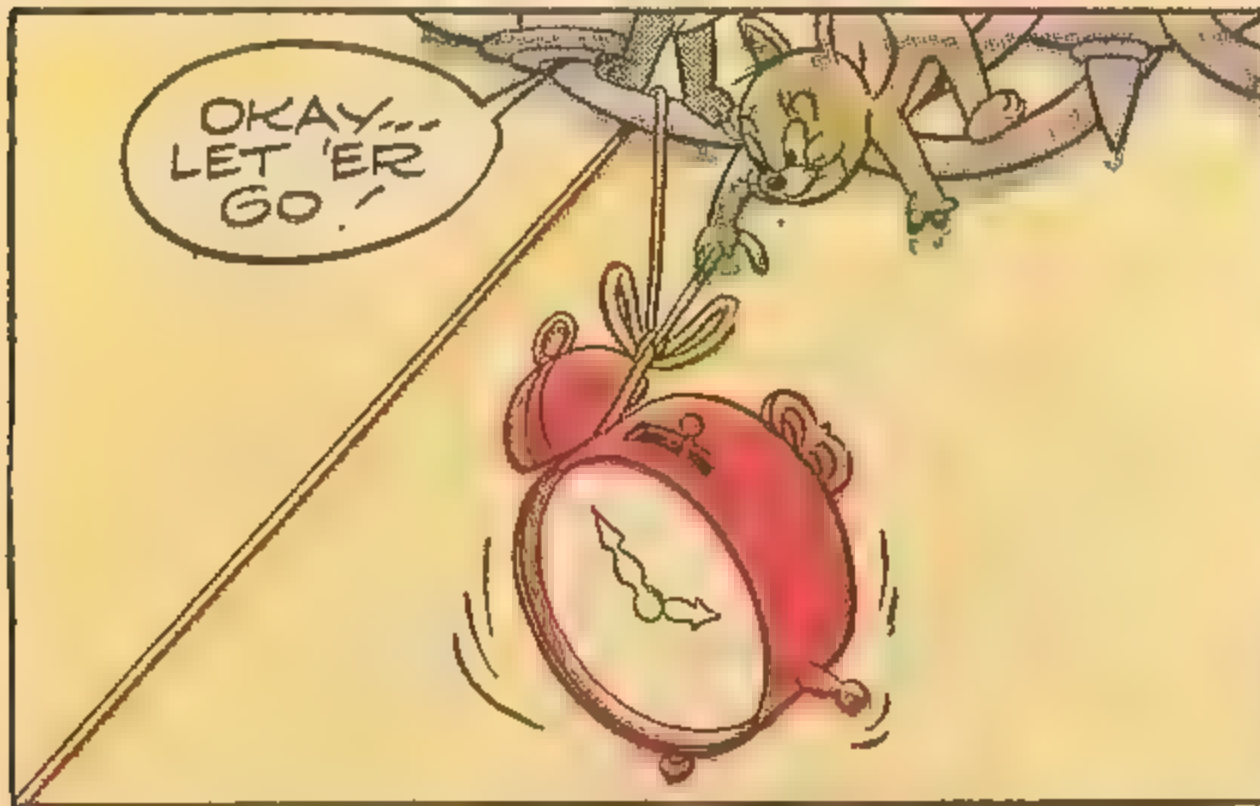
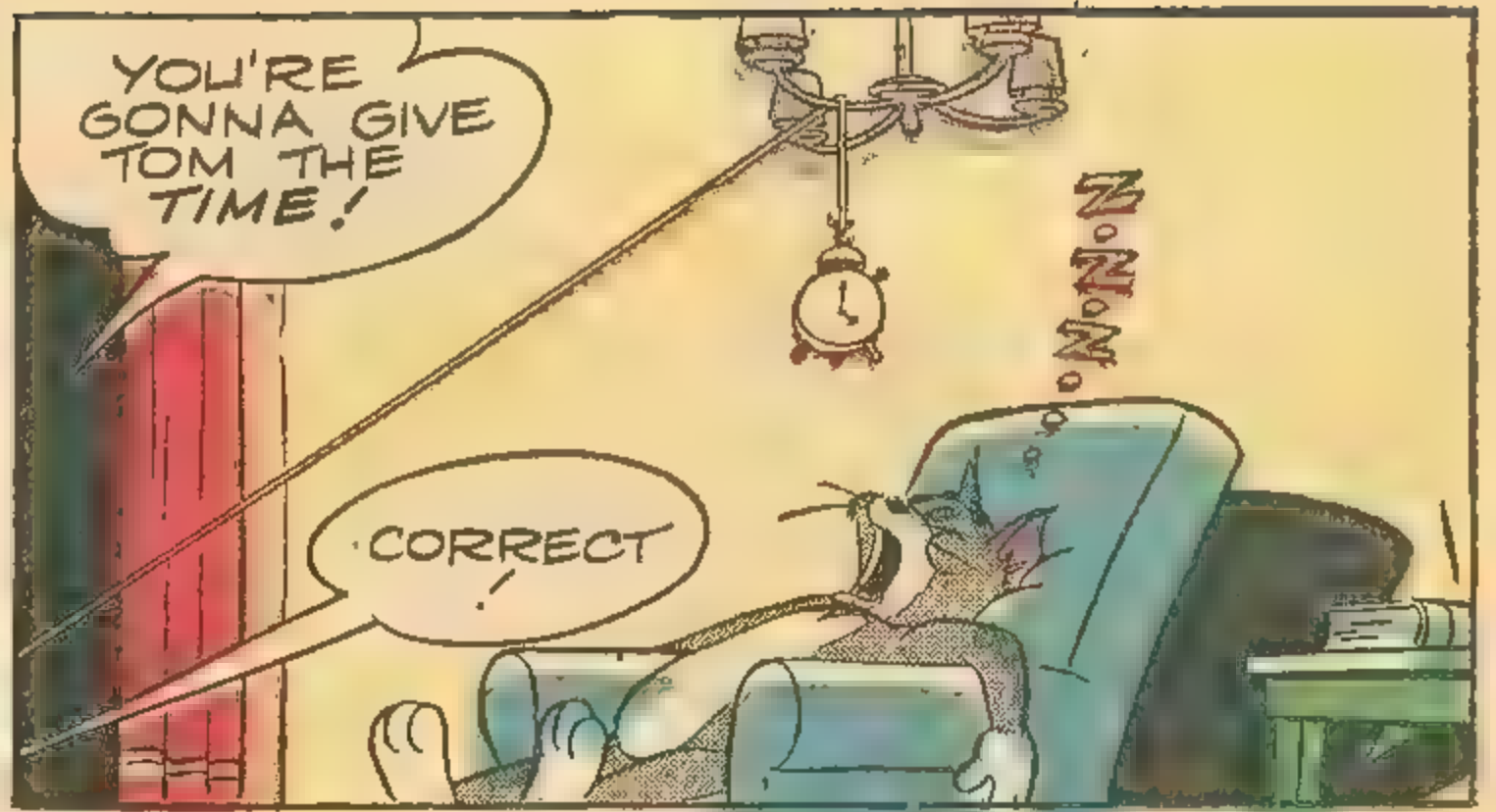
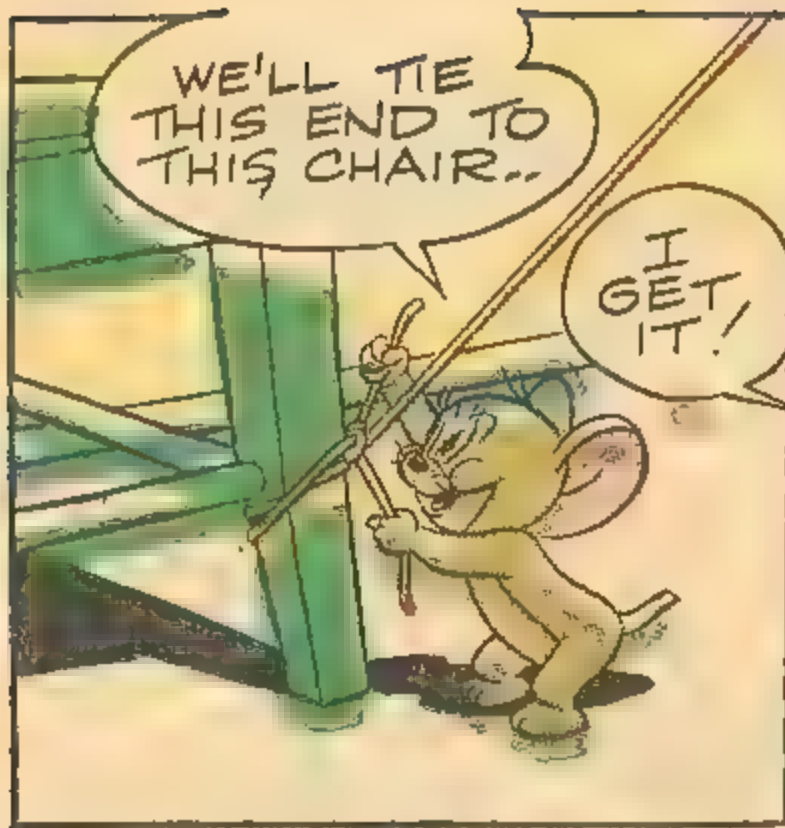
WHEW! BUYIN' THAT
ICE CREAM WAS A
STROKE OF GENIUS!

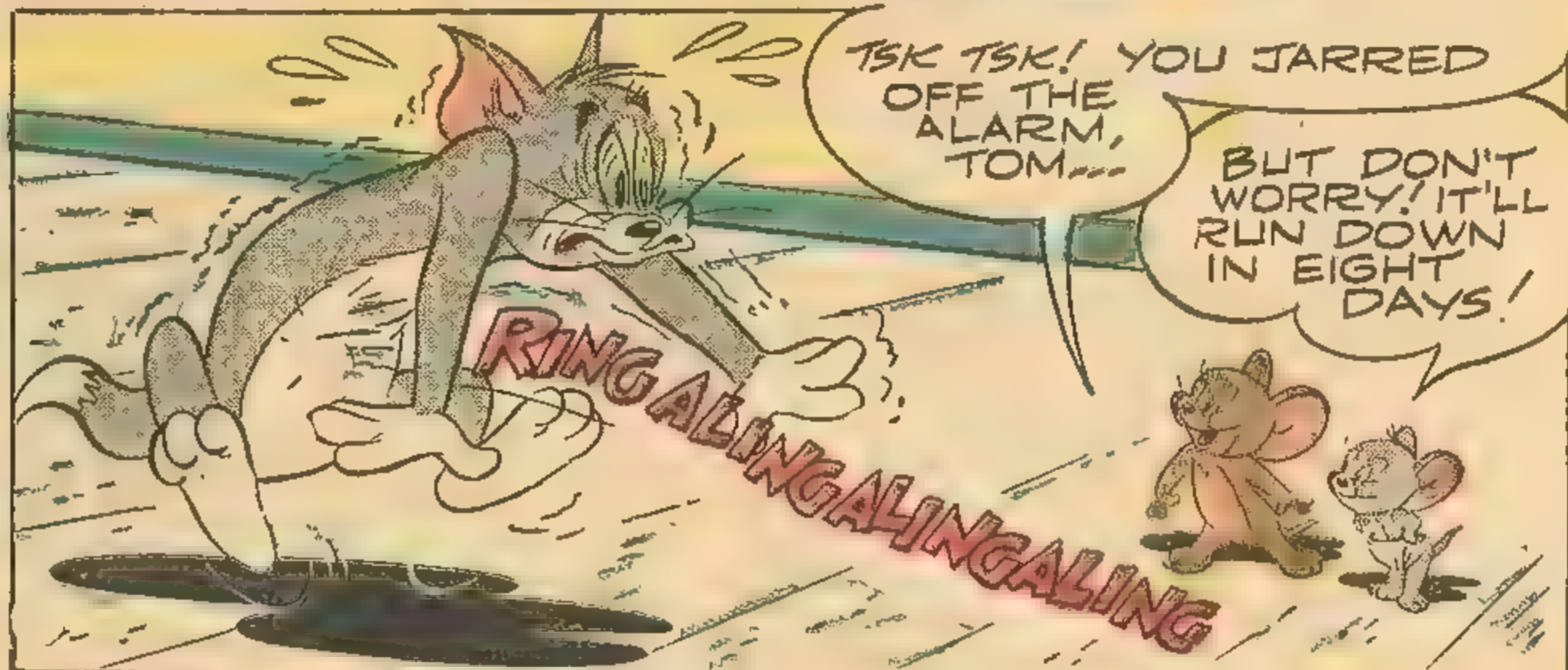
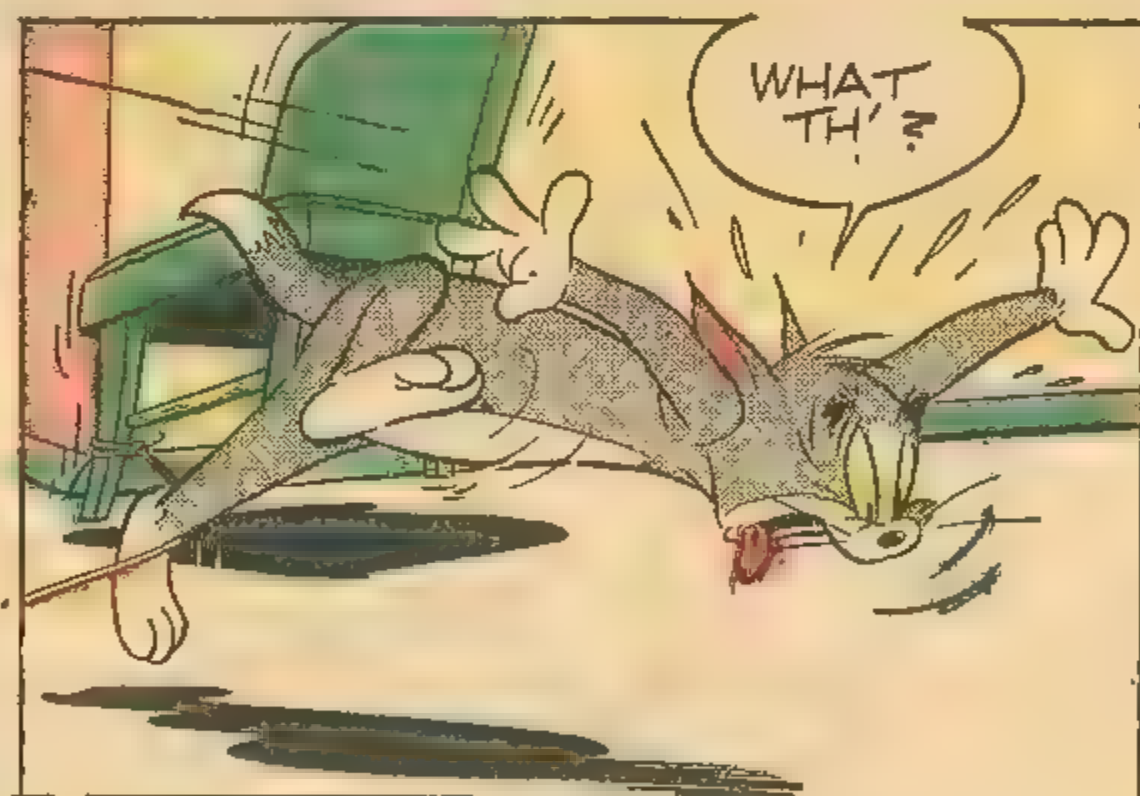
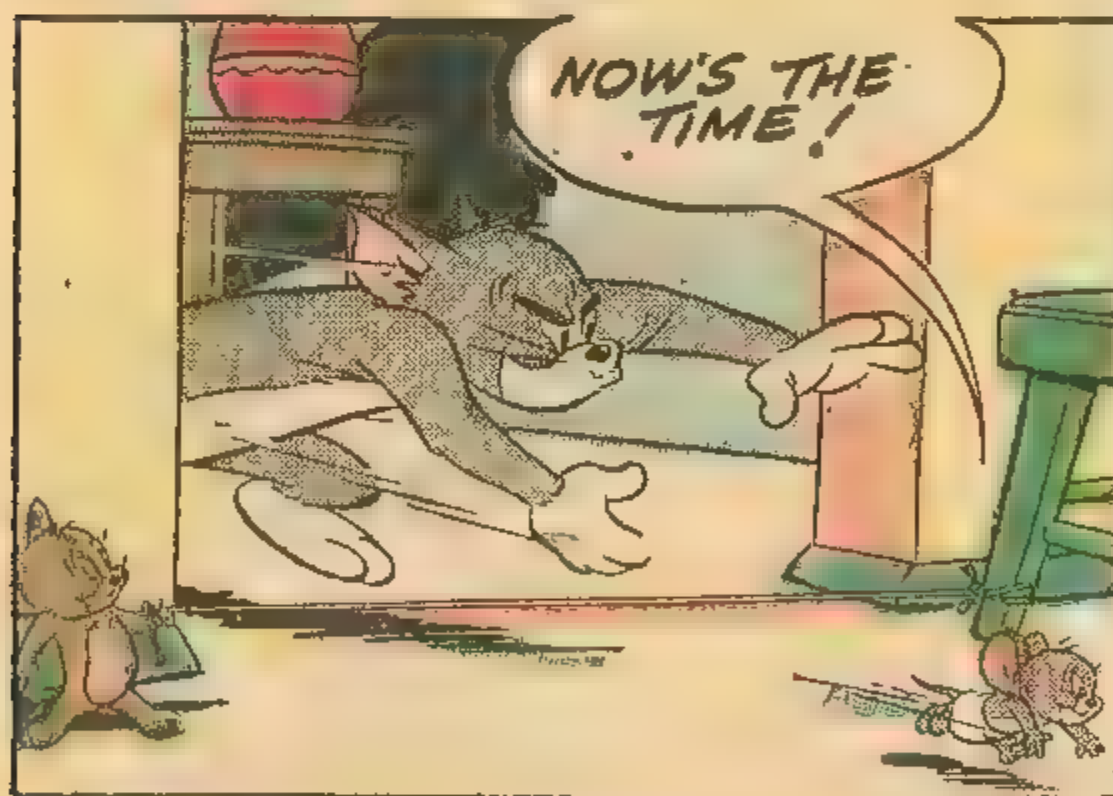
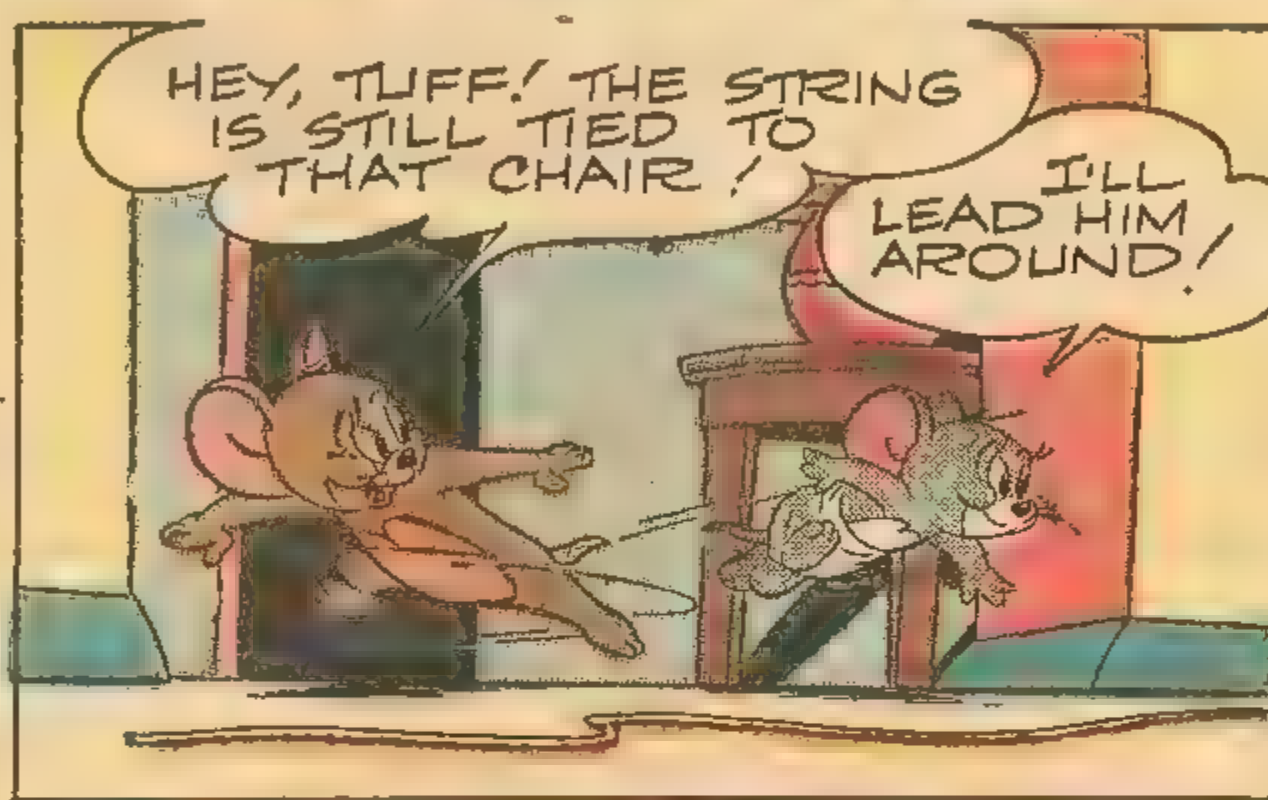
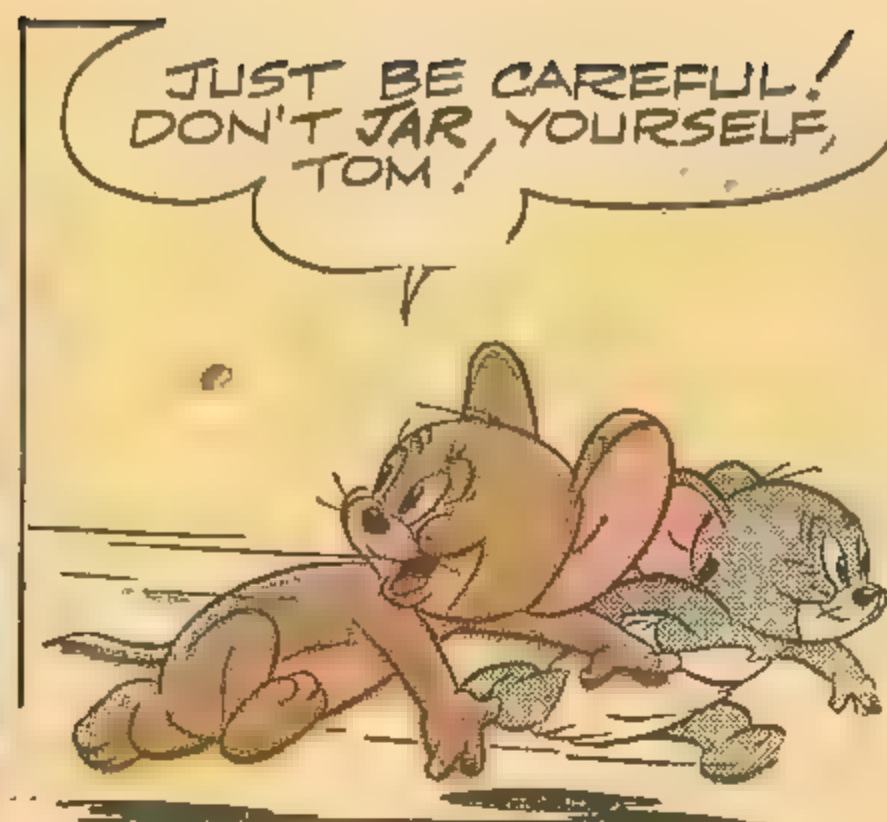




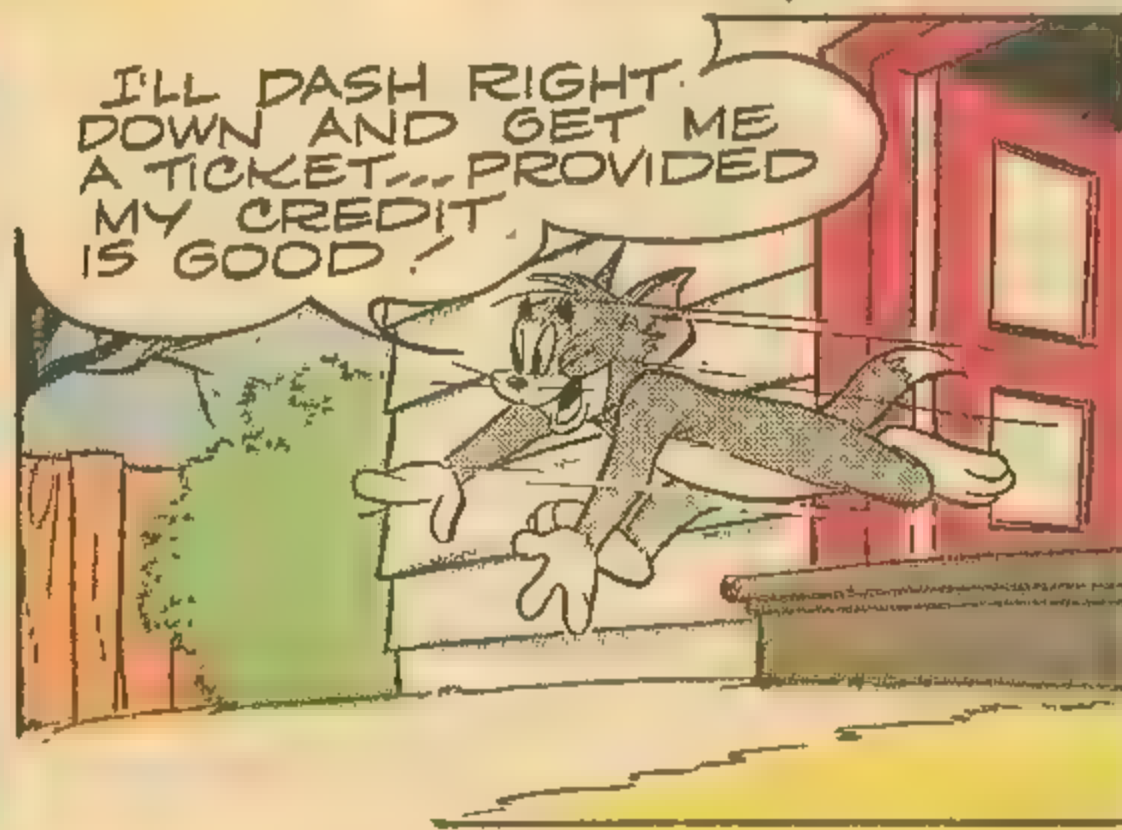
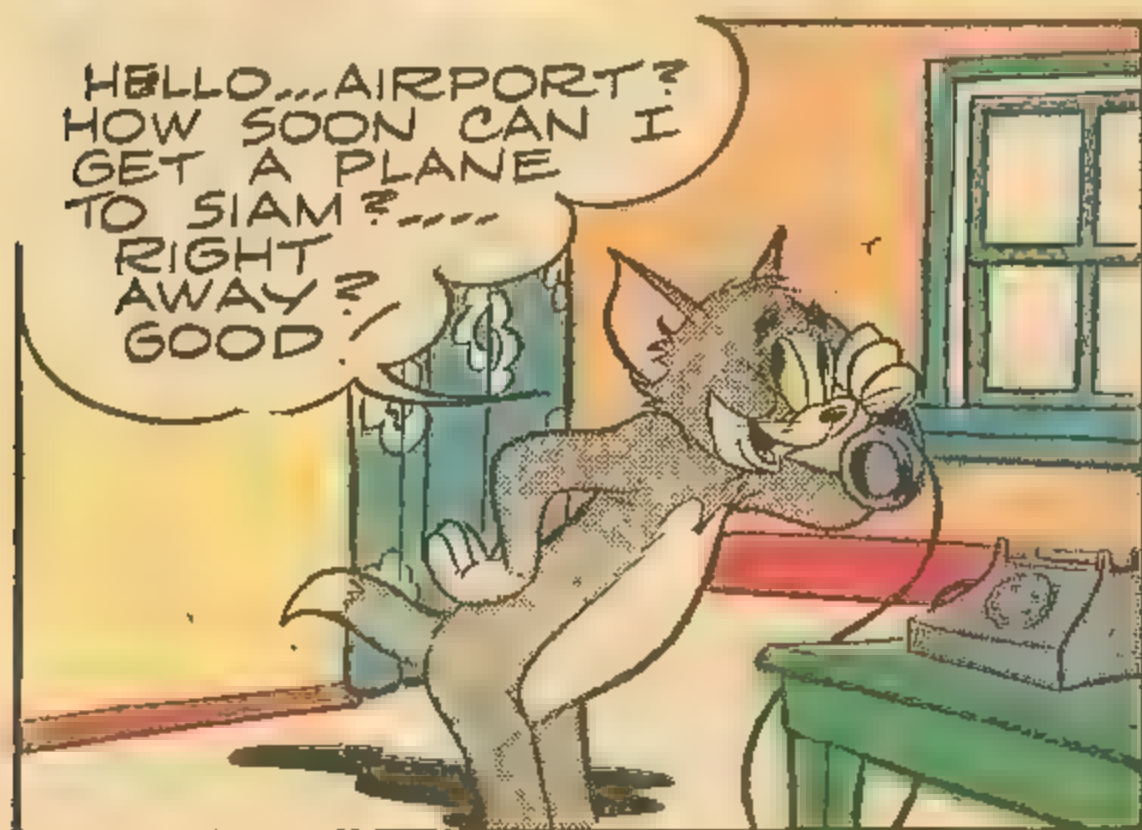
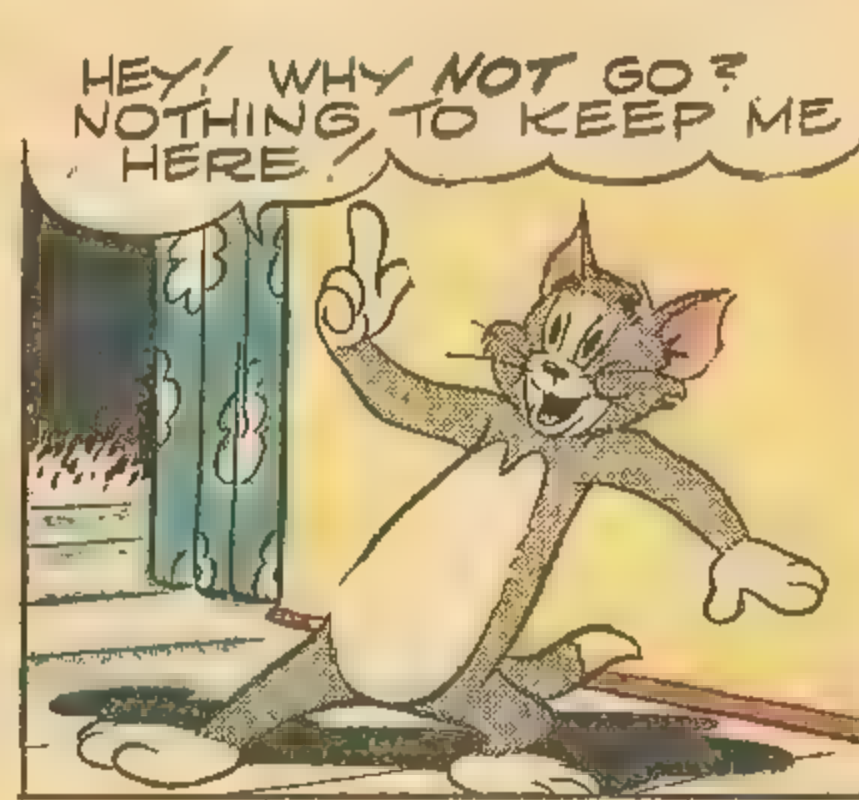
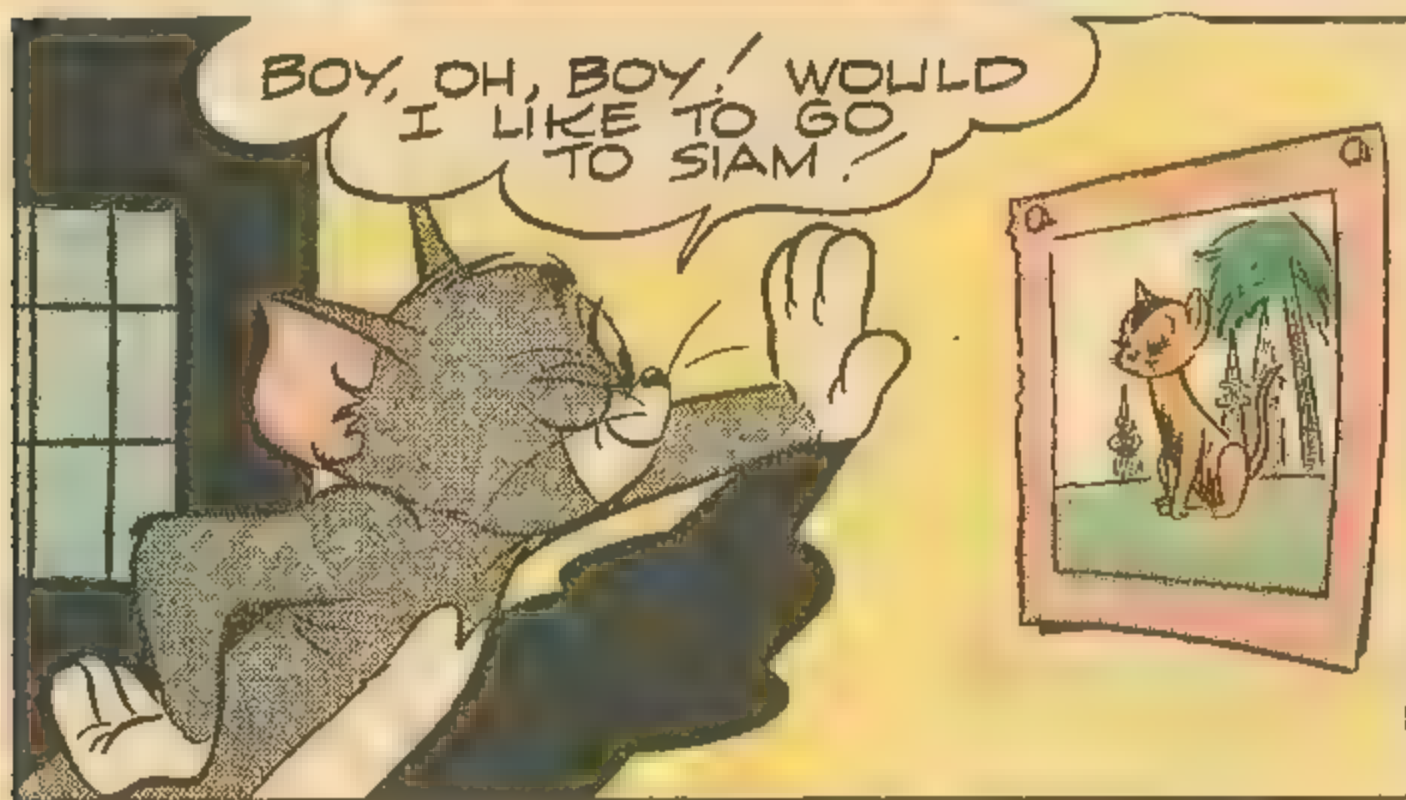
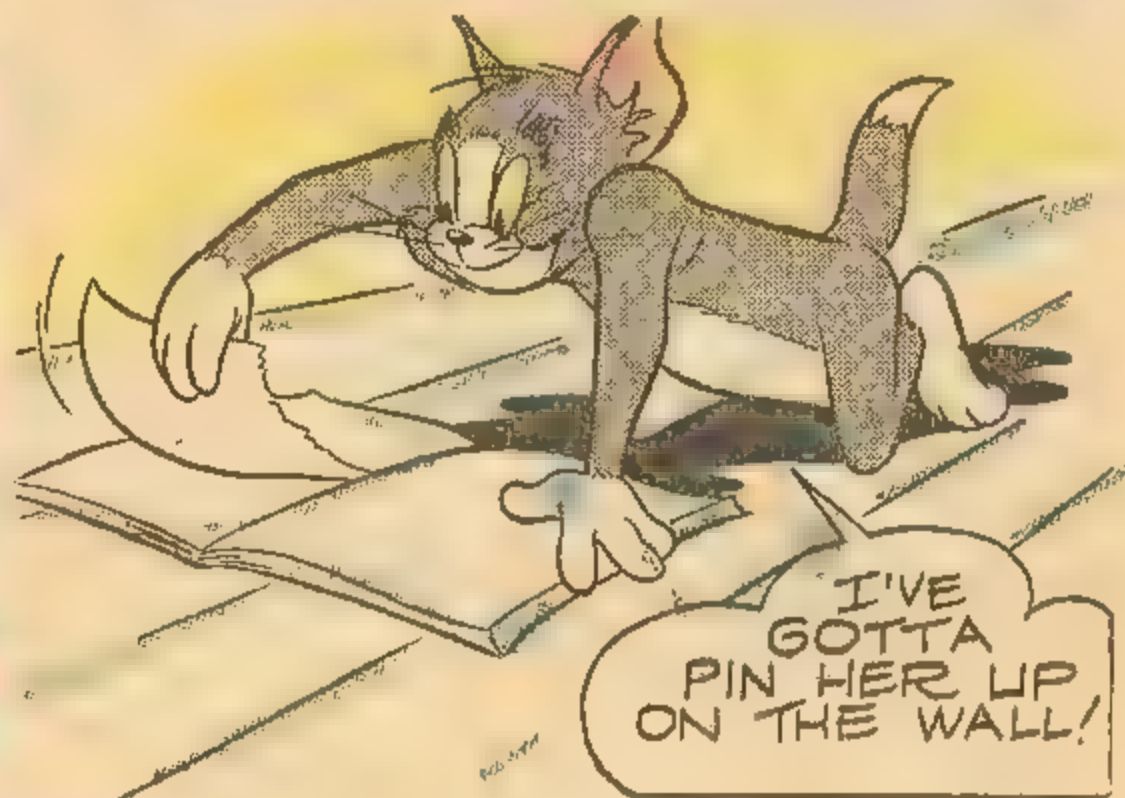
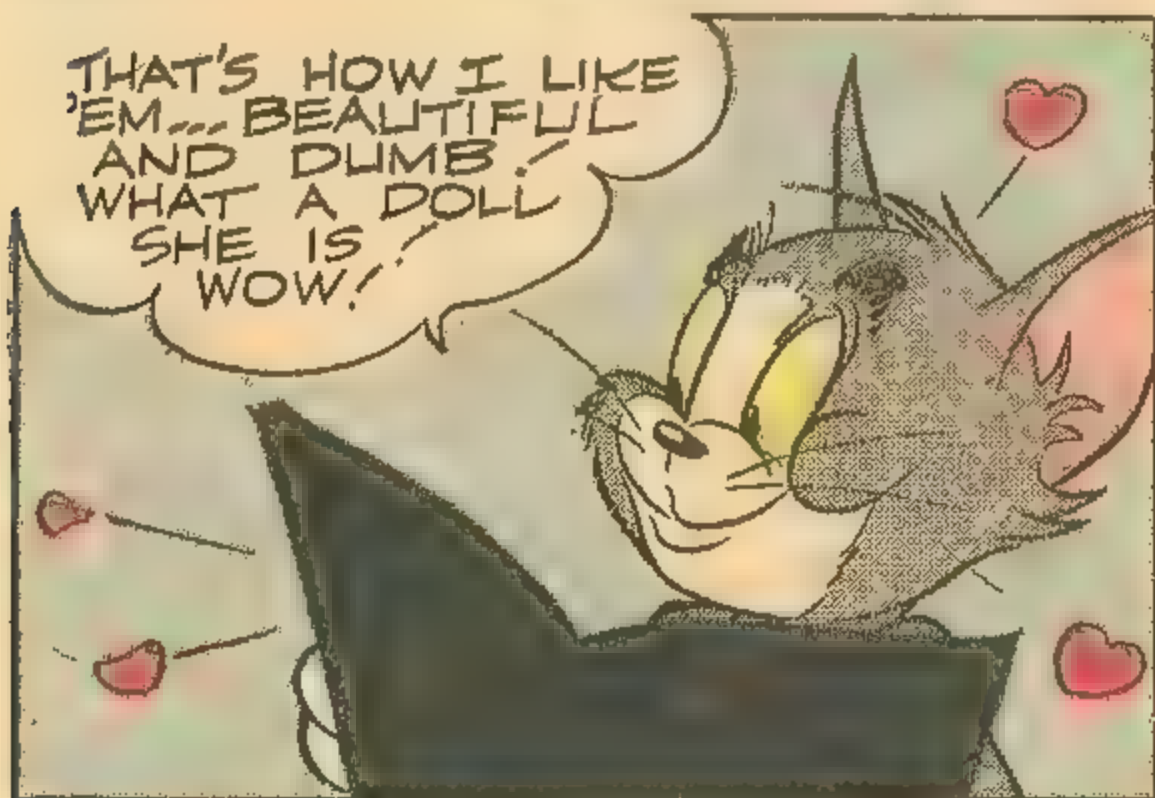
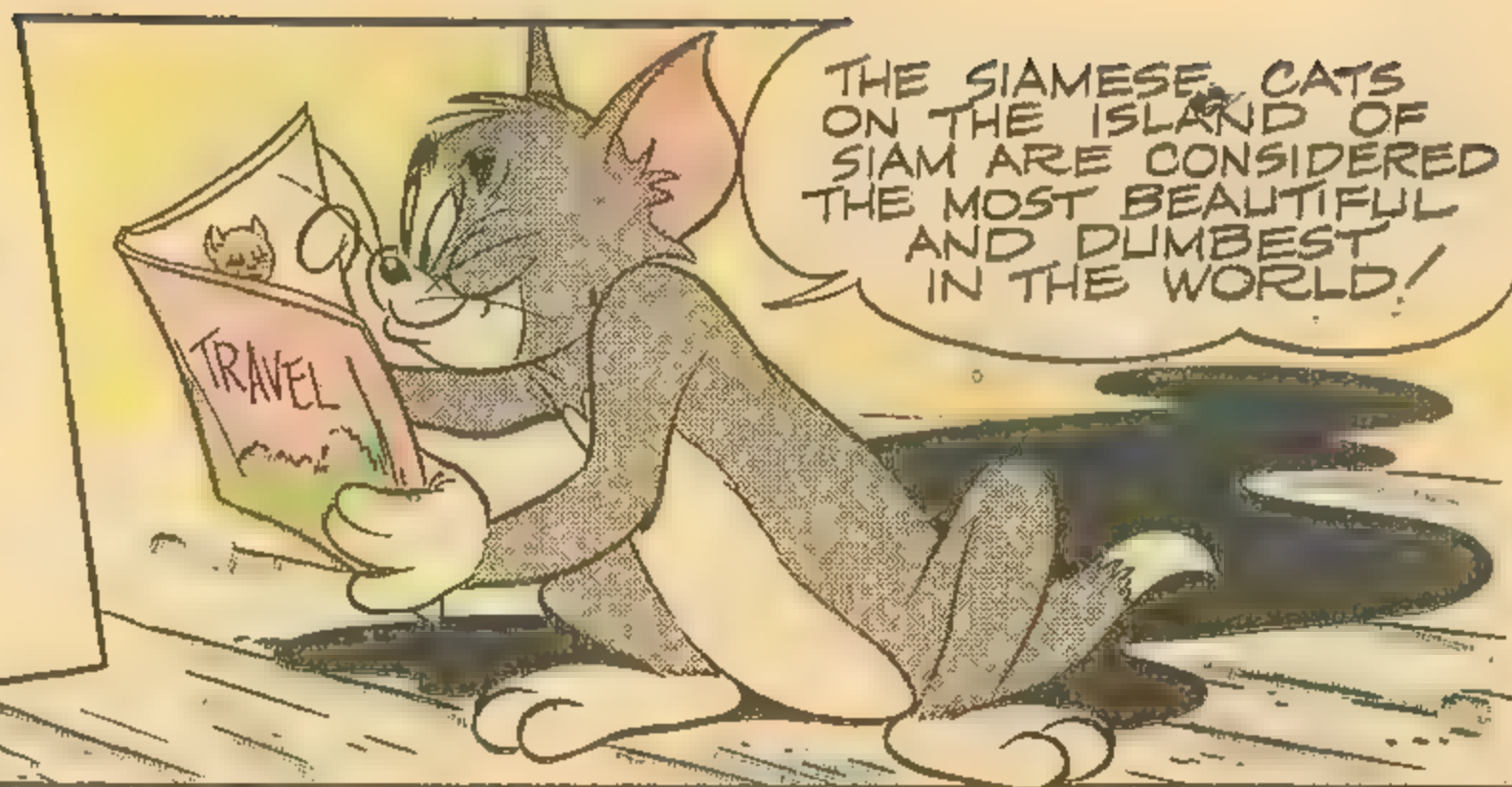


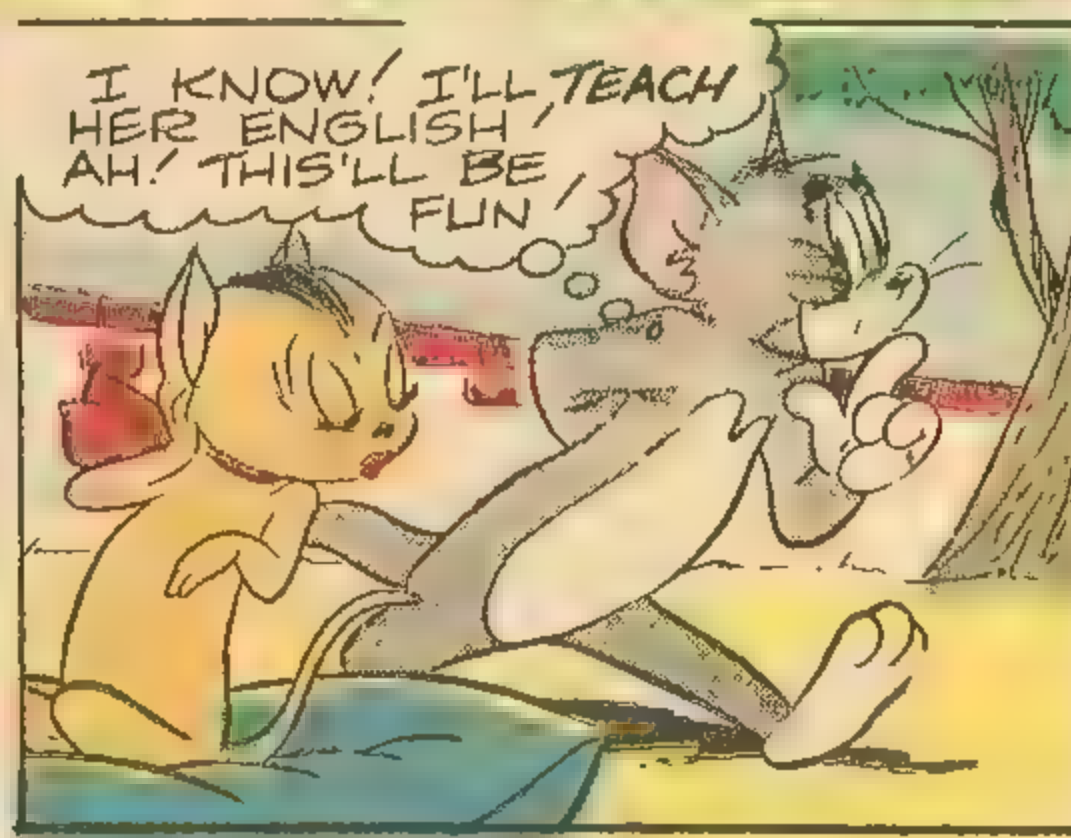
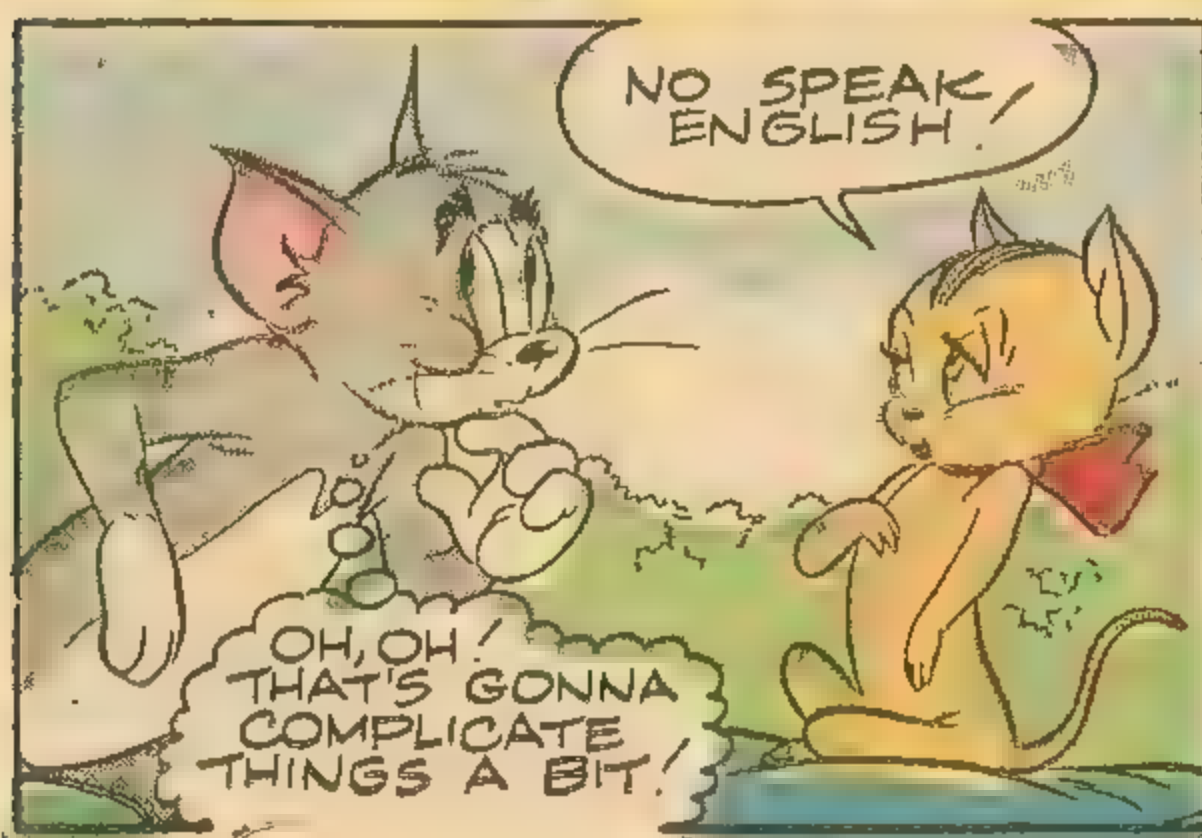
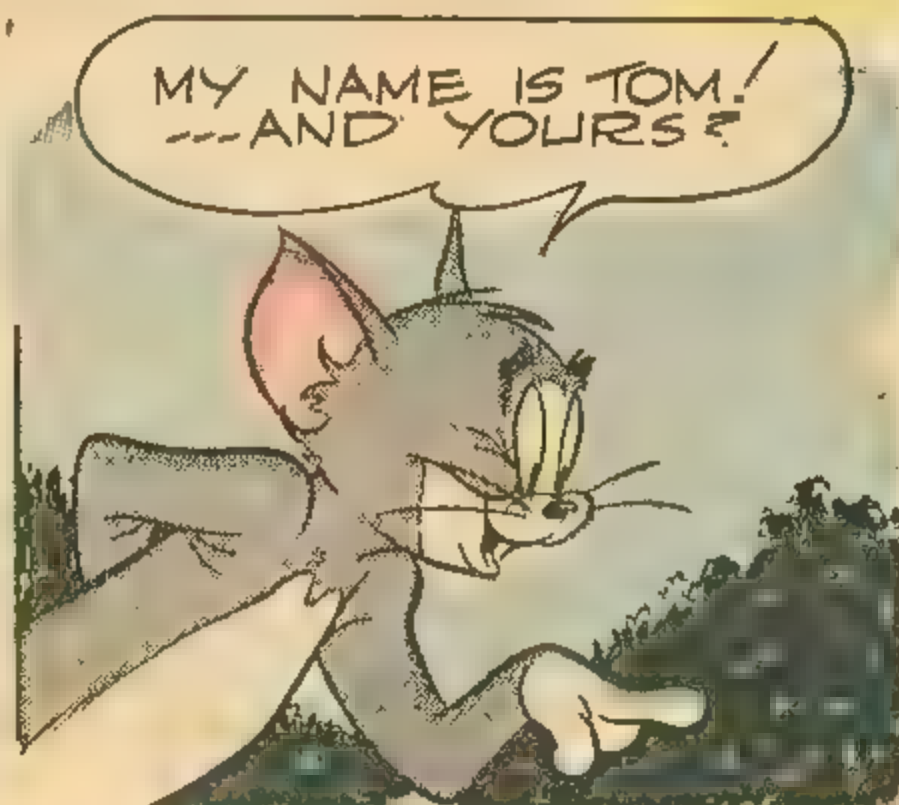
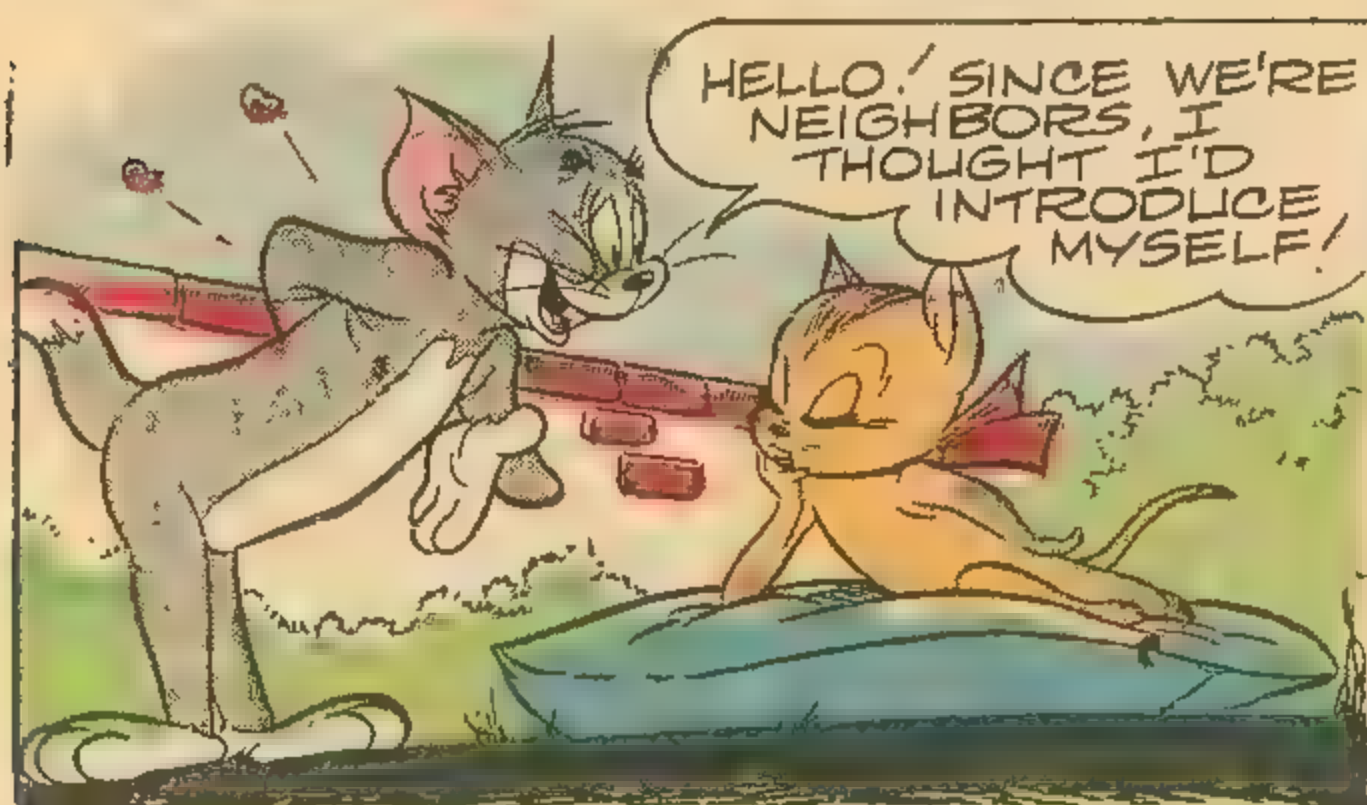
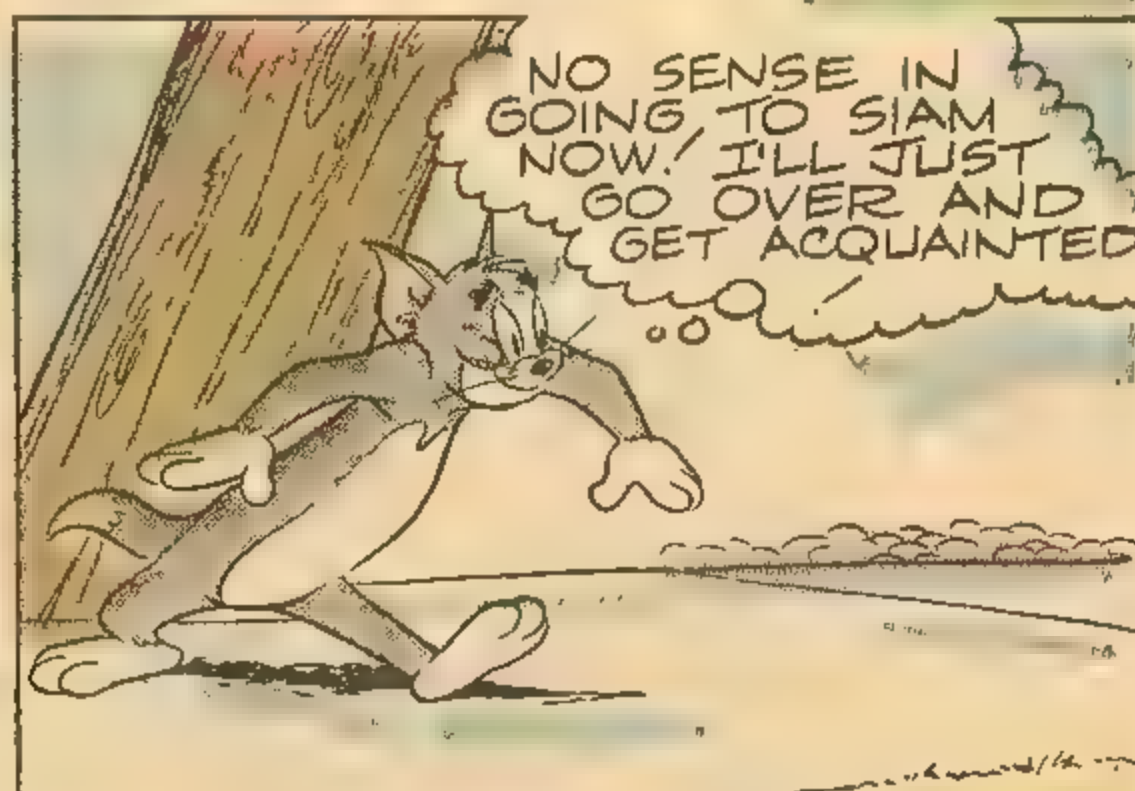
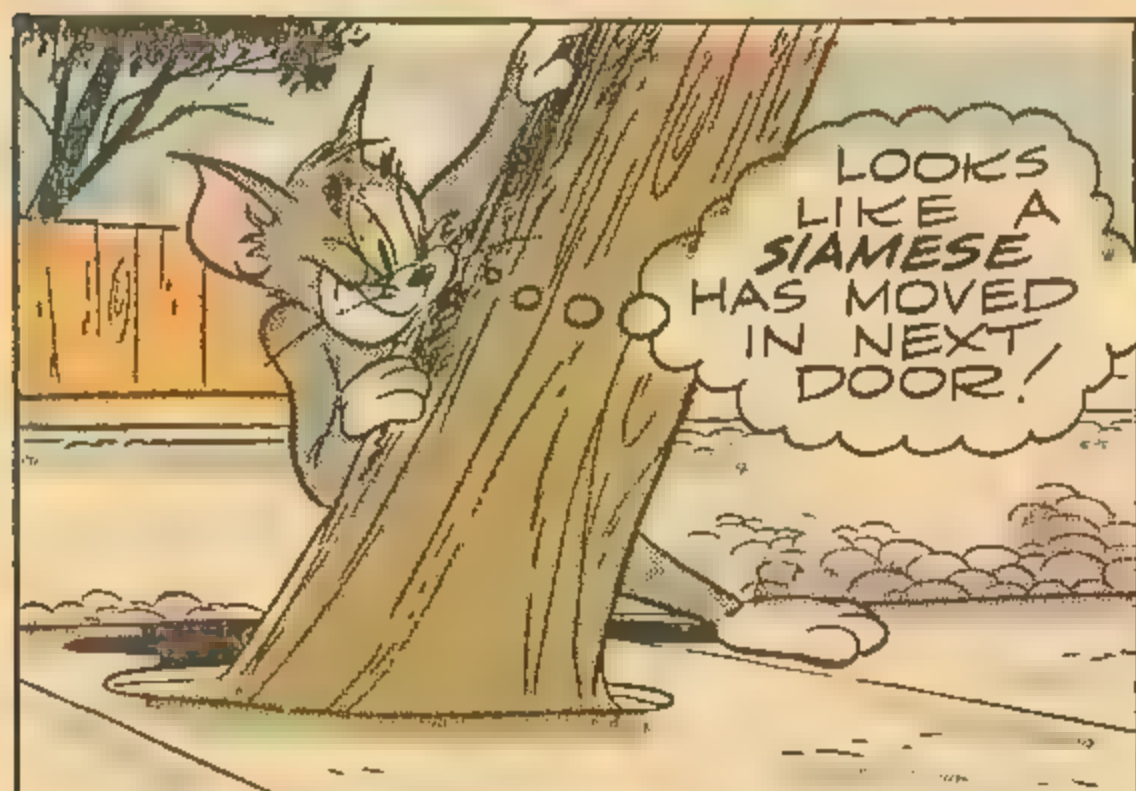
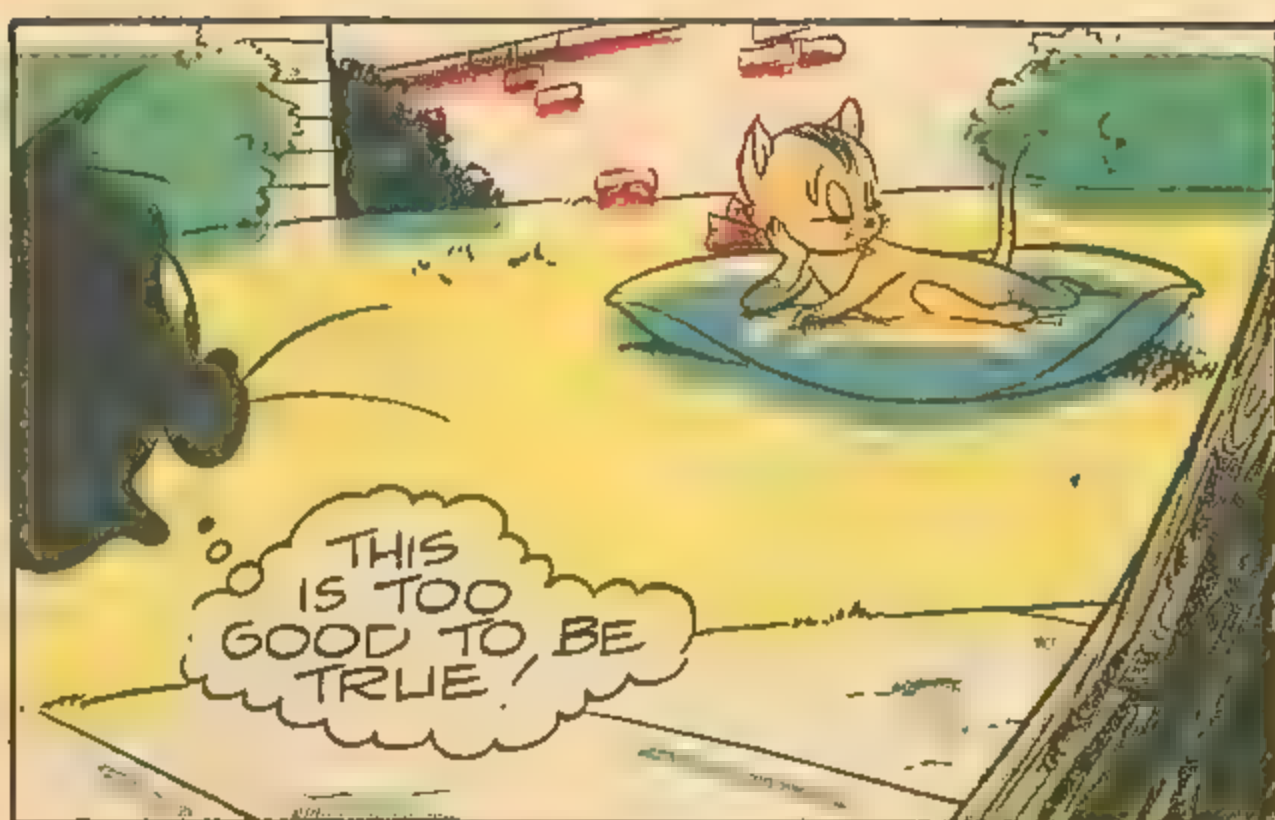
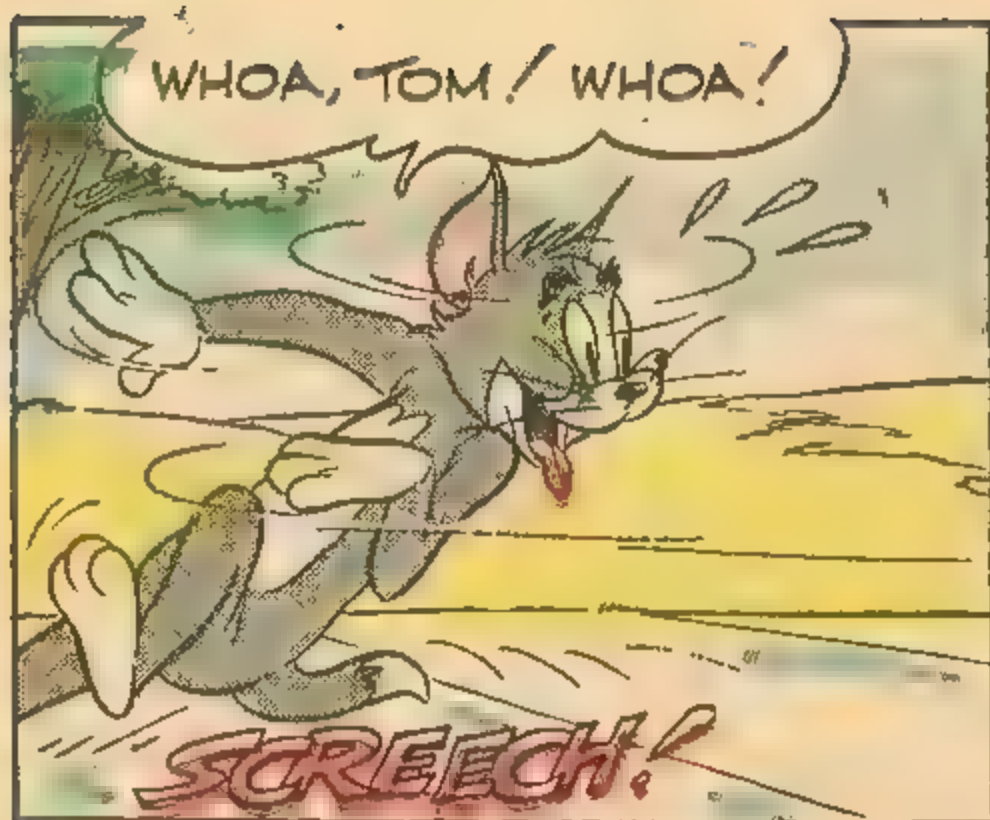


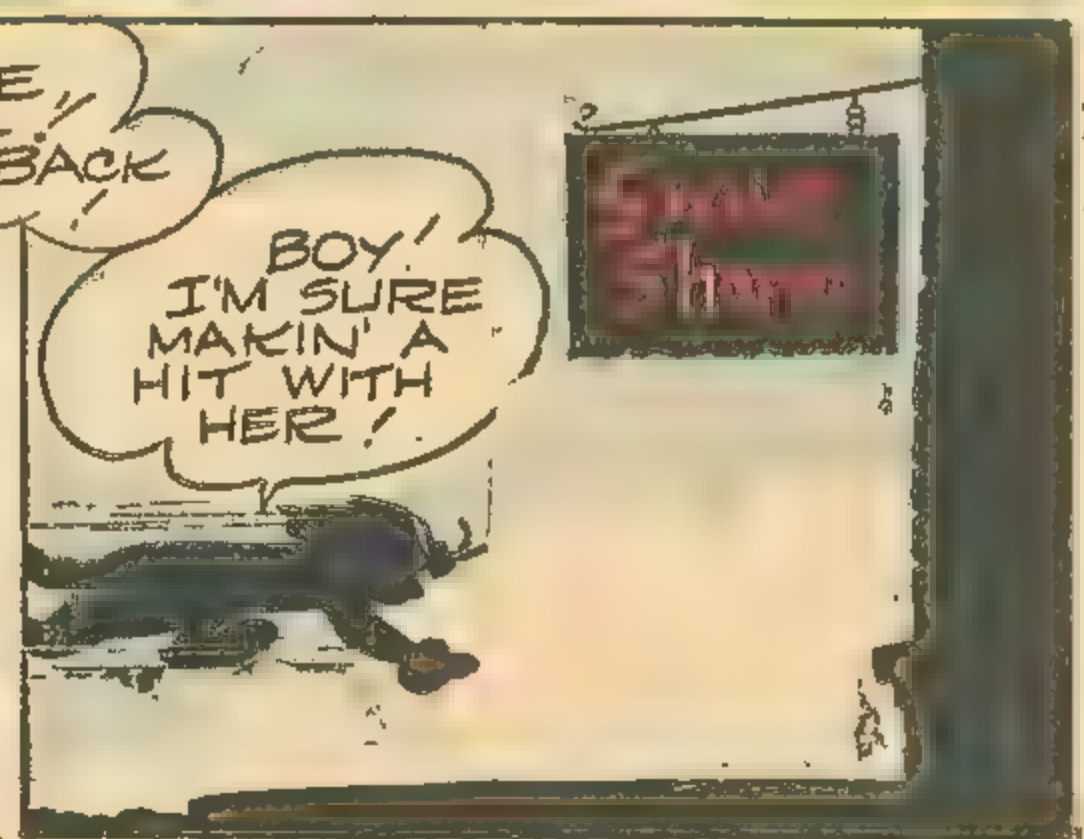
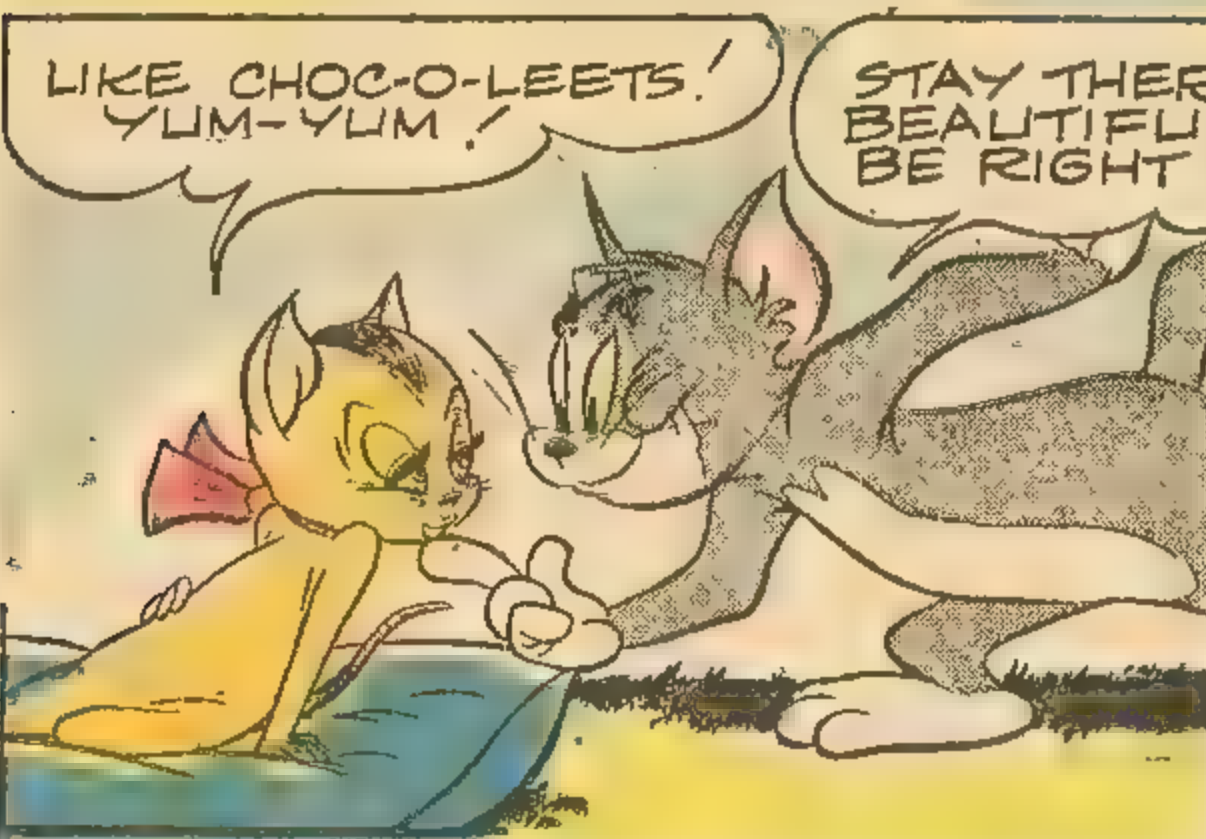
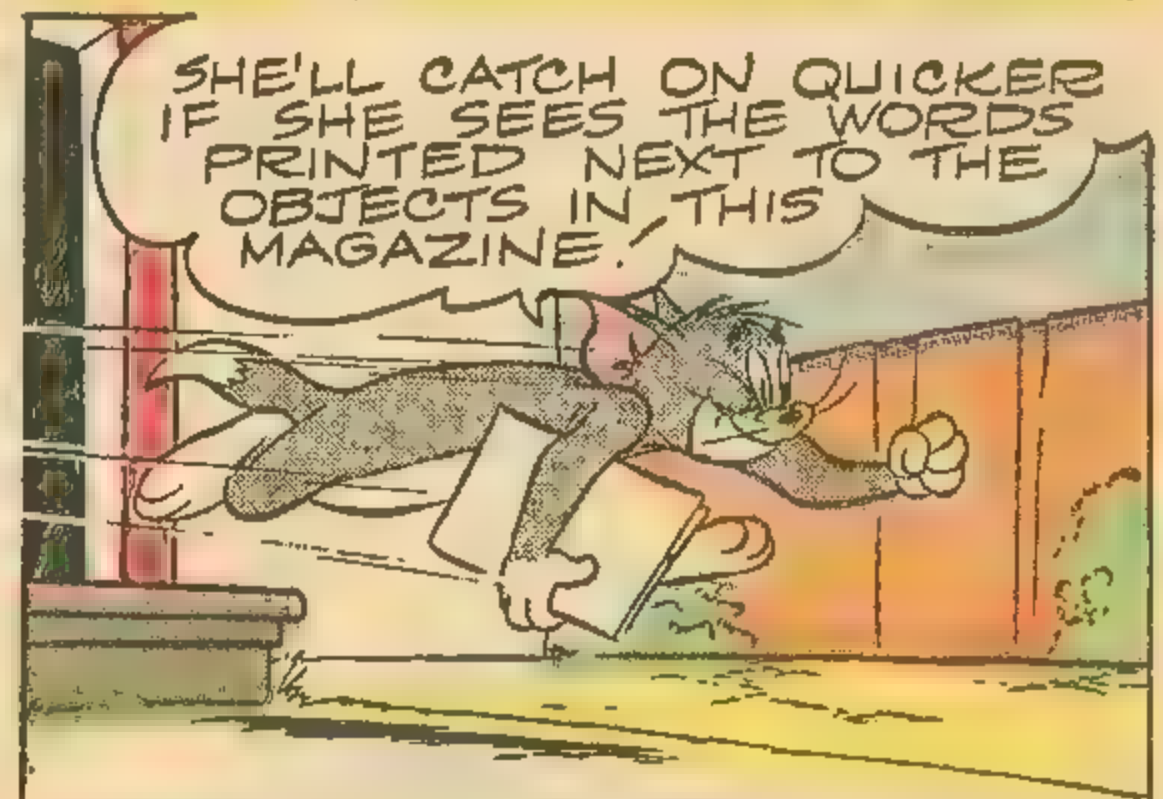
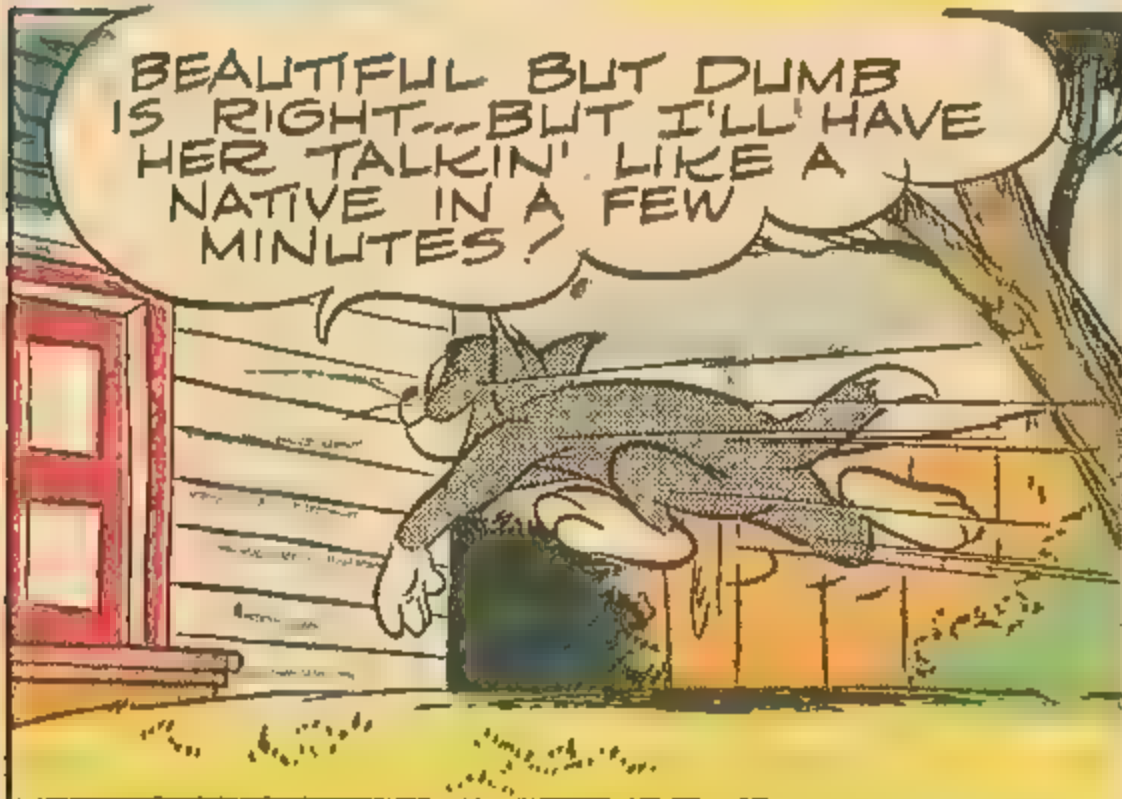
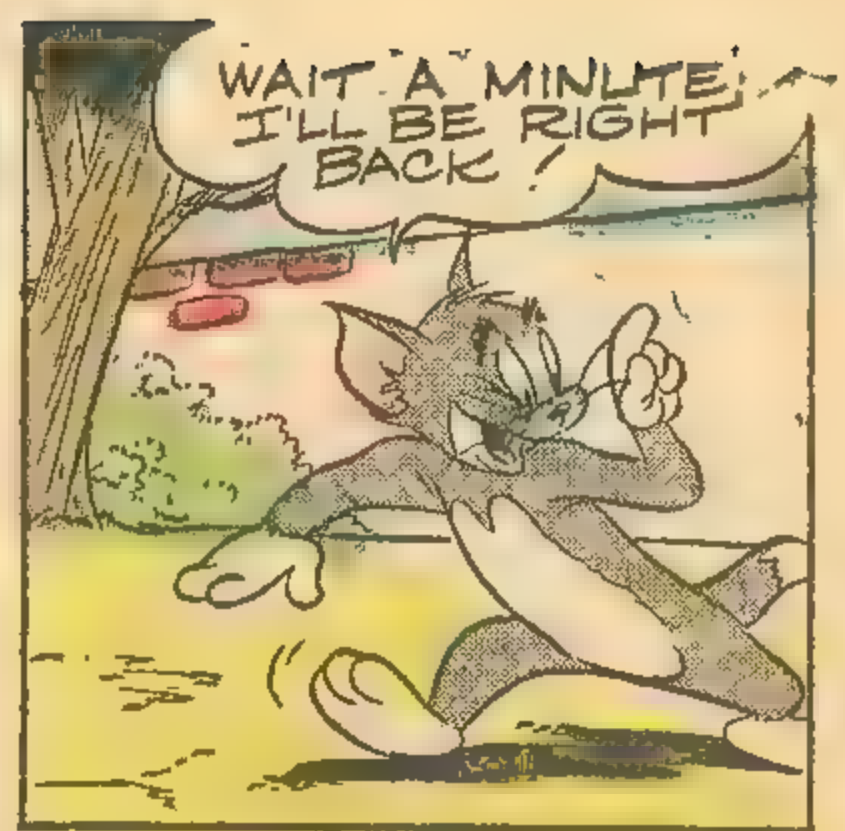
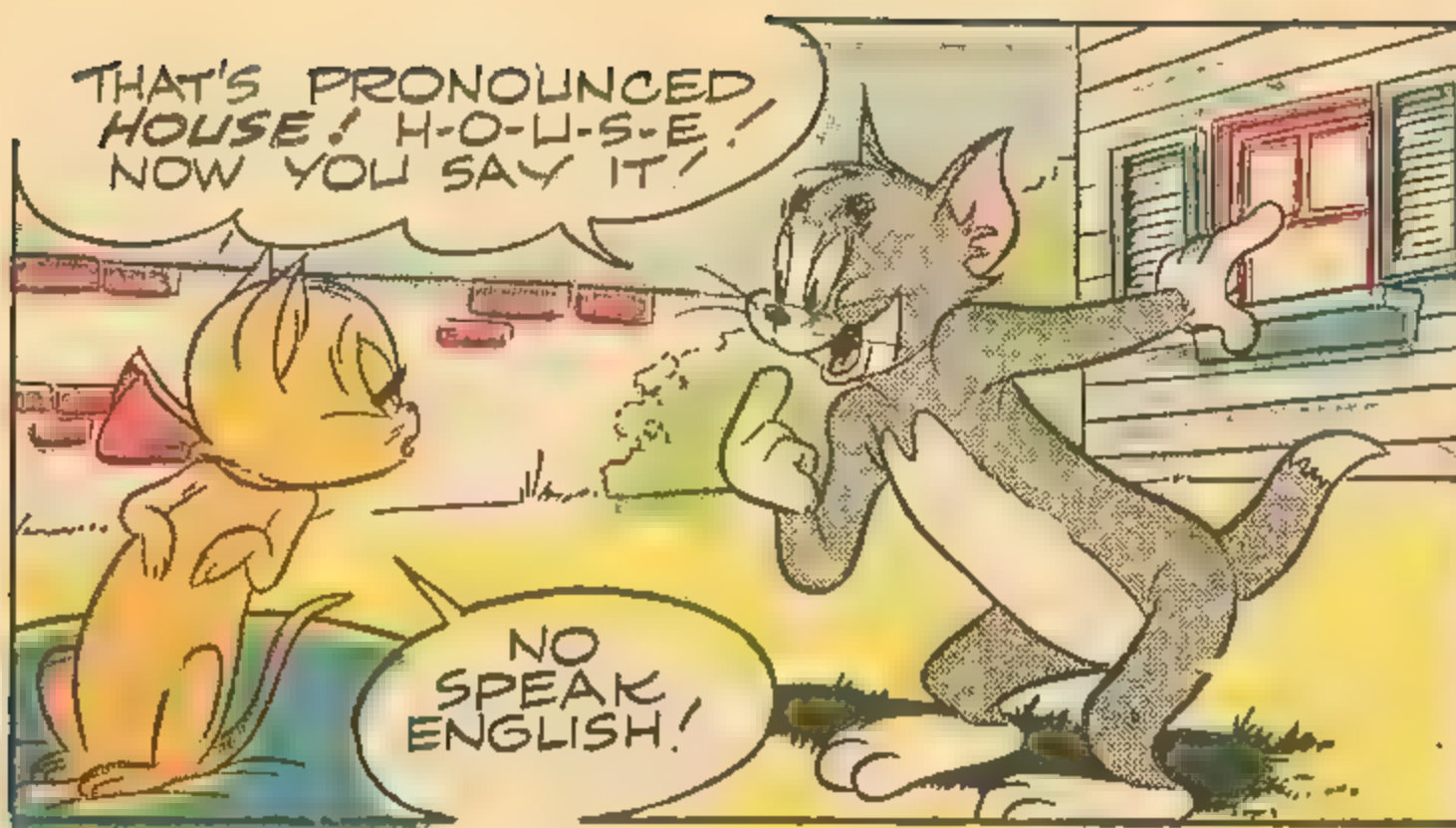


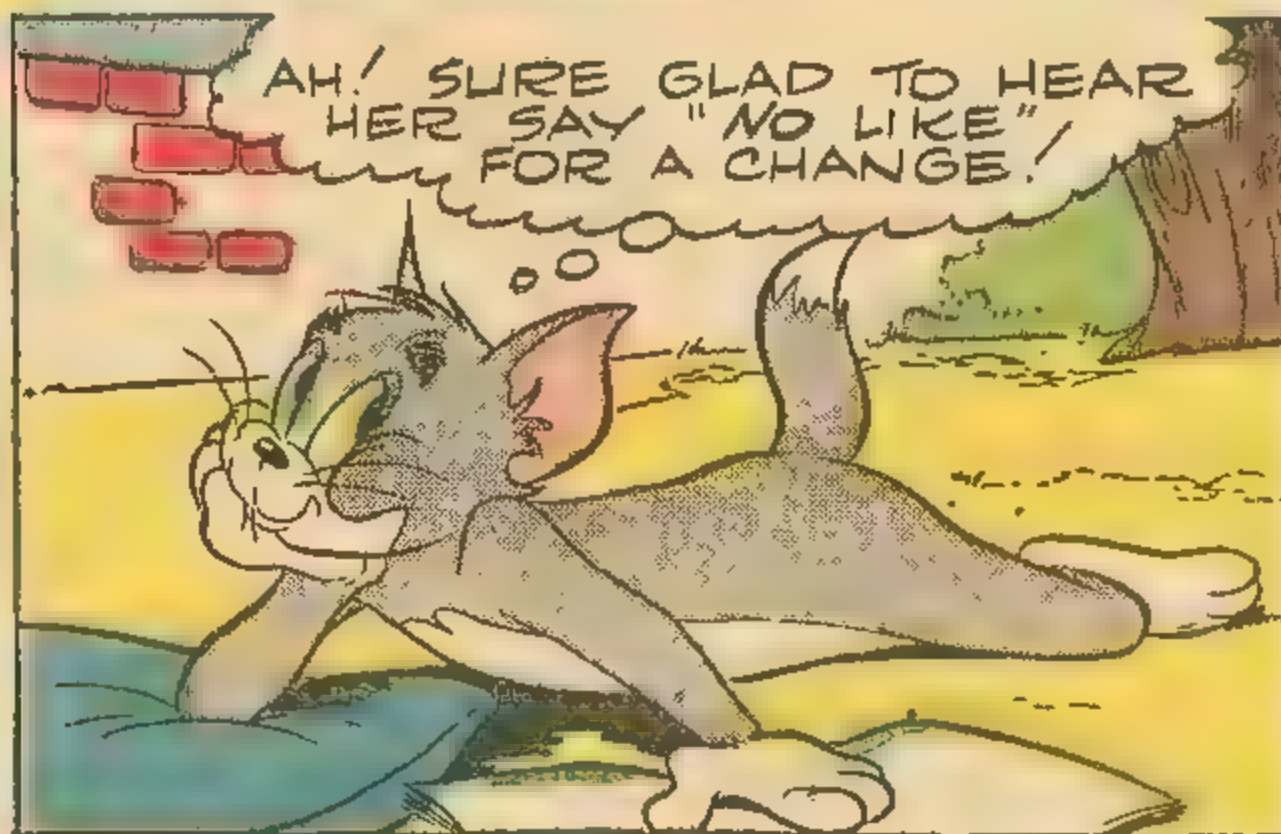
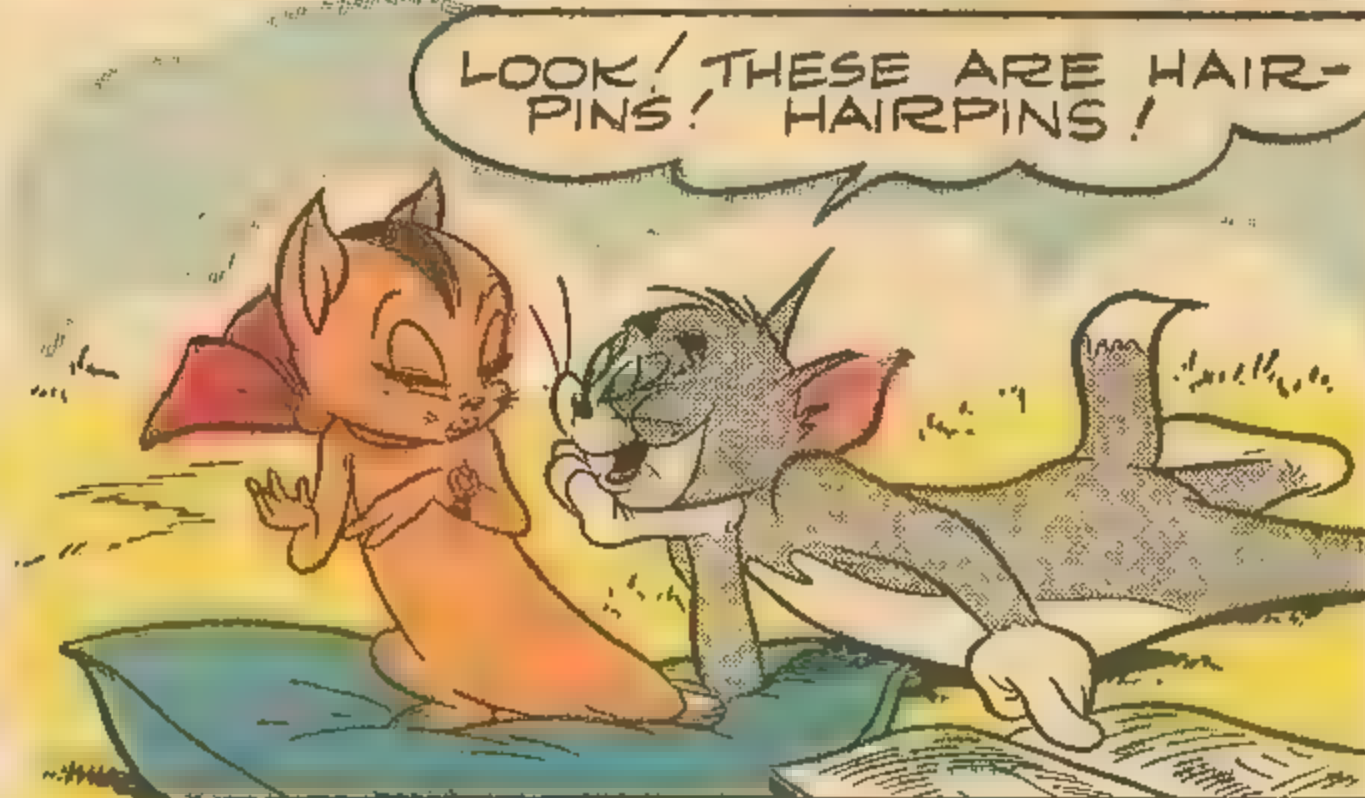
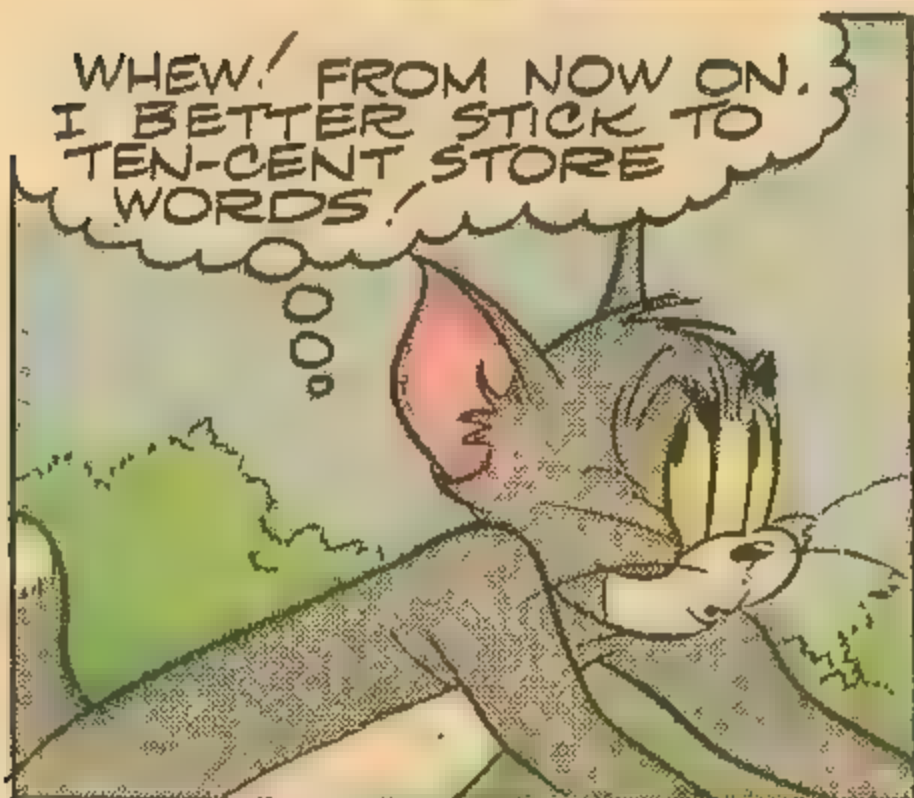
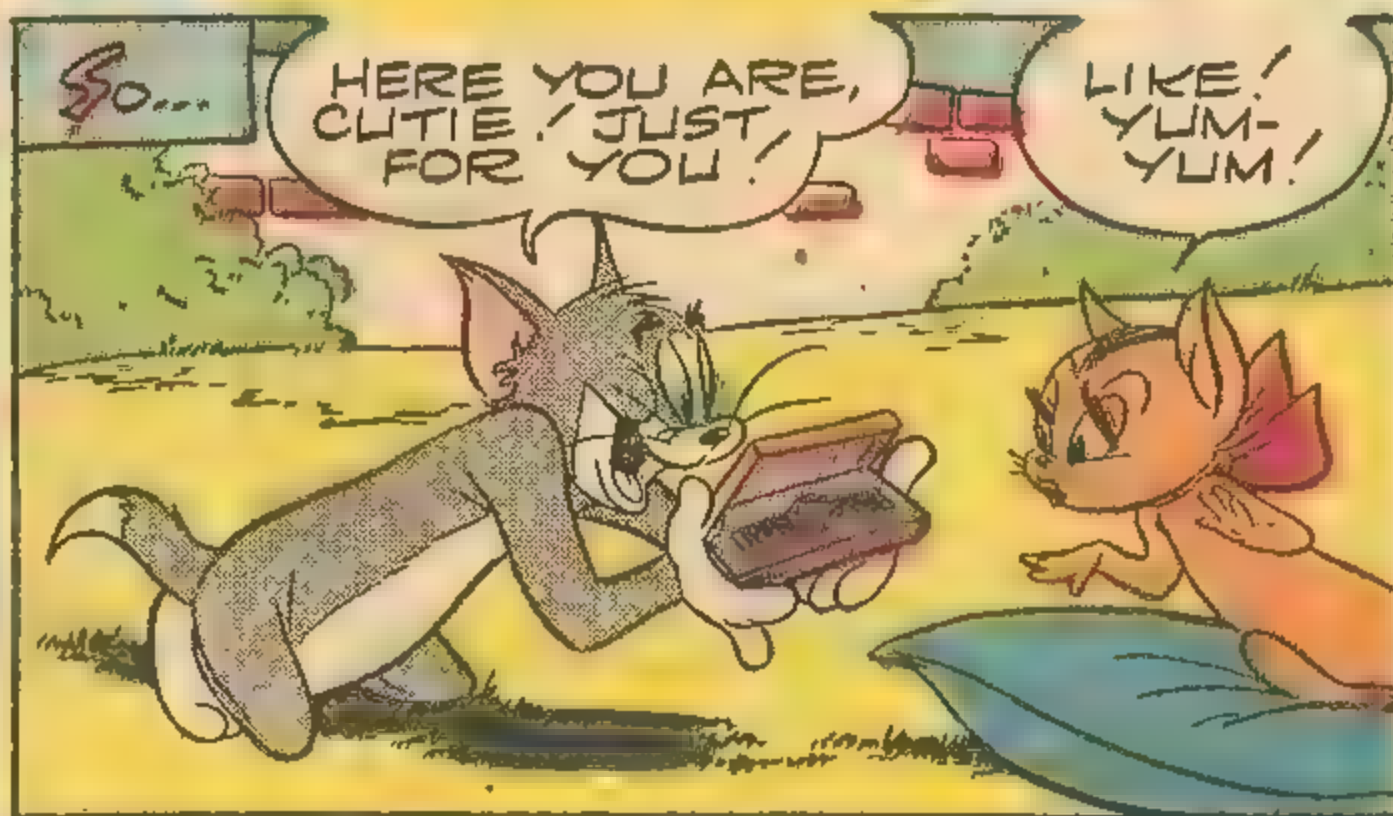
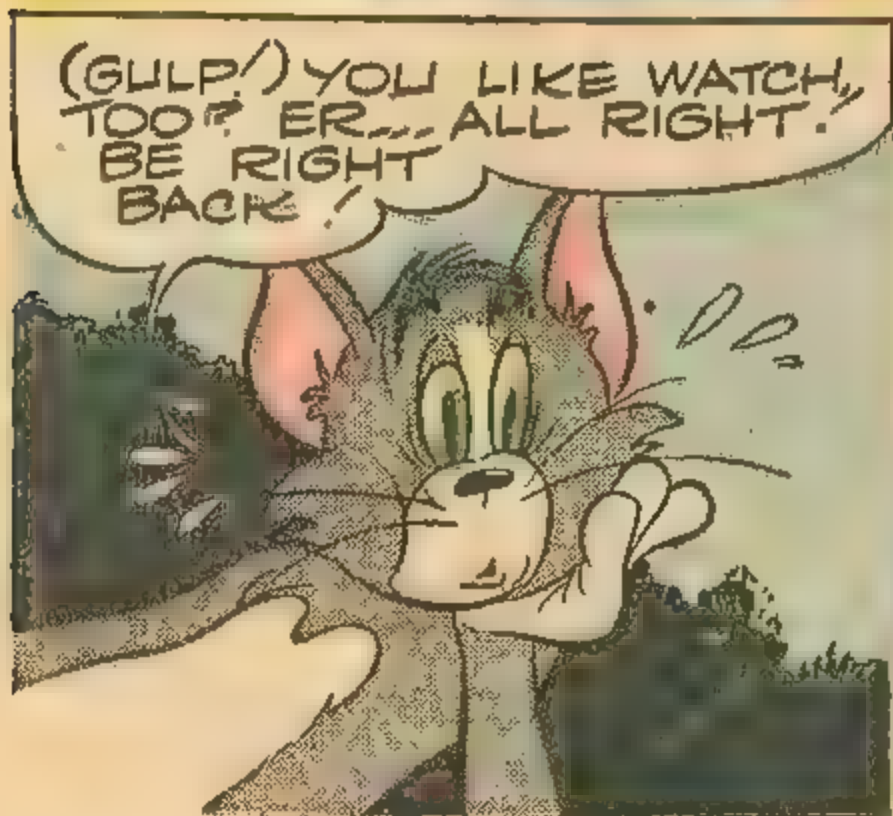
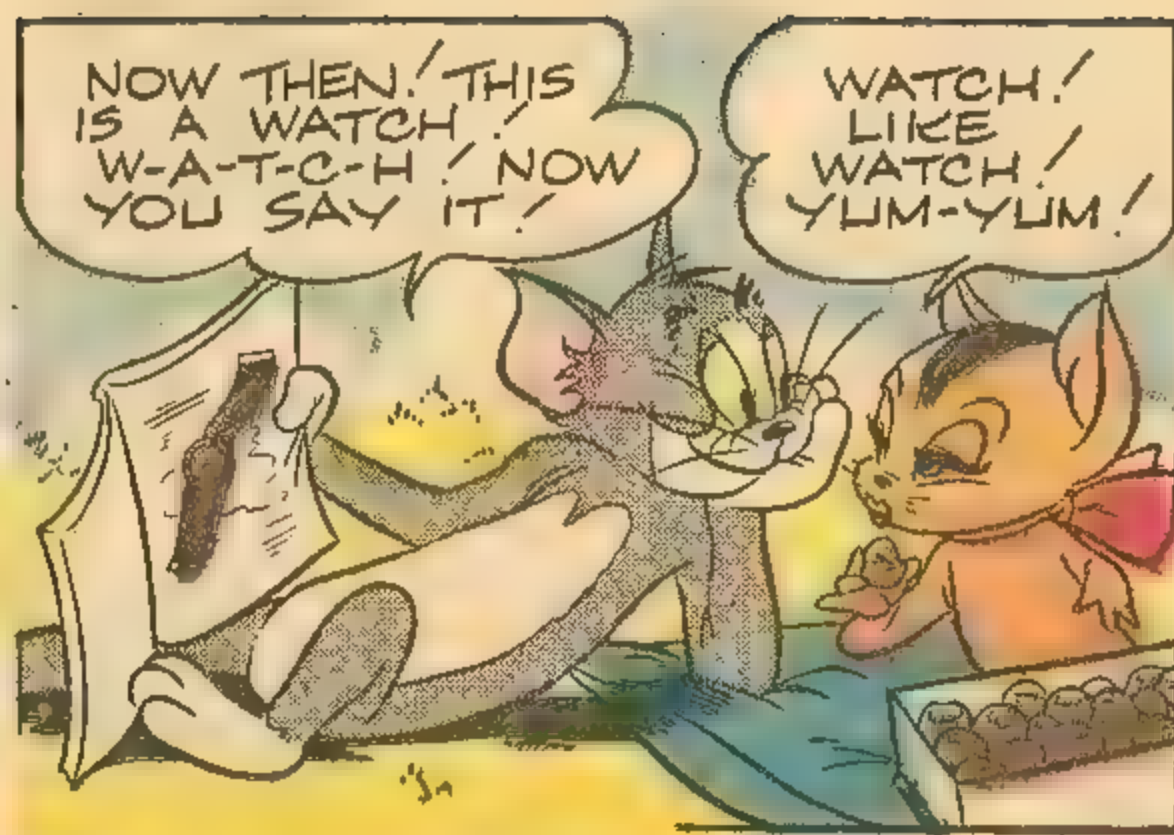
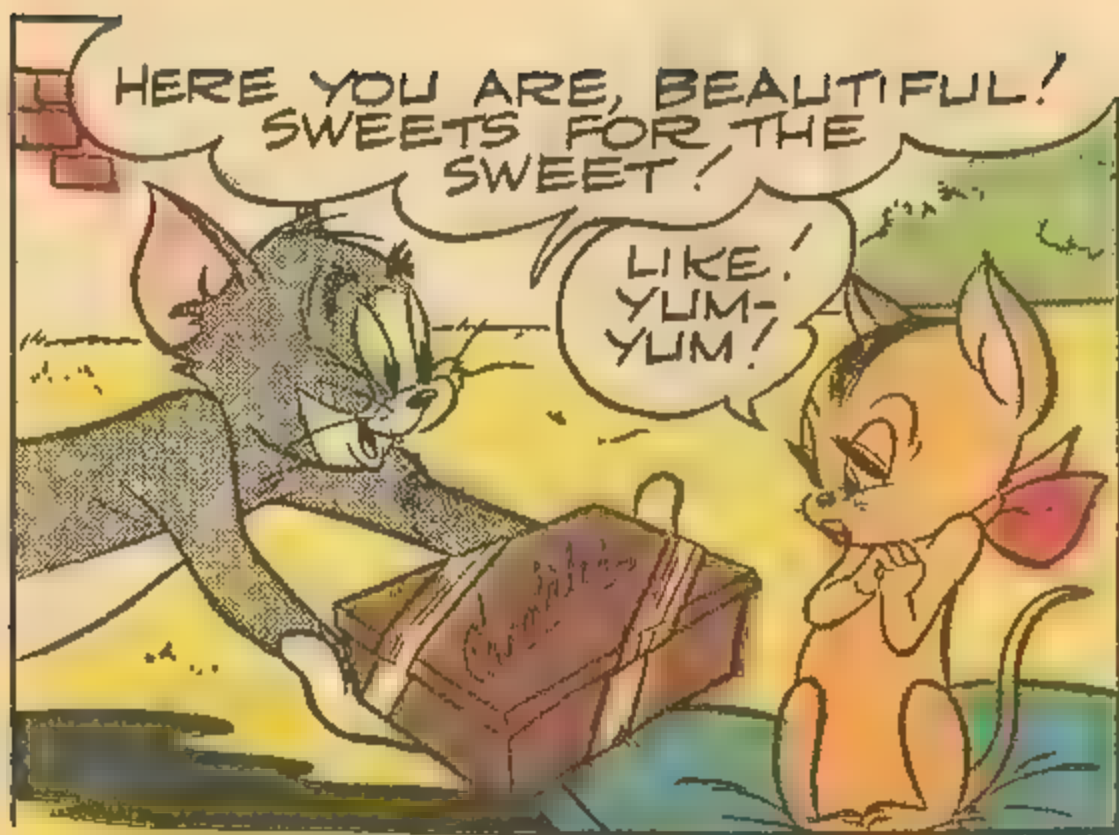


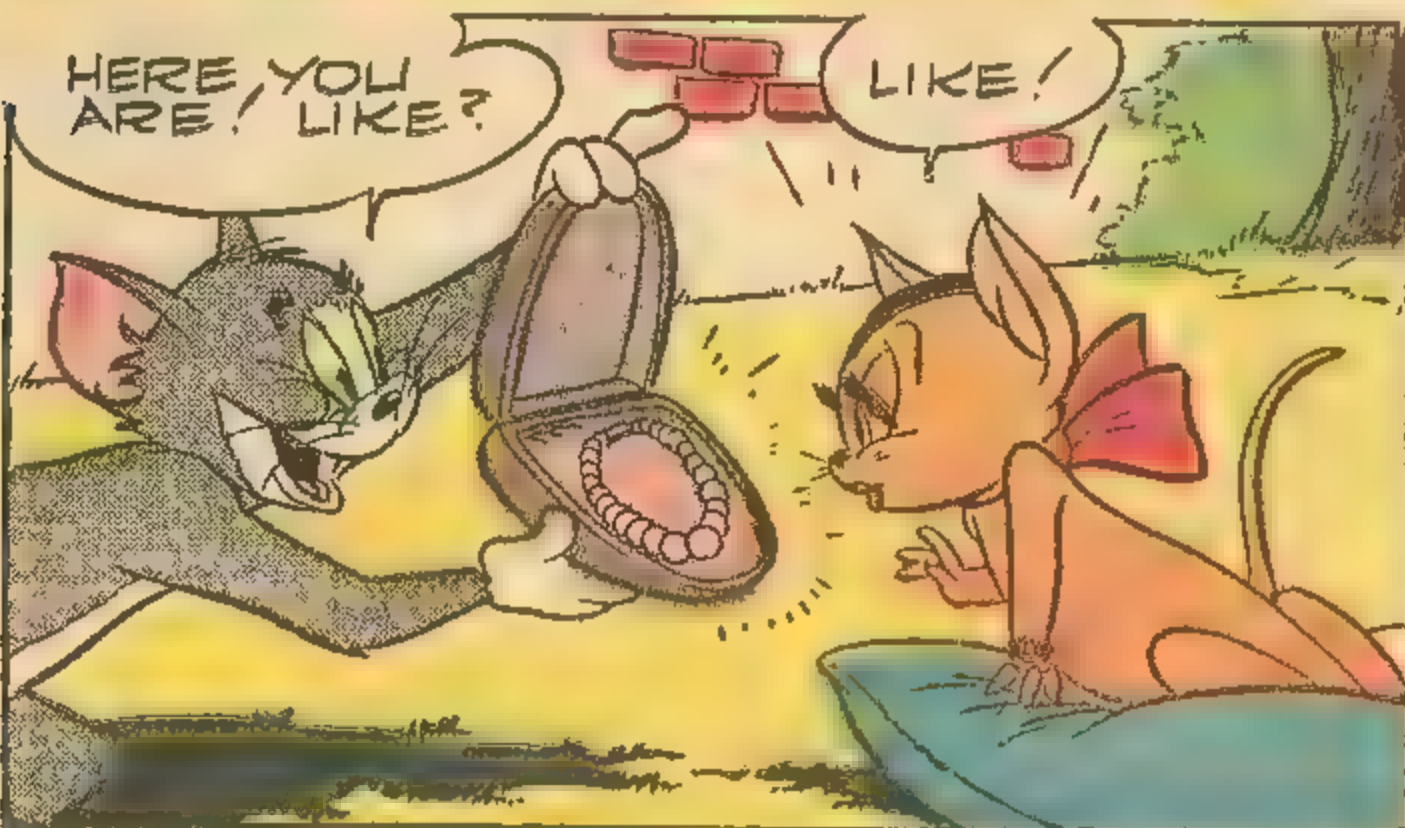
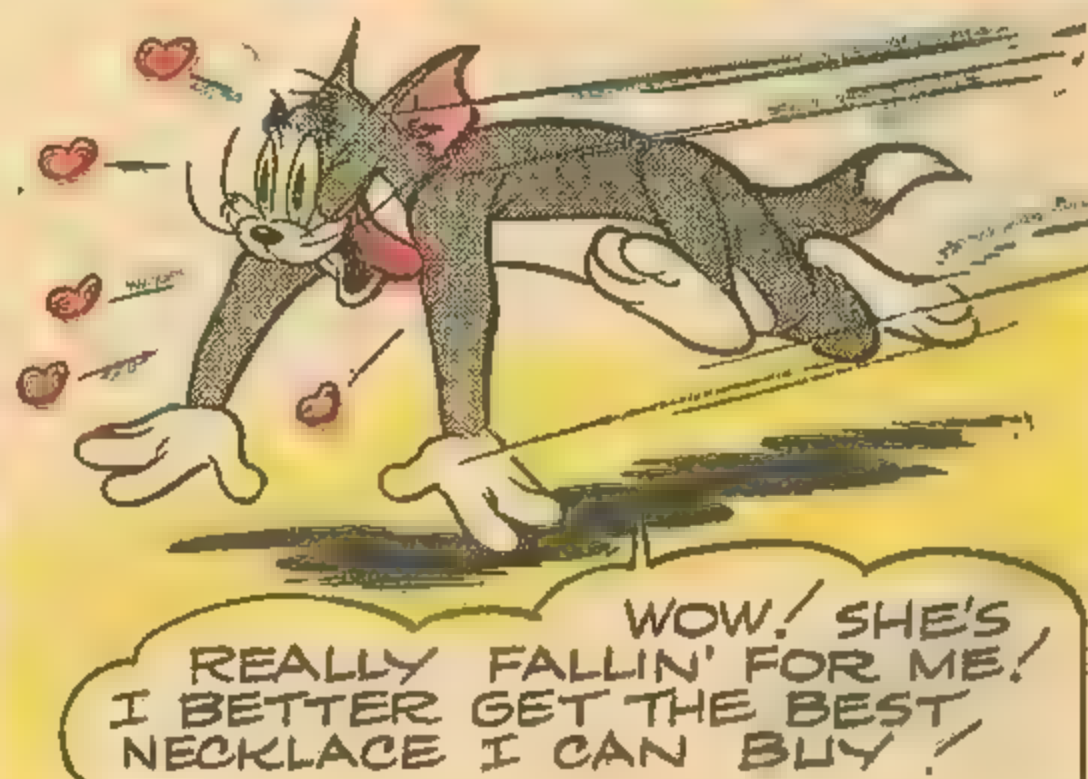
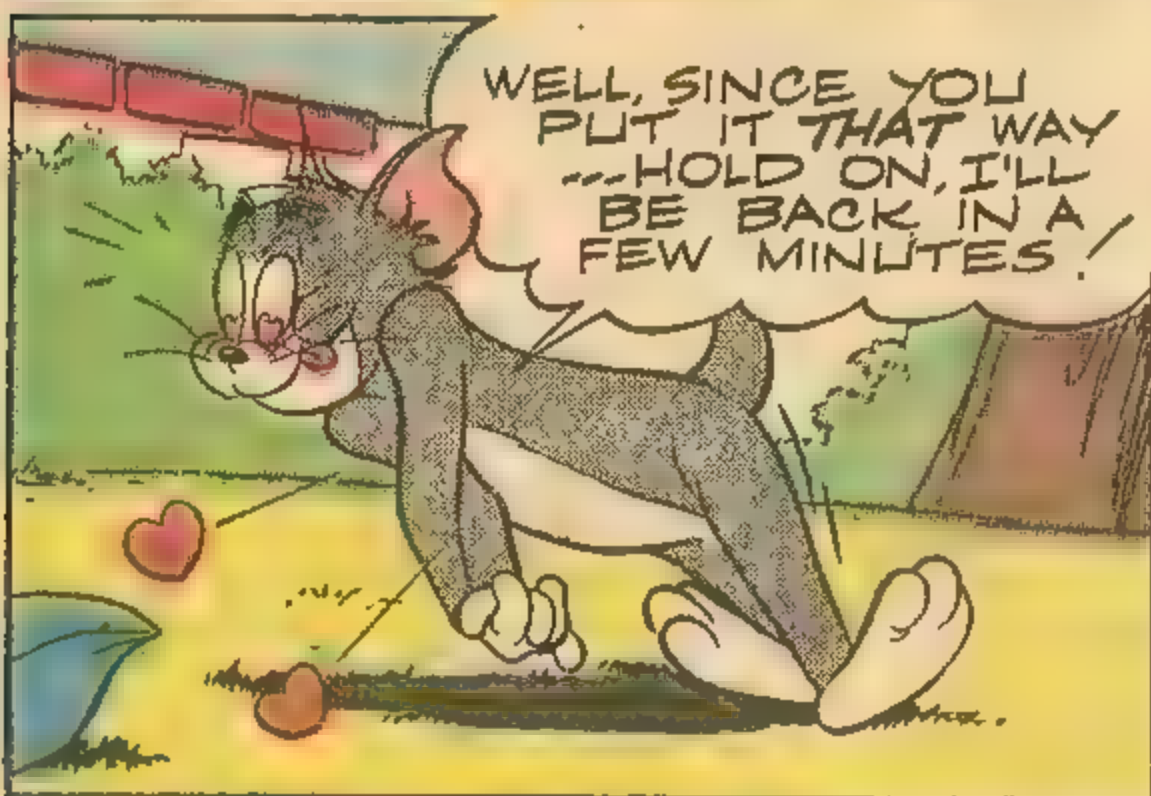
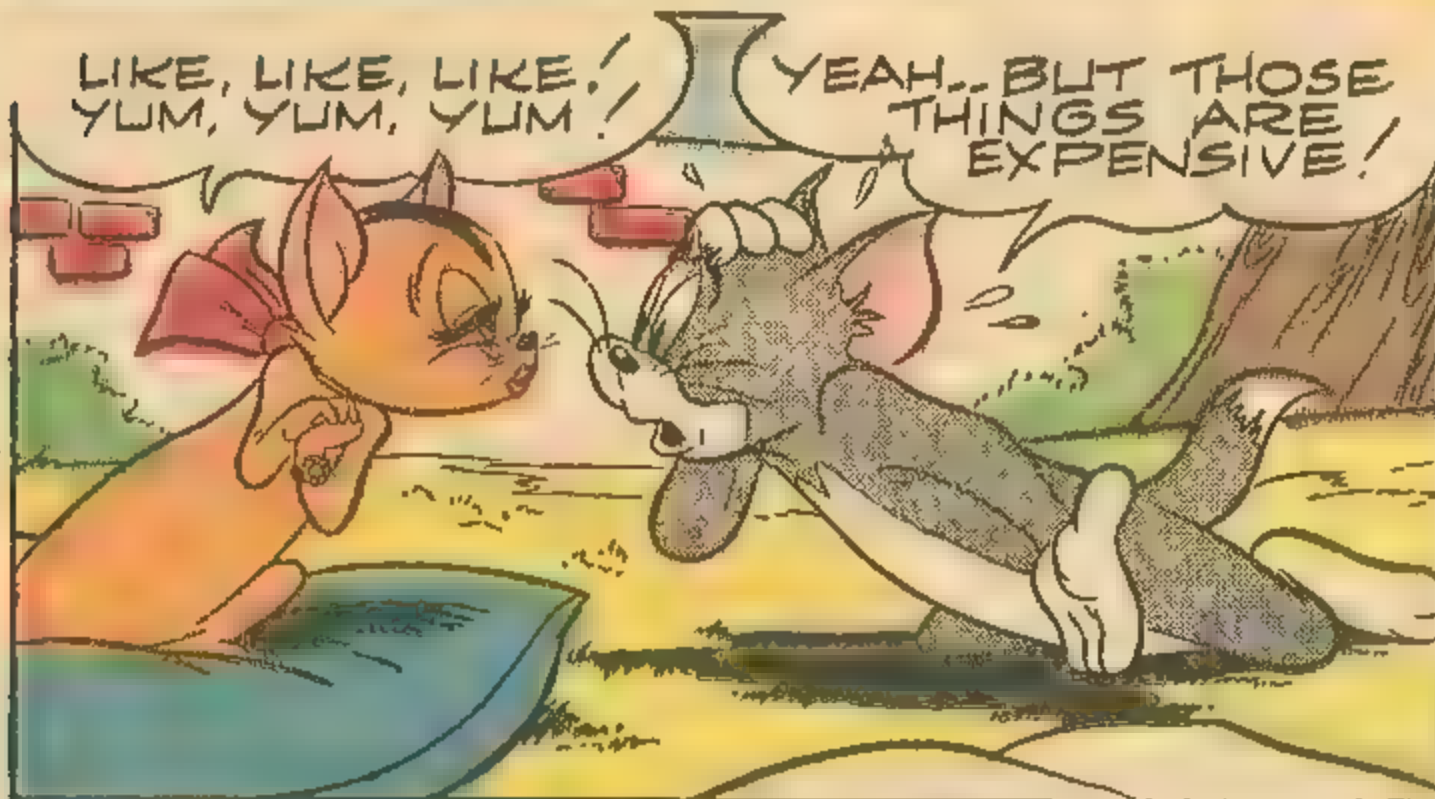
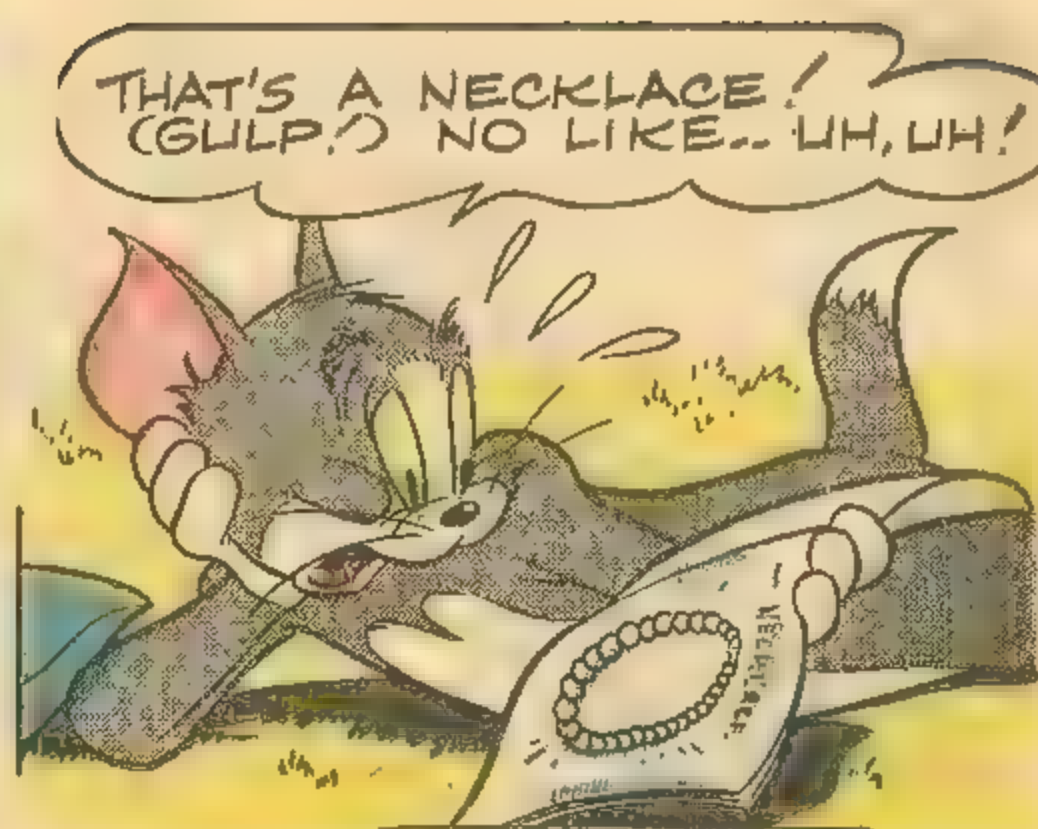
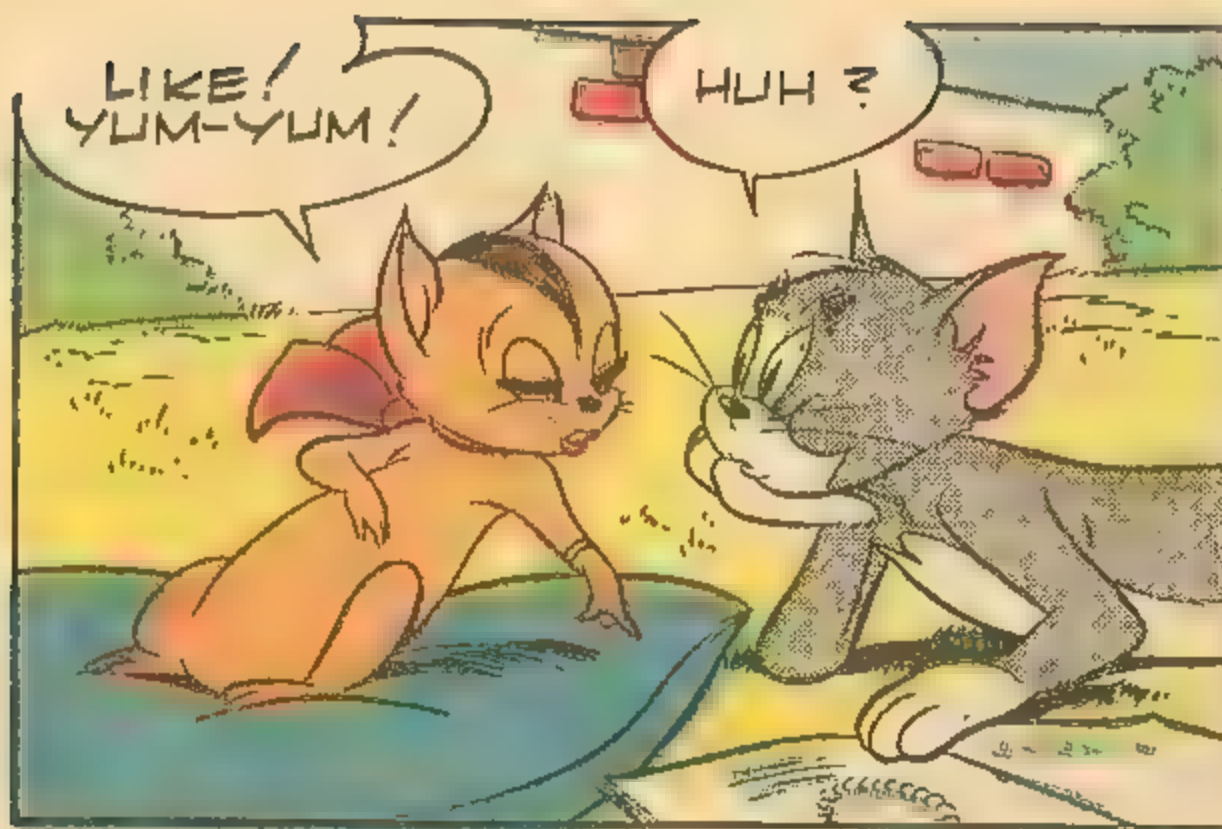
M.G.M. CARTOONS
present
The
ADVENTURES
of
TOM

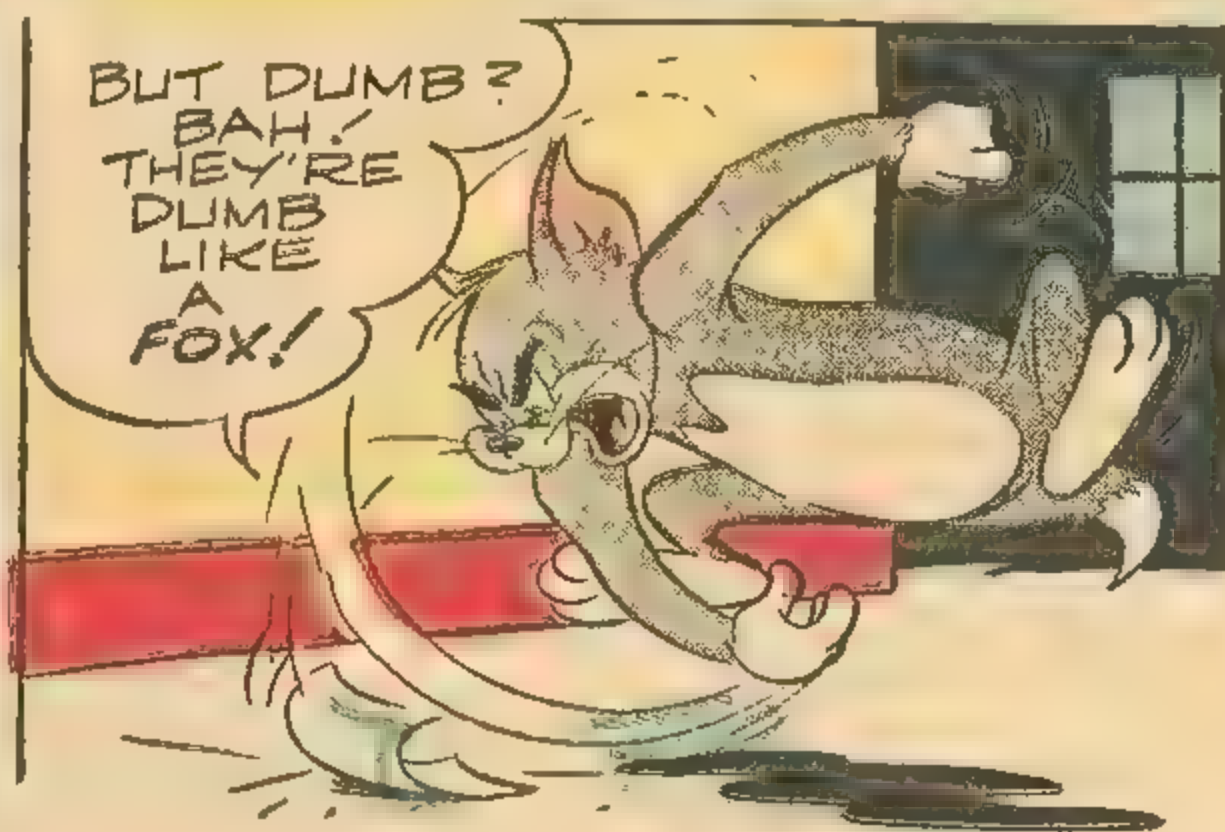
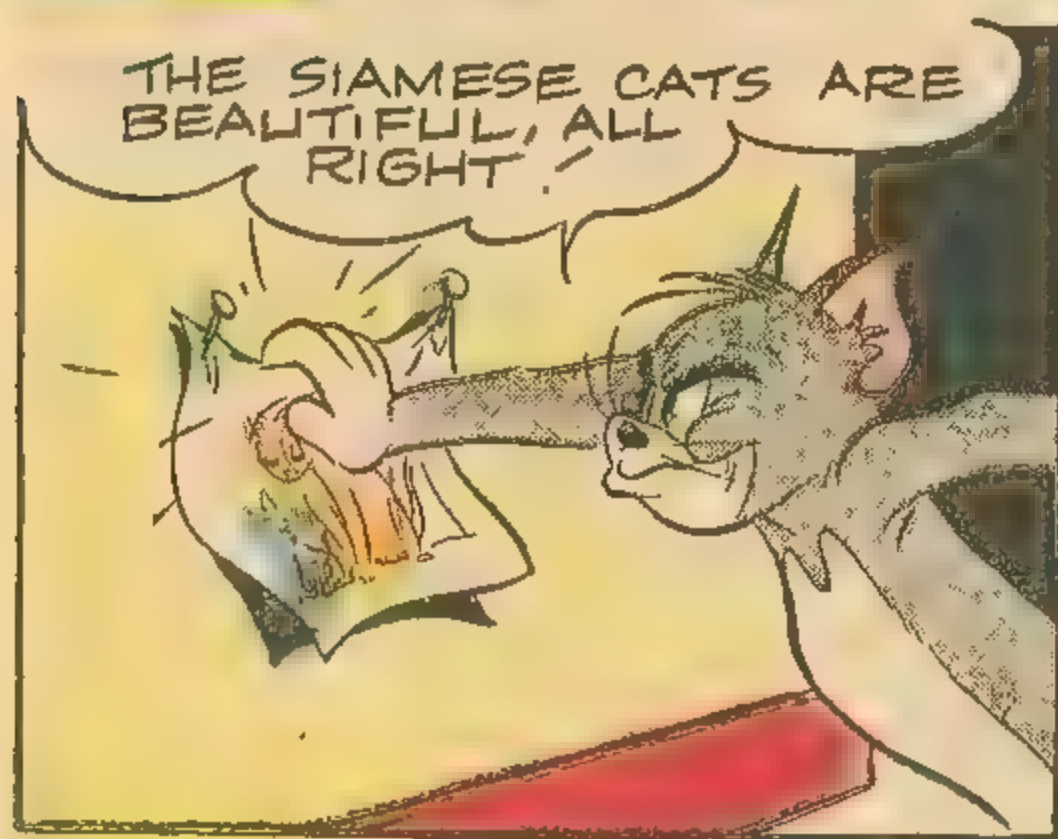
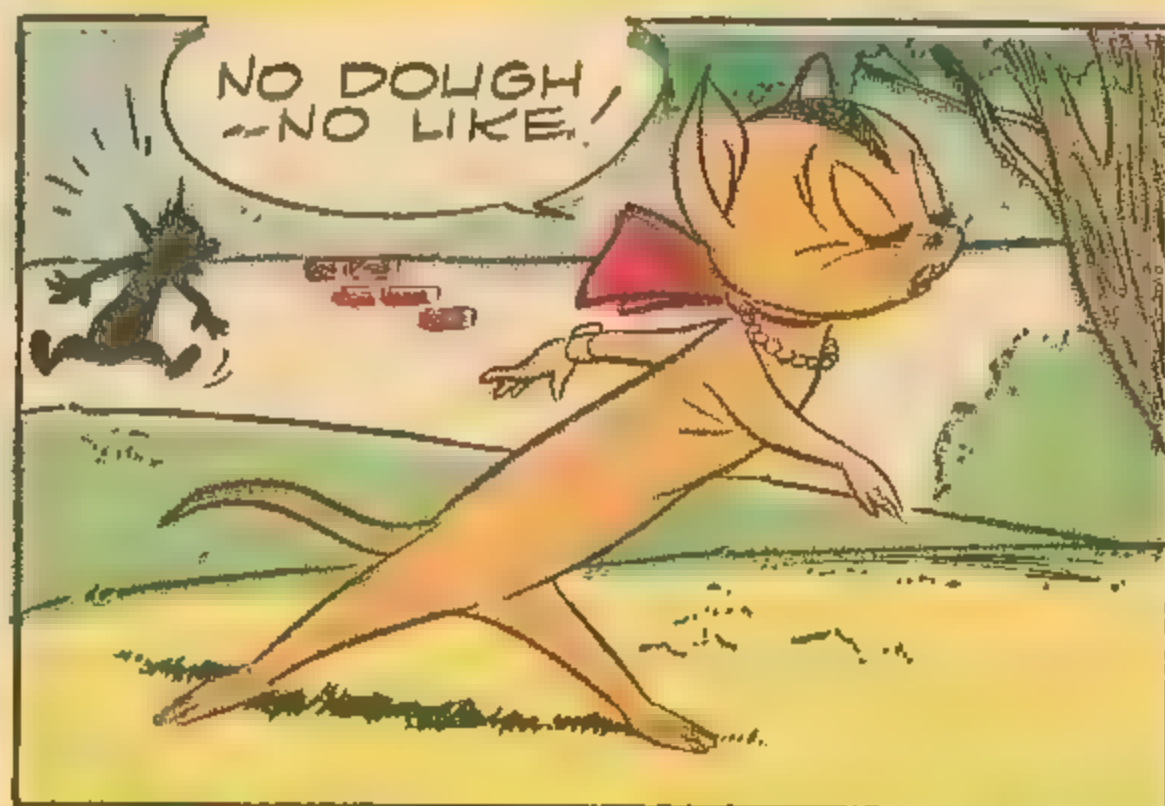
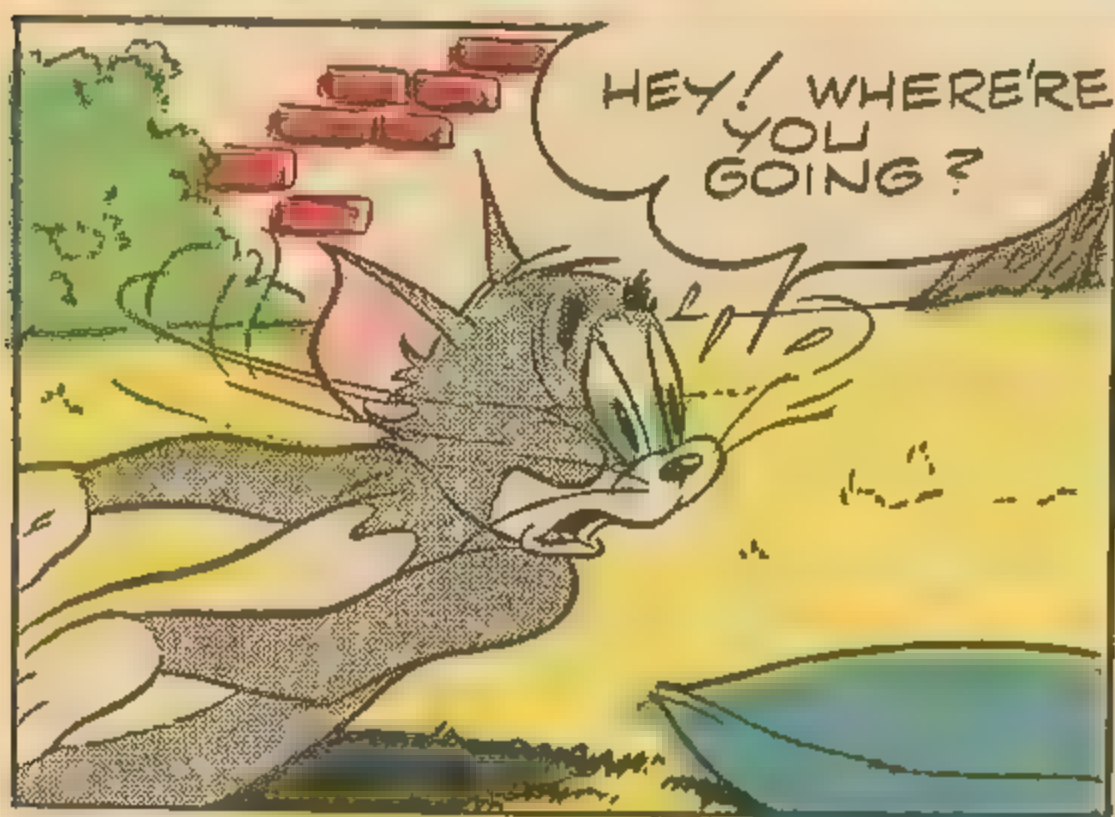
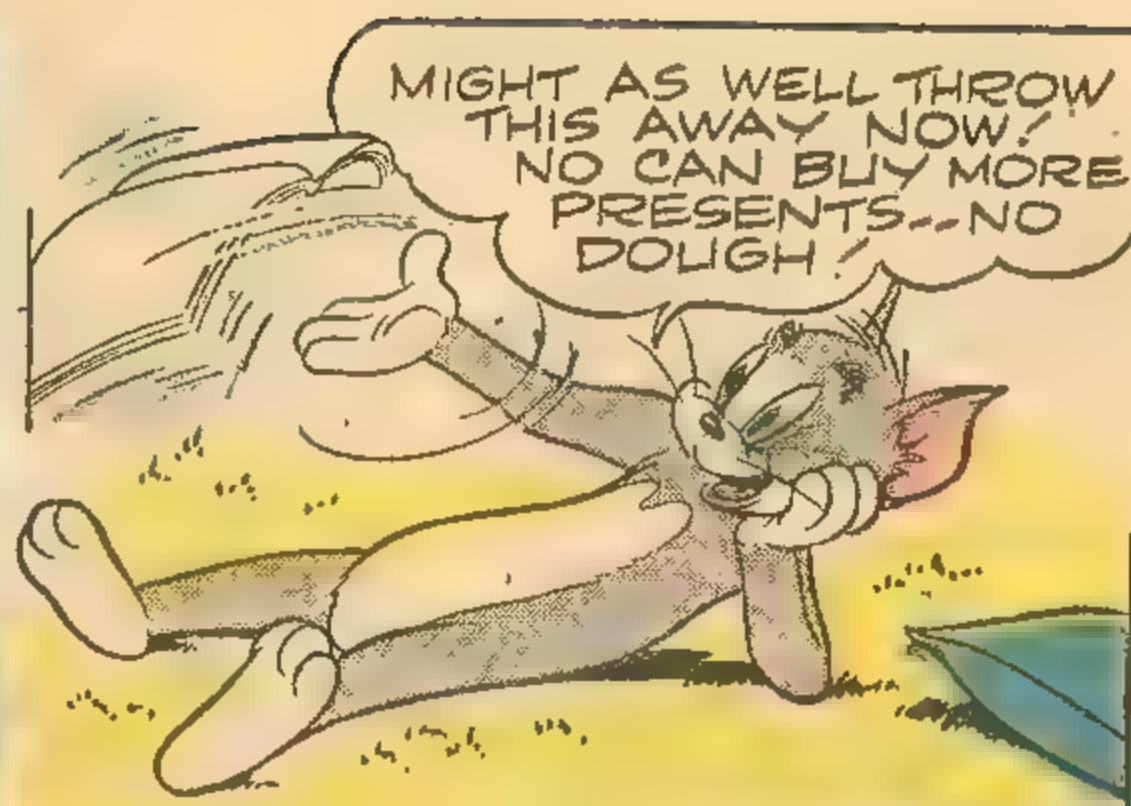
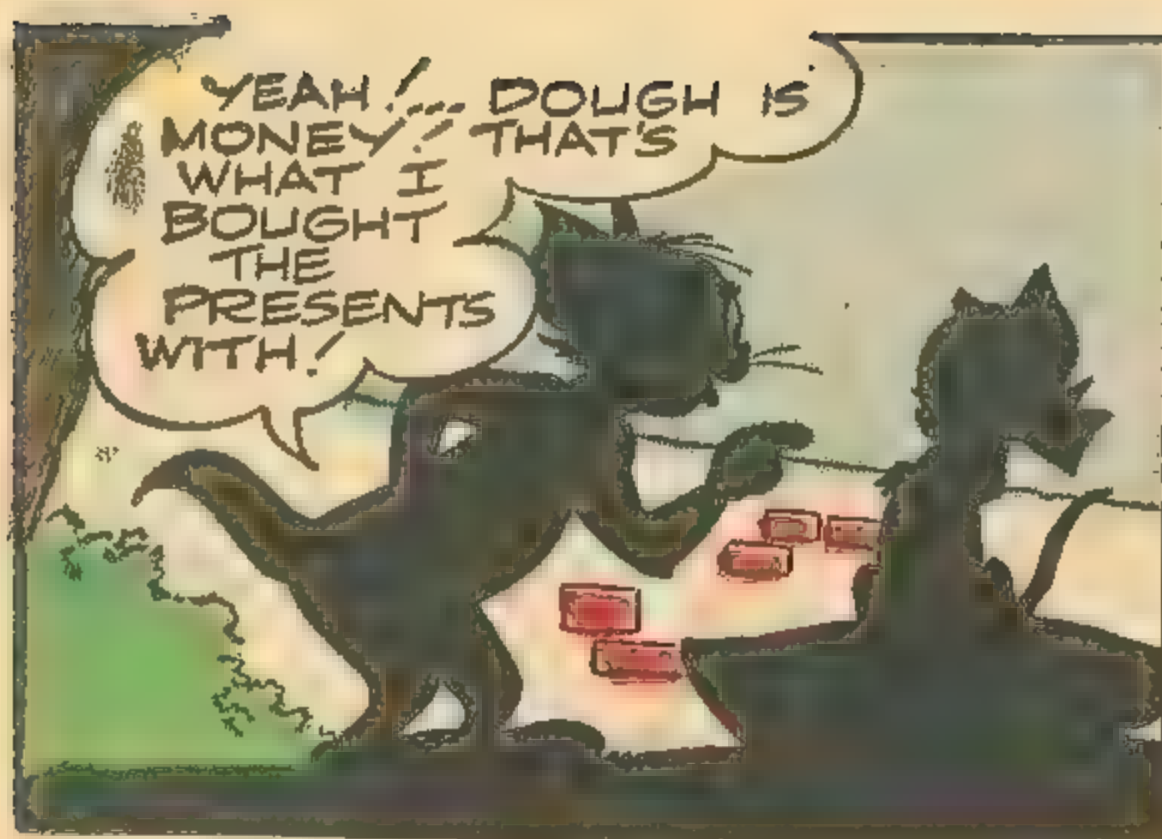






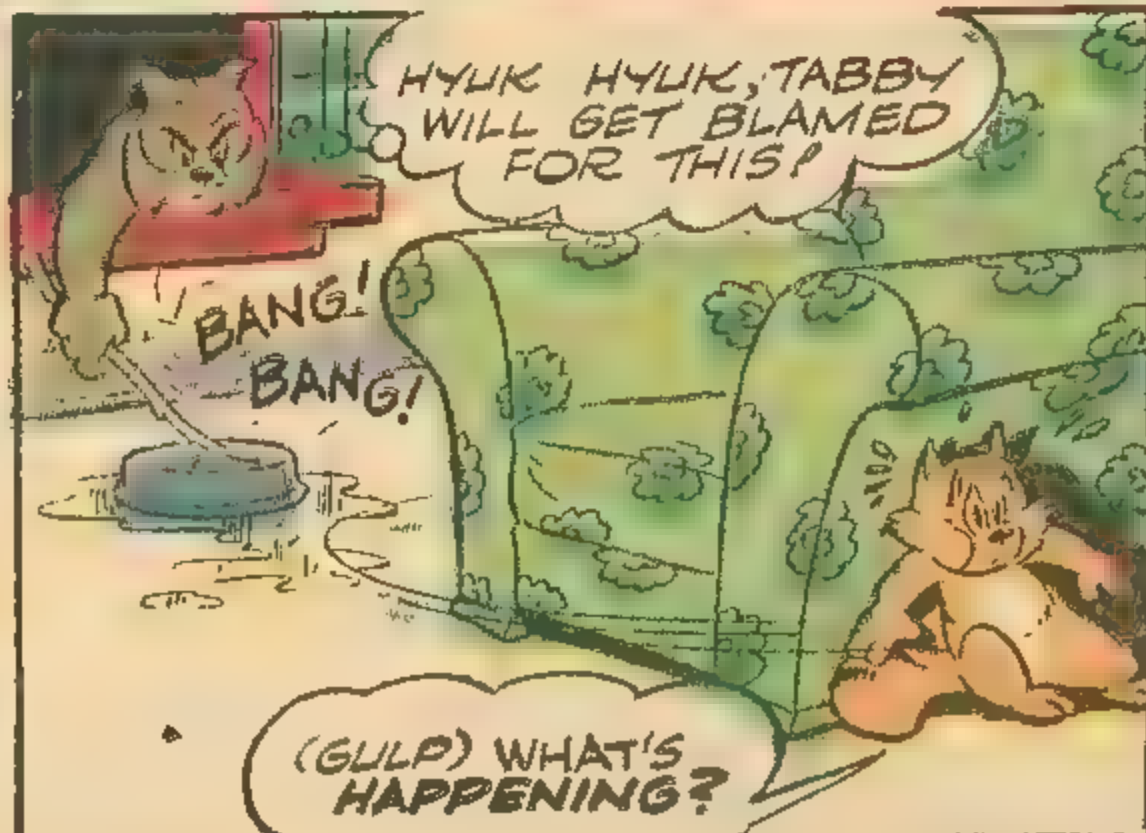
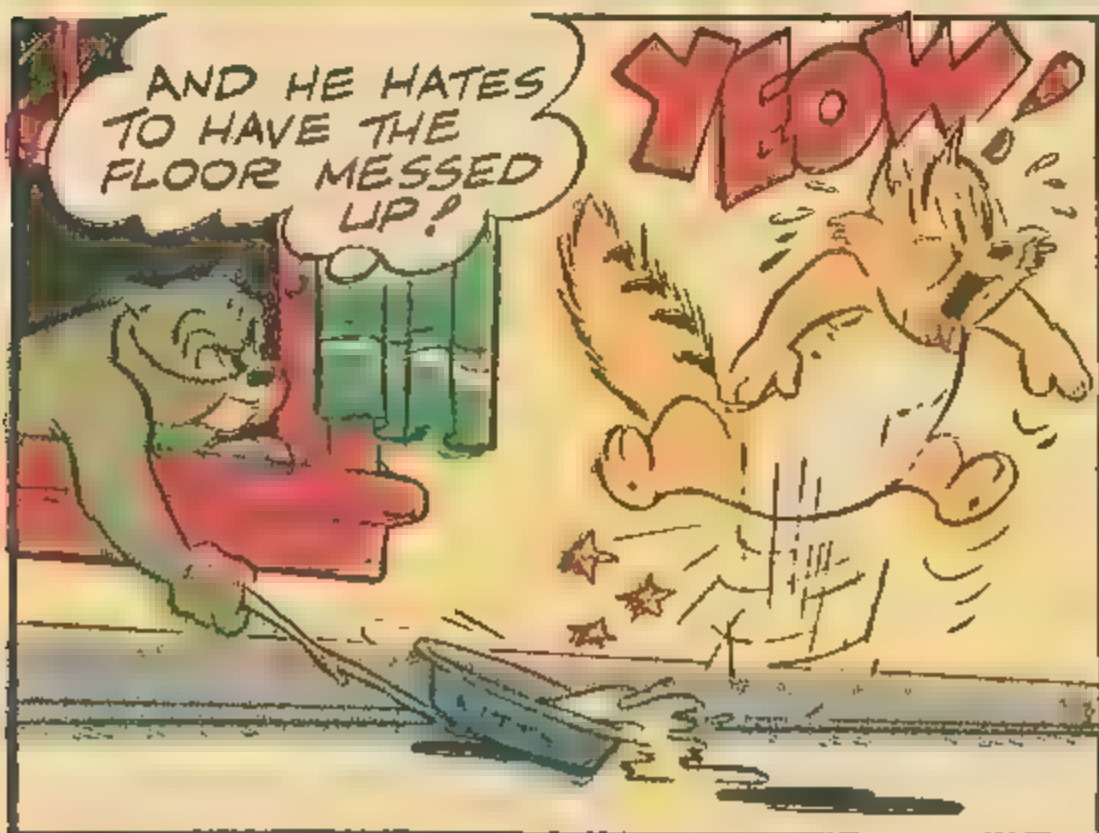
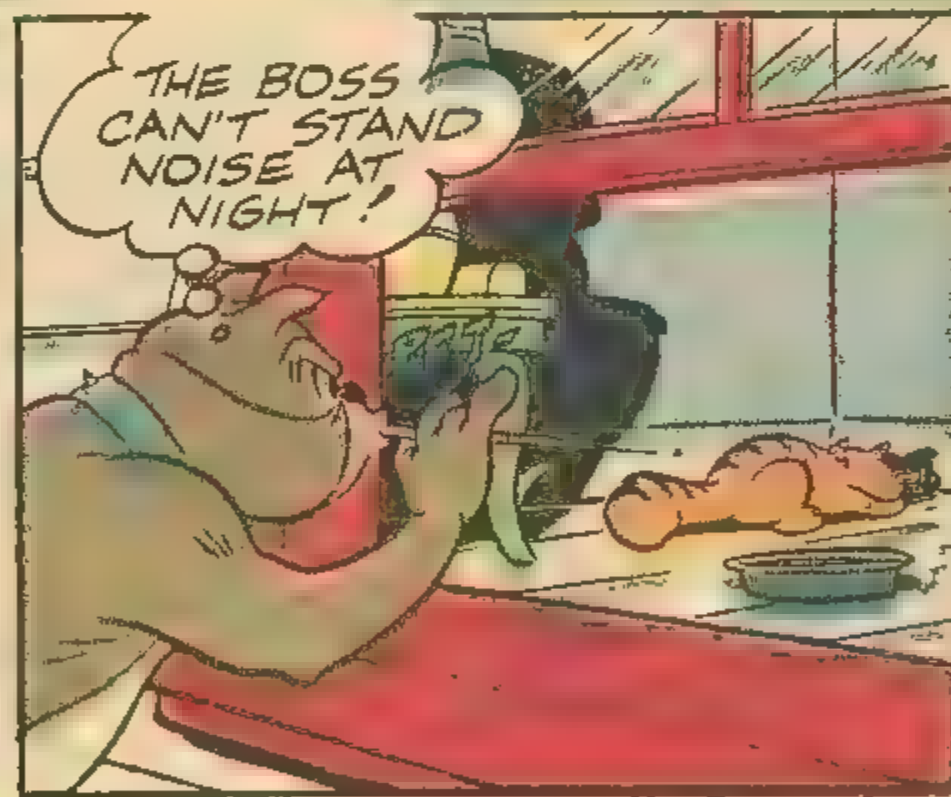
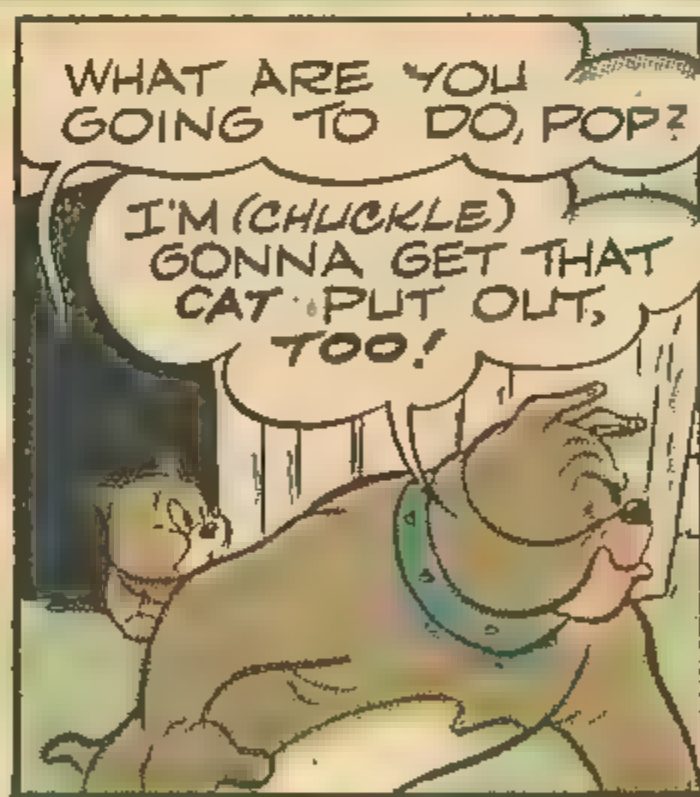
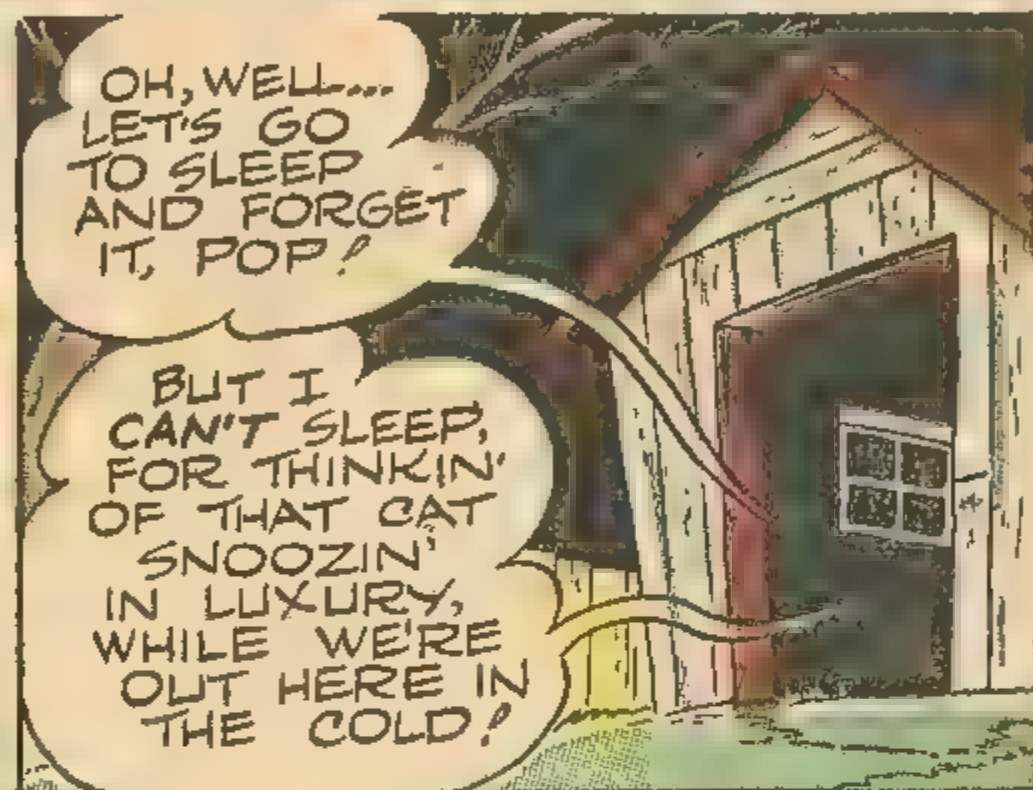
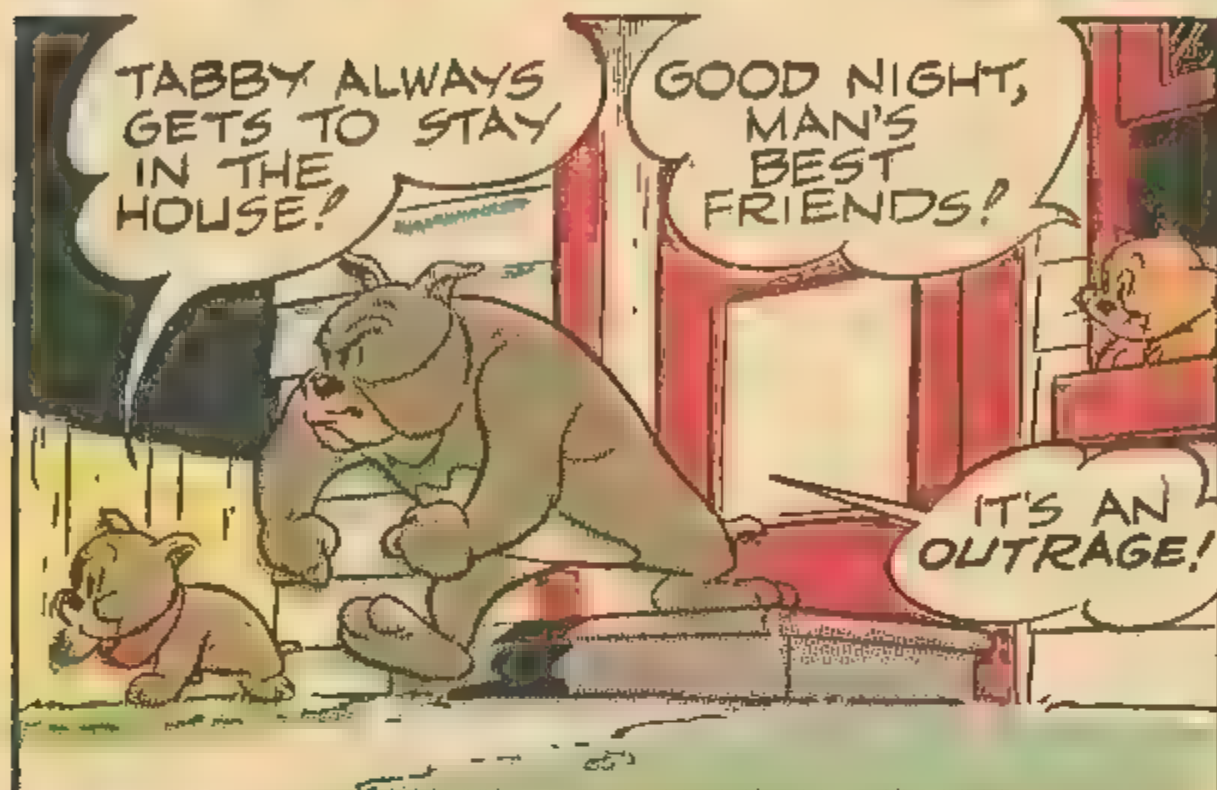
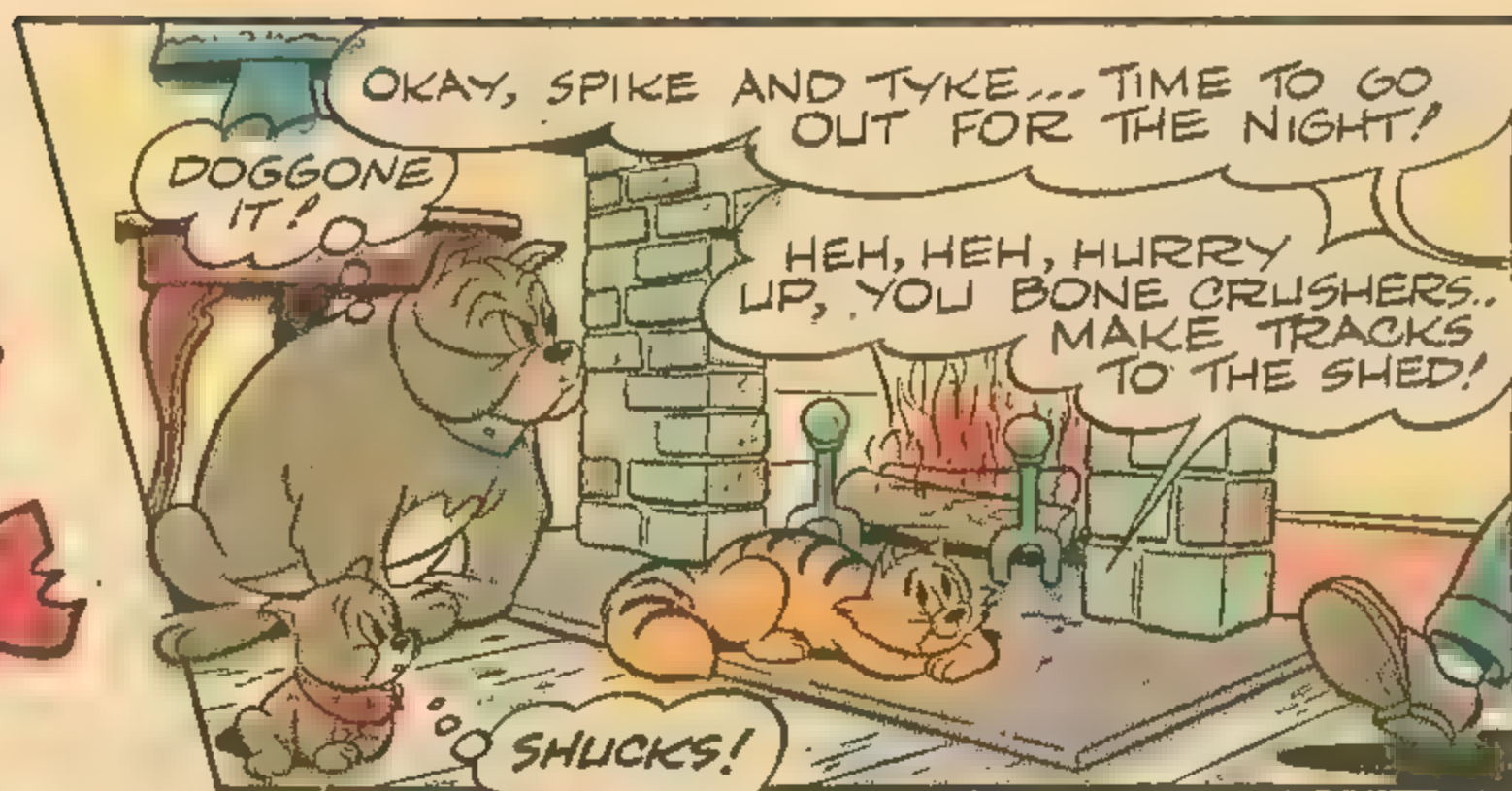


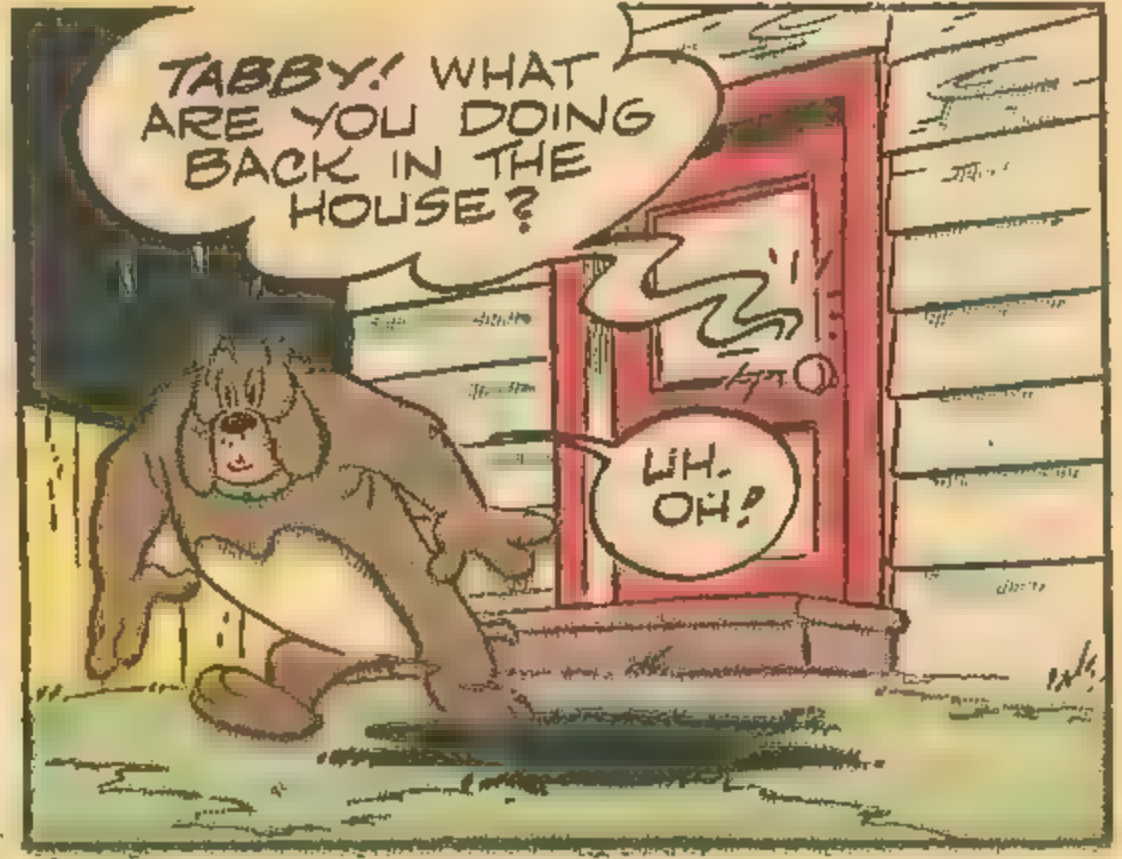
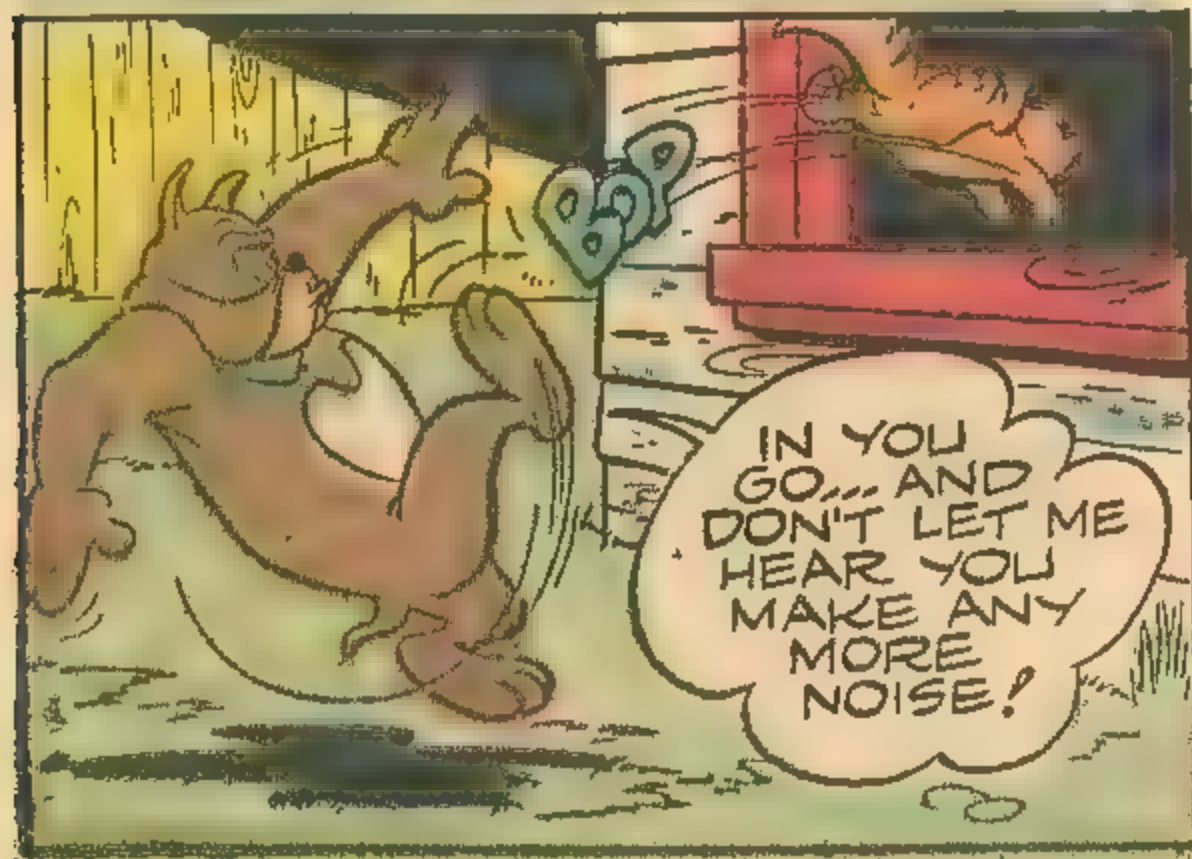
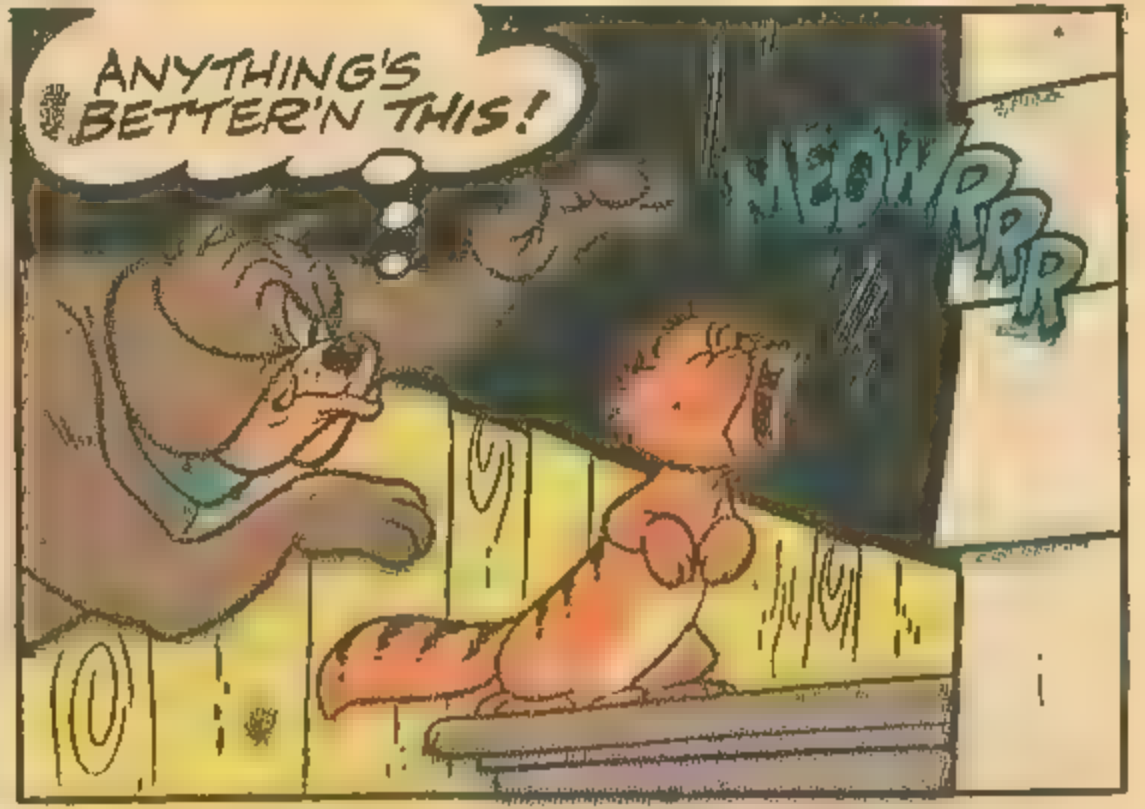
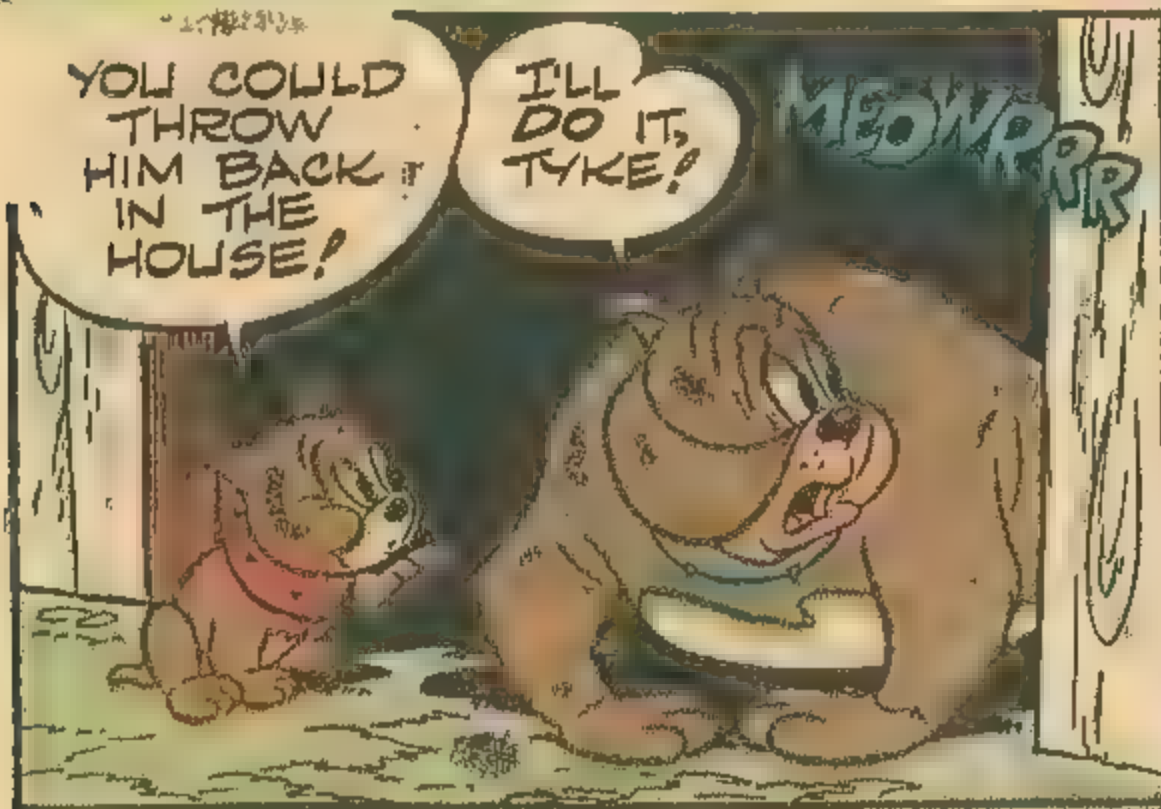
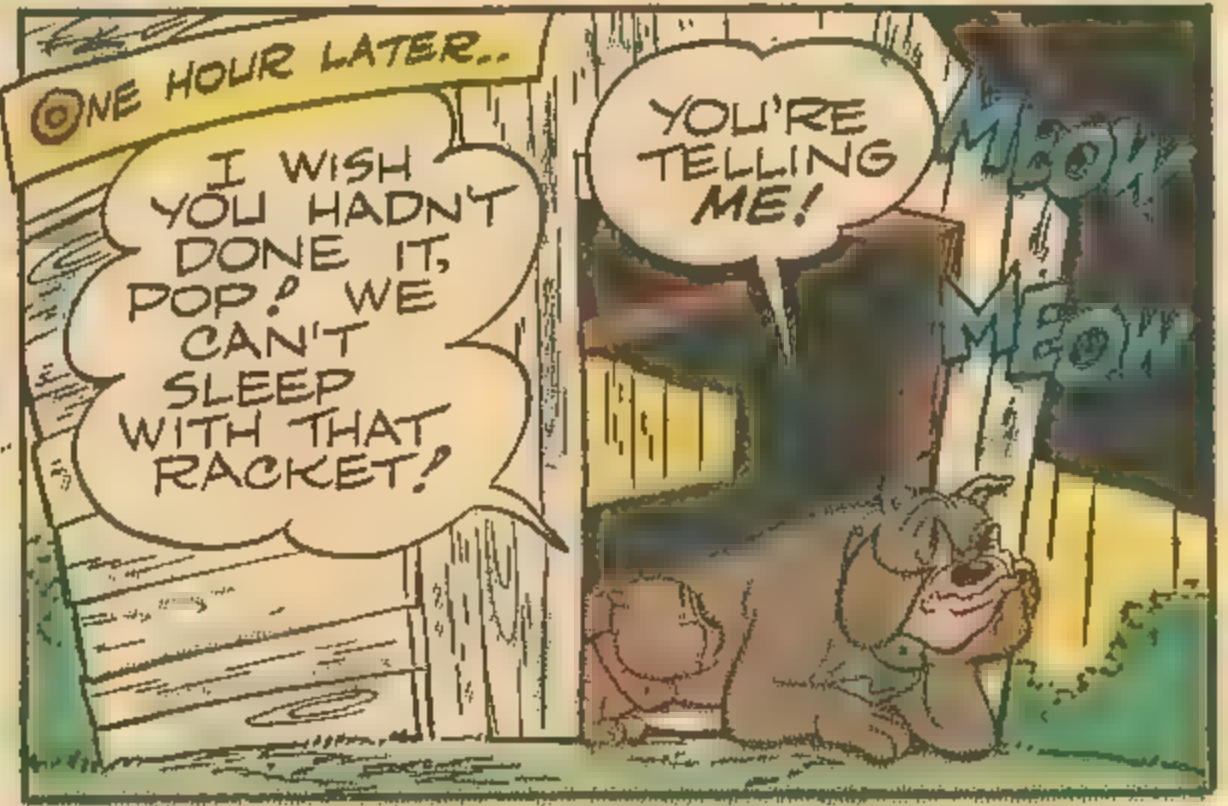
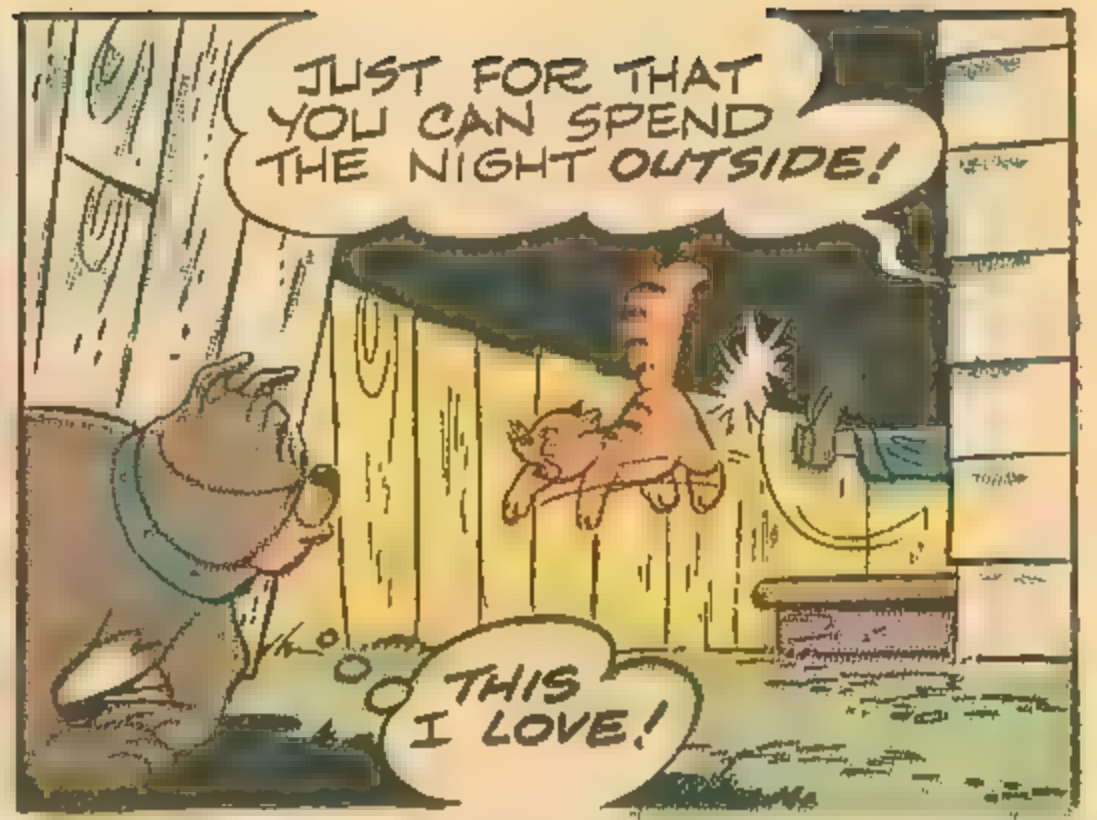


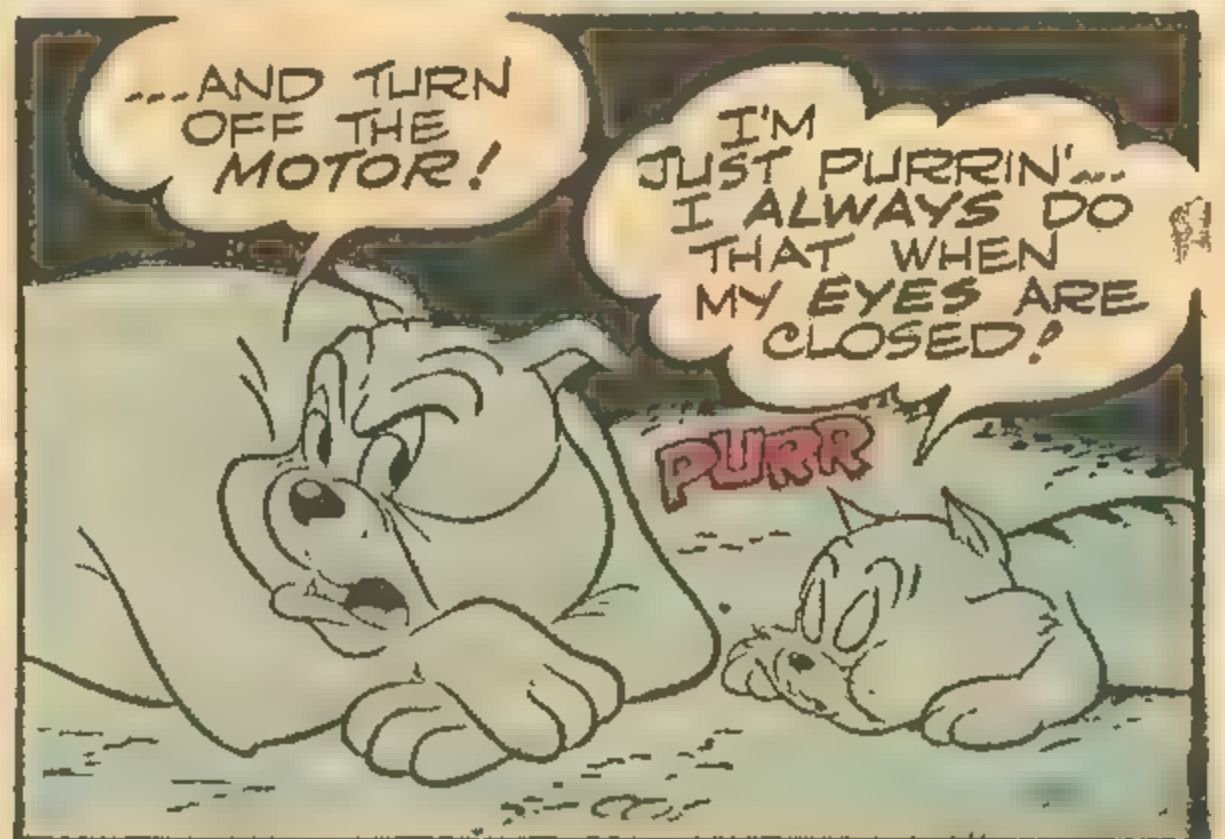
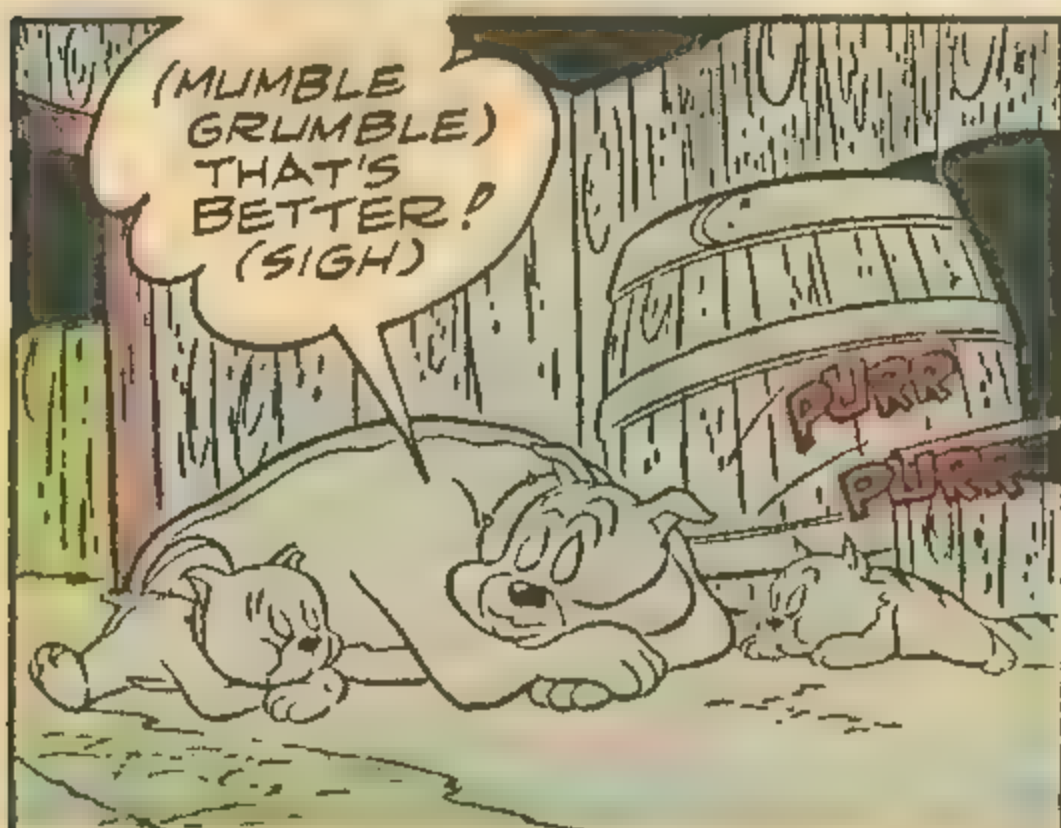
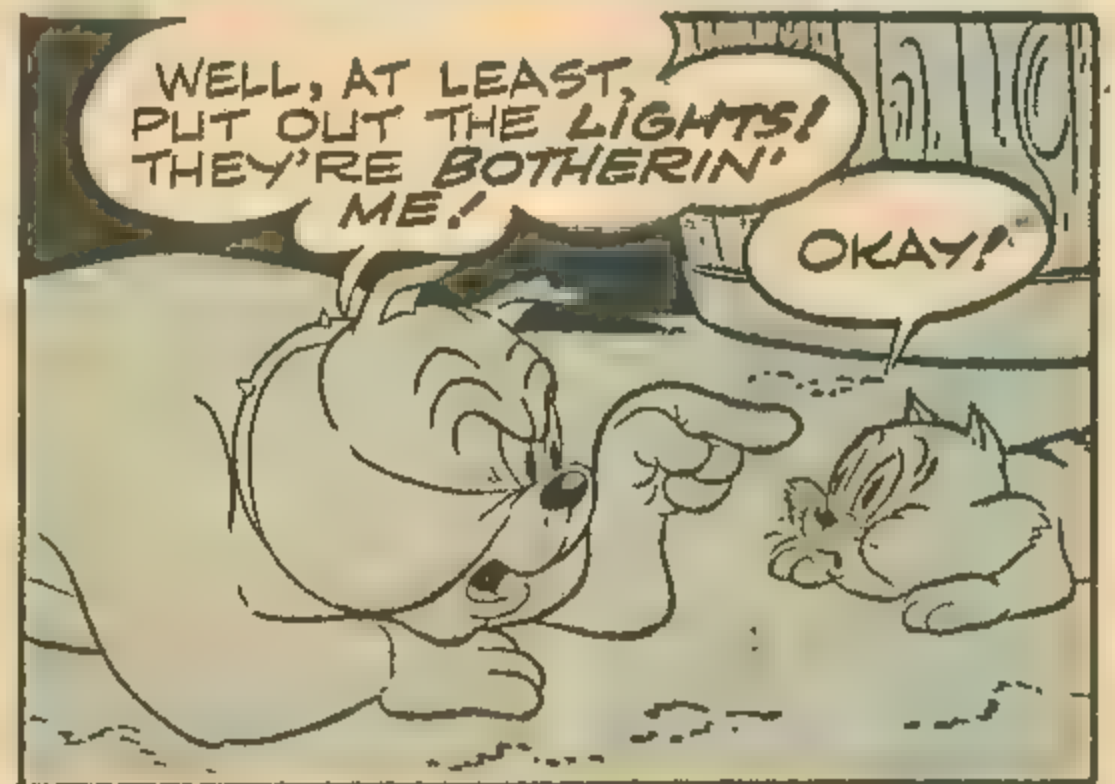
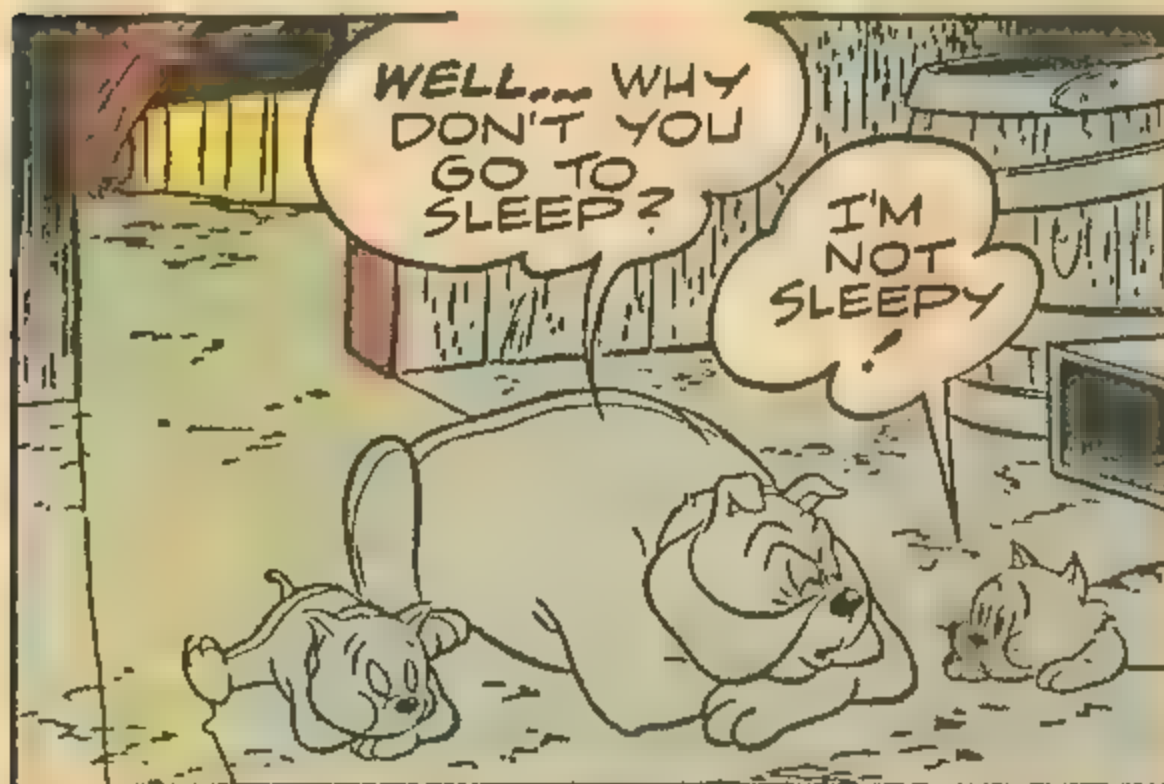
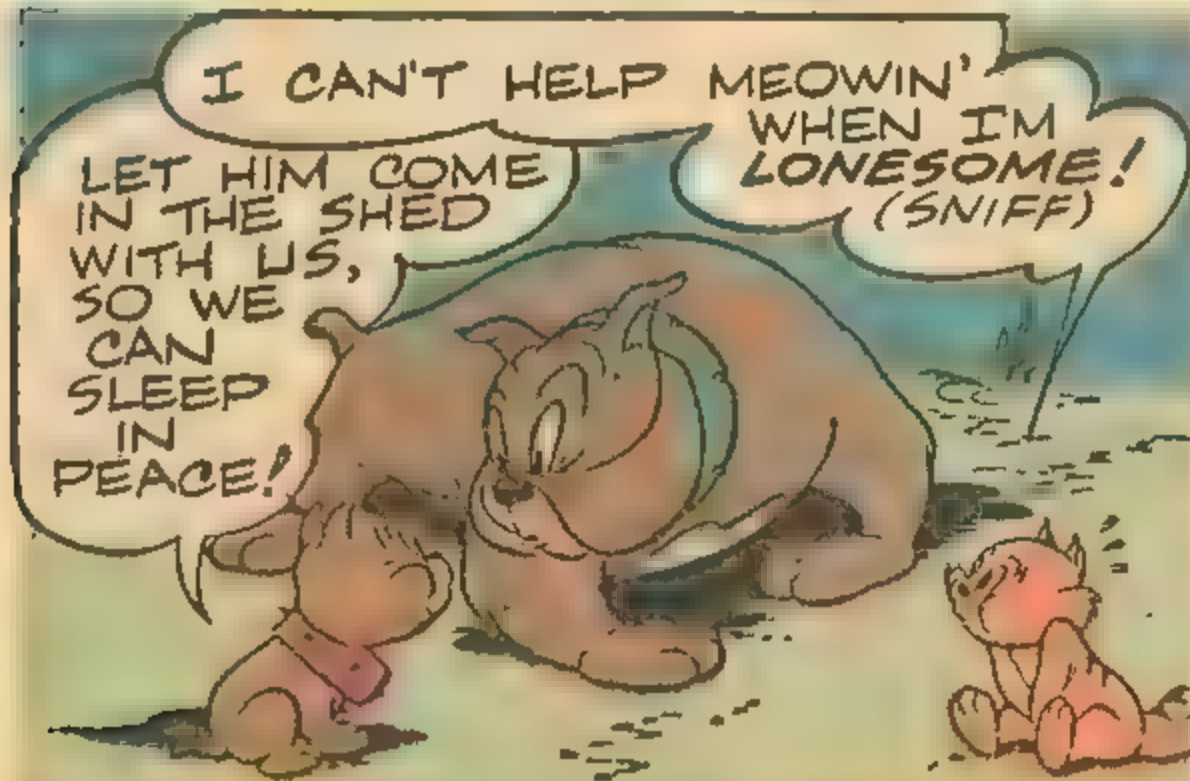
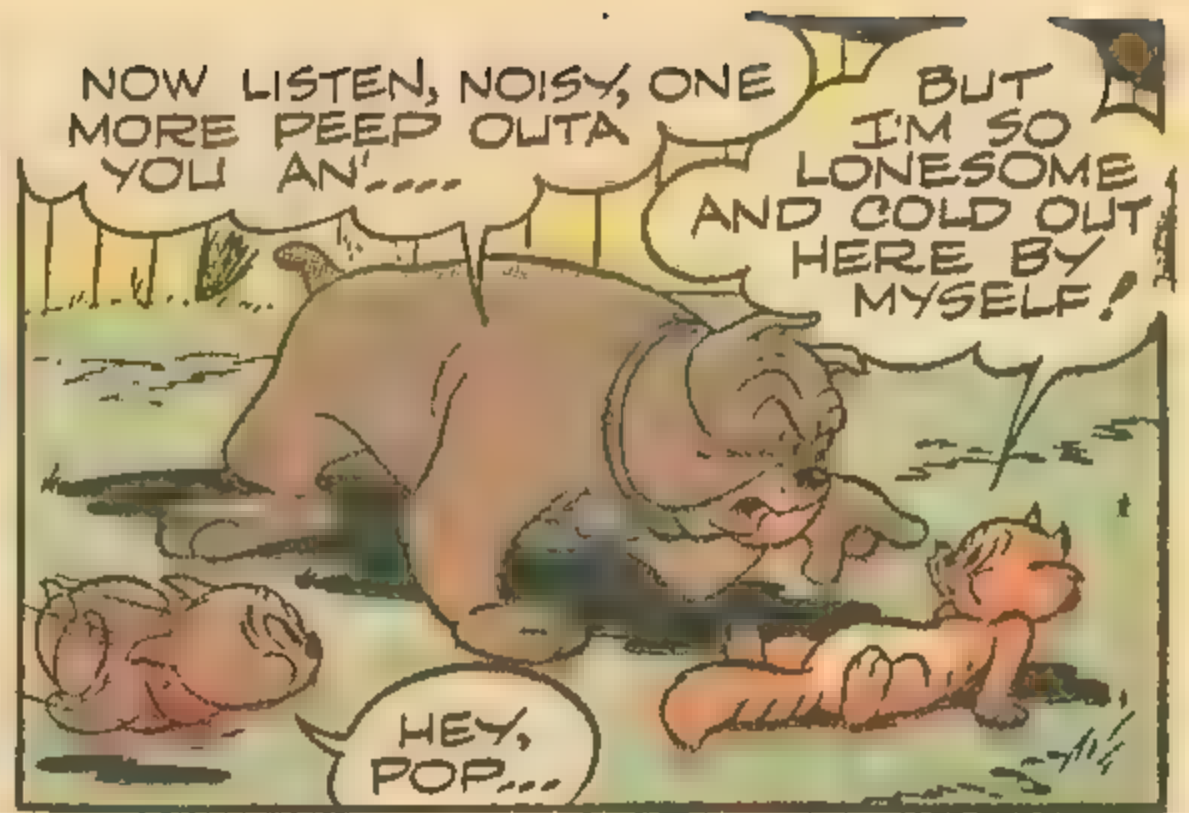
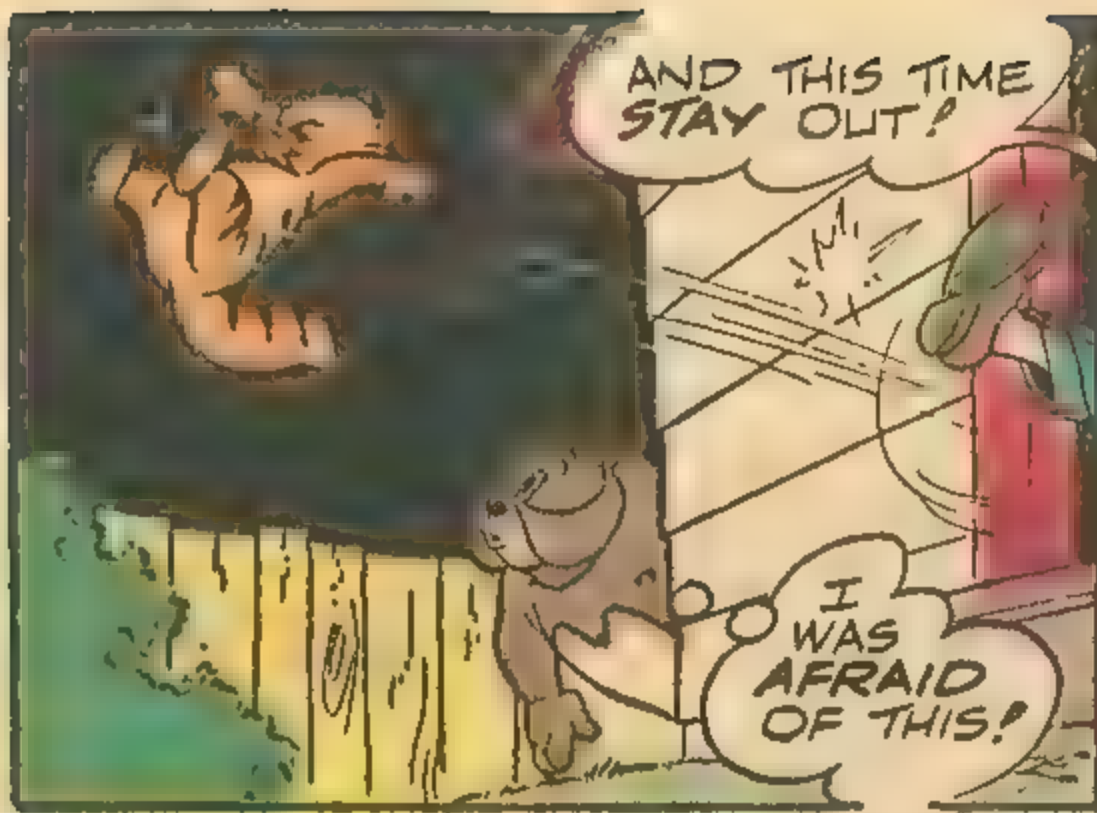


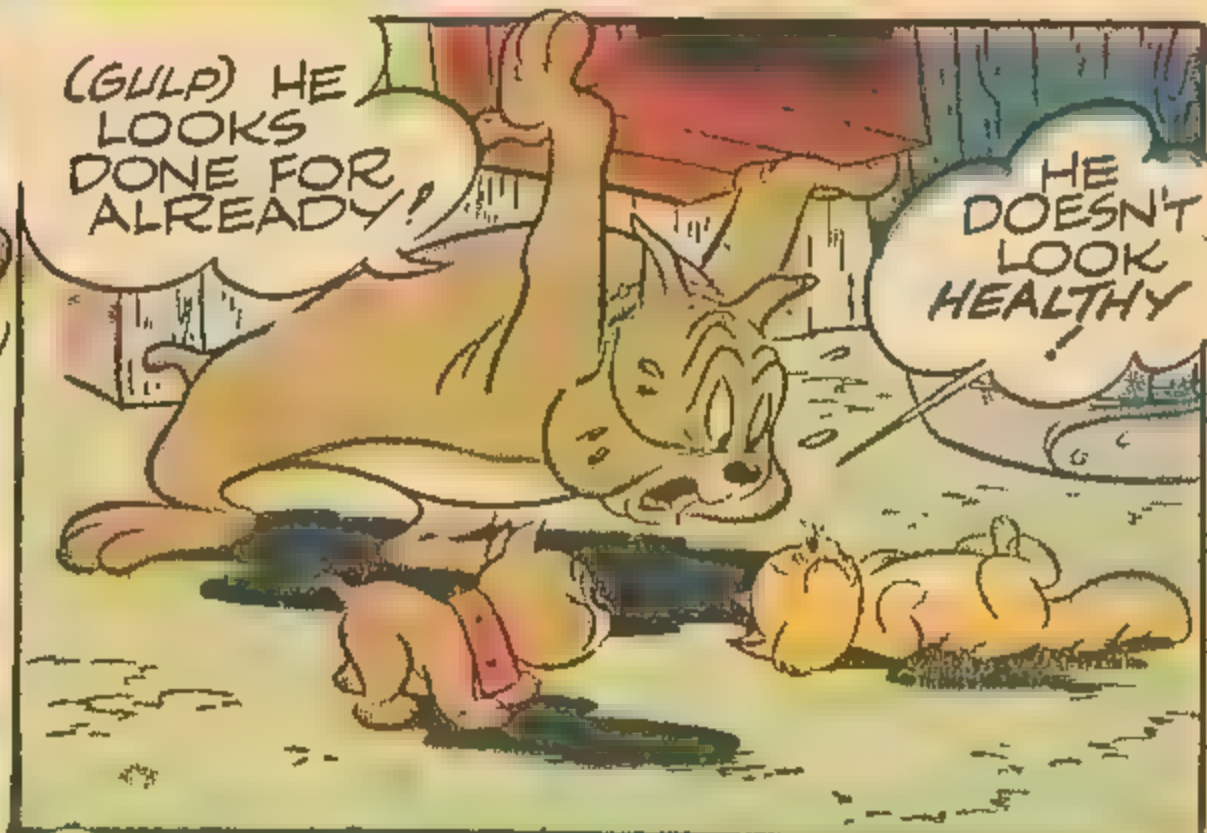
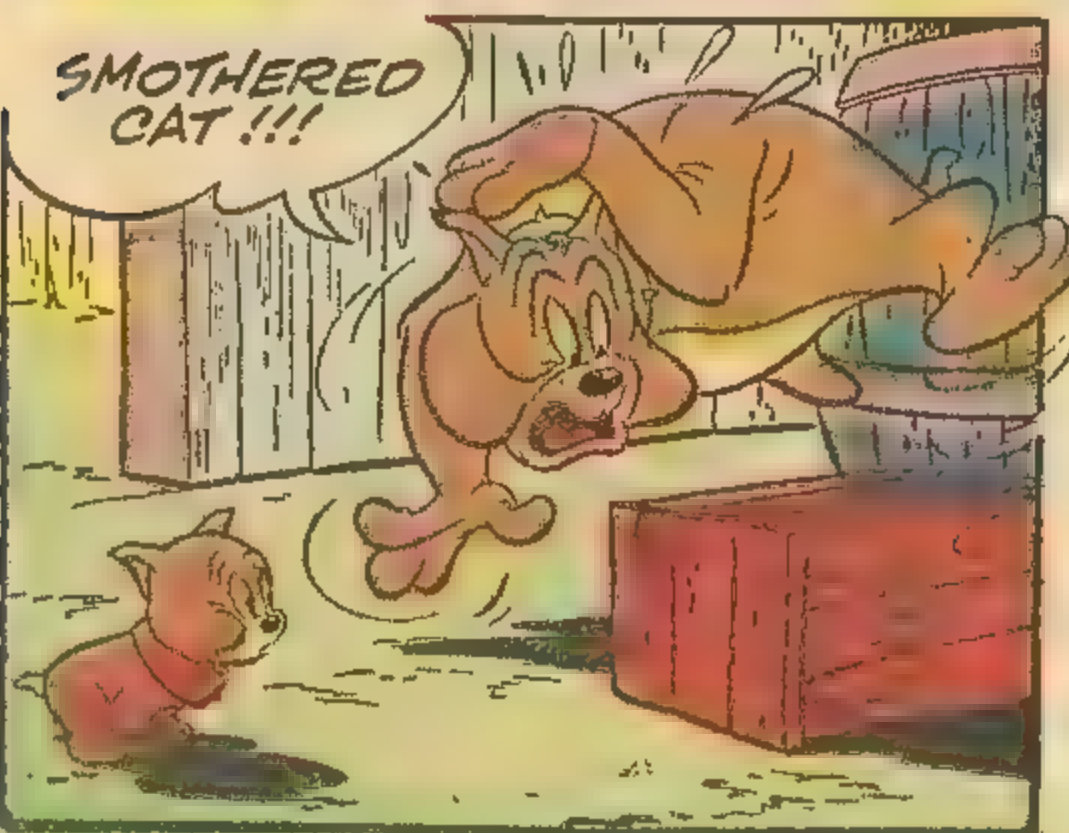
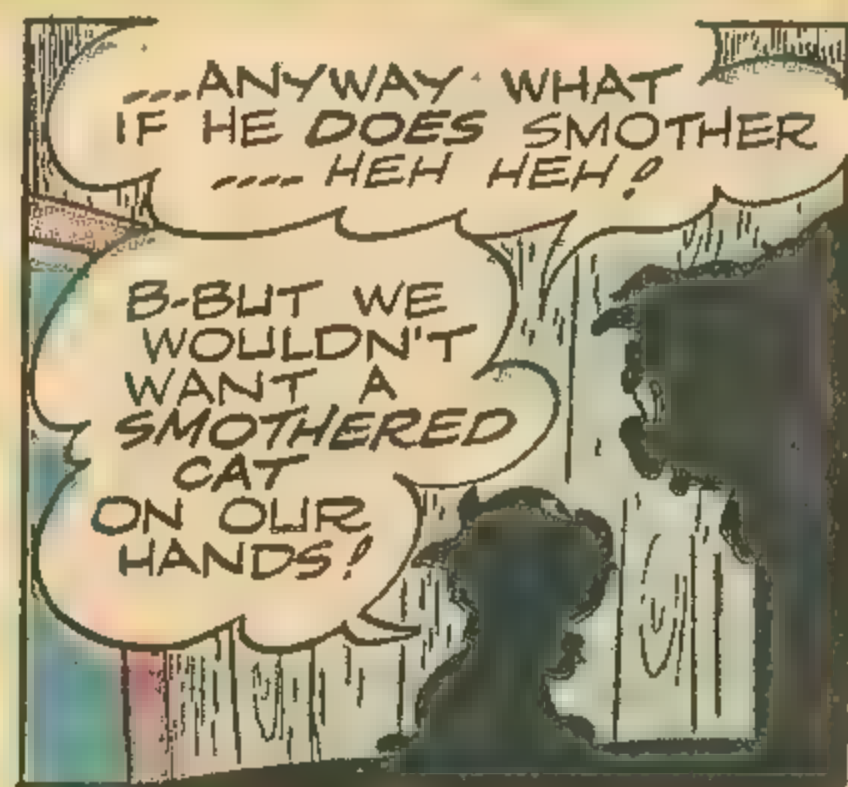
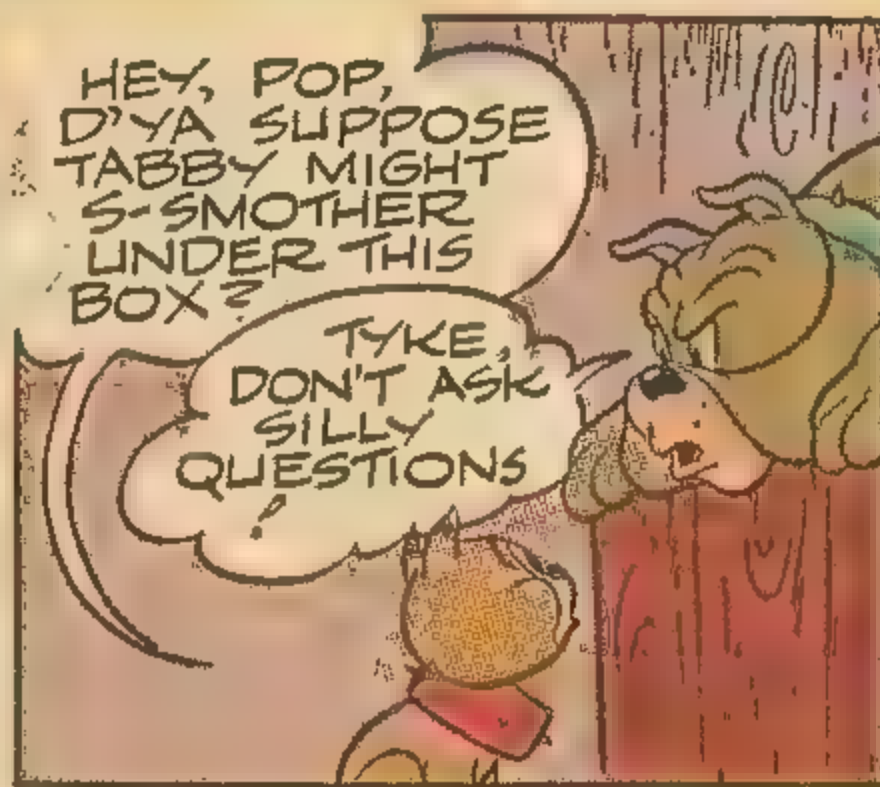
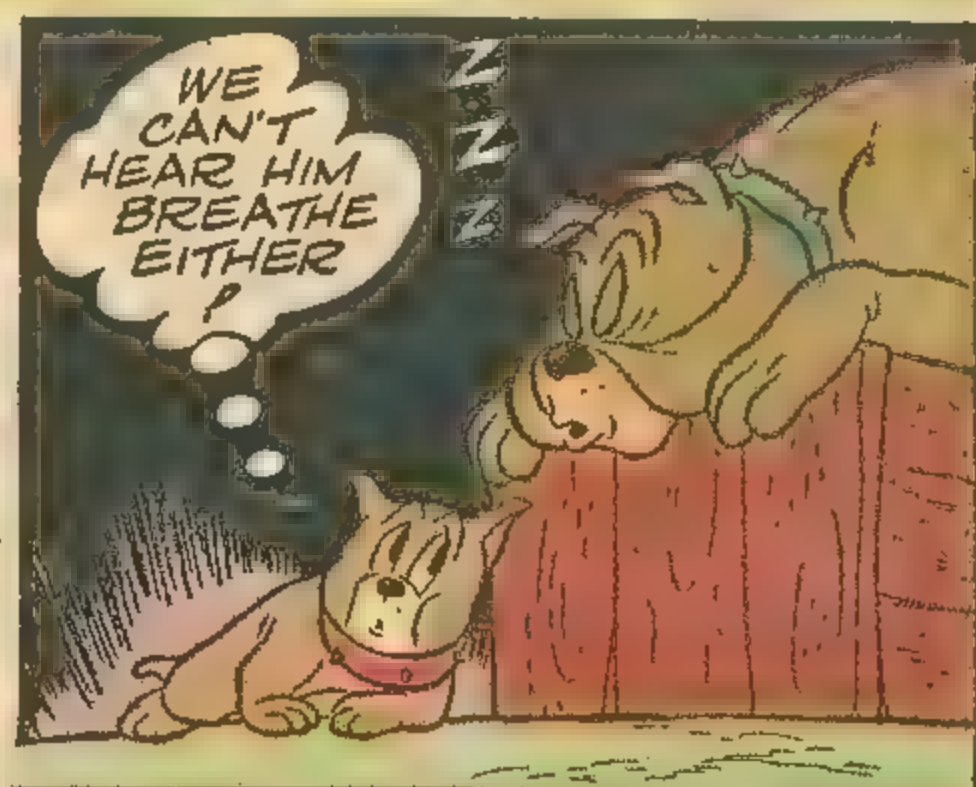
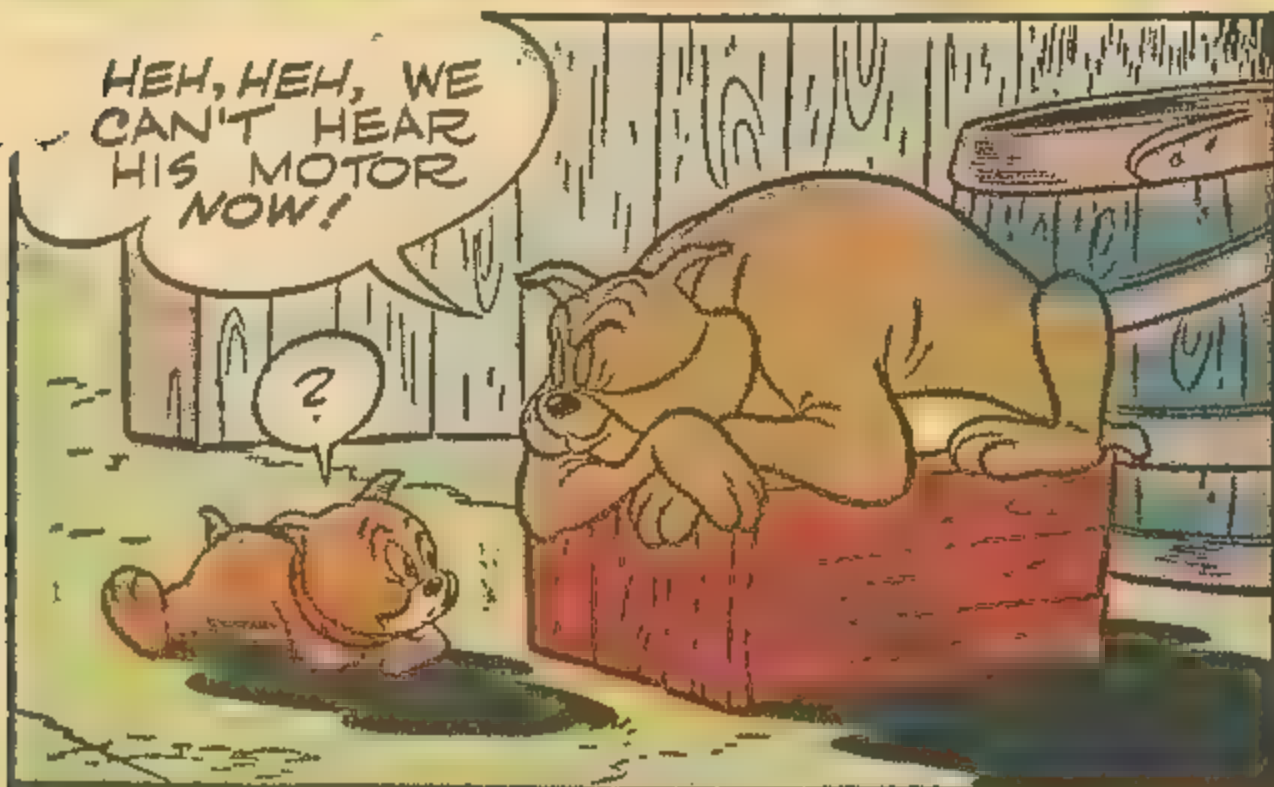
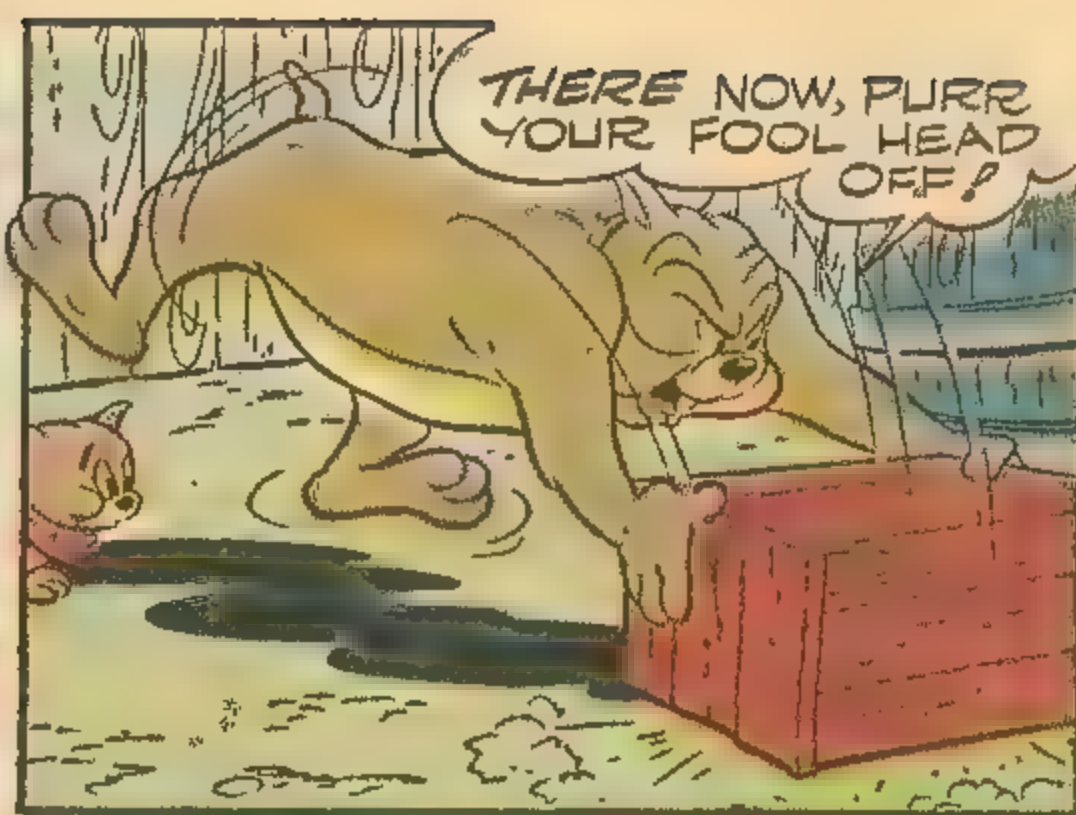
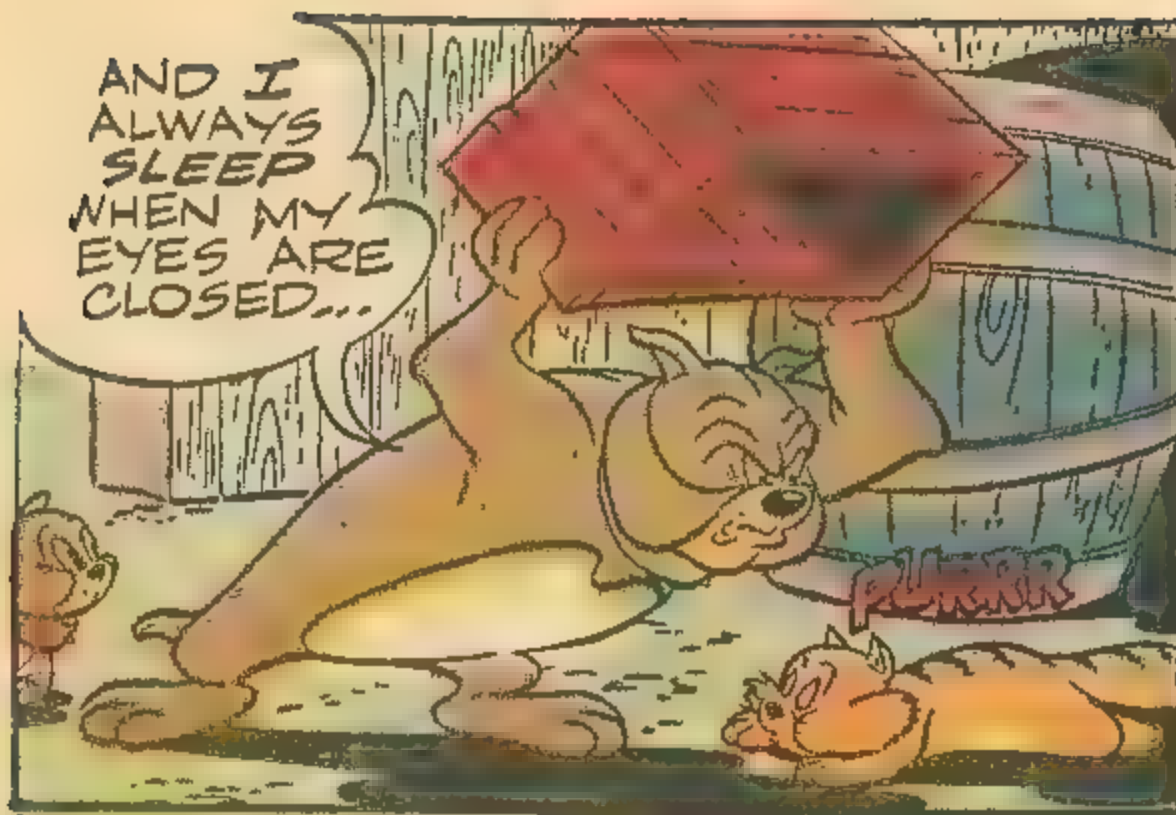
M.G.M. CARTOONS
PRESENT

Big SPARKY AND Little TYKE

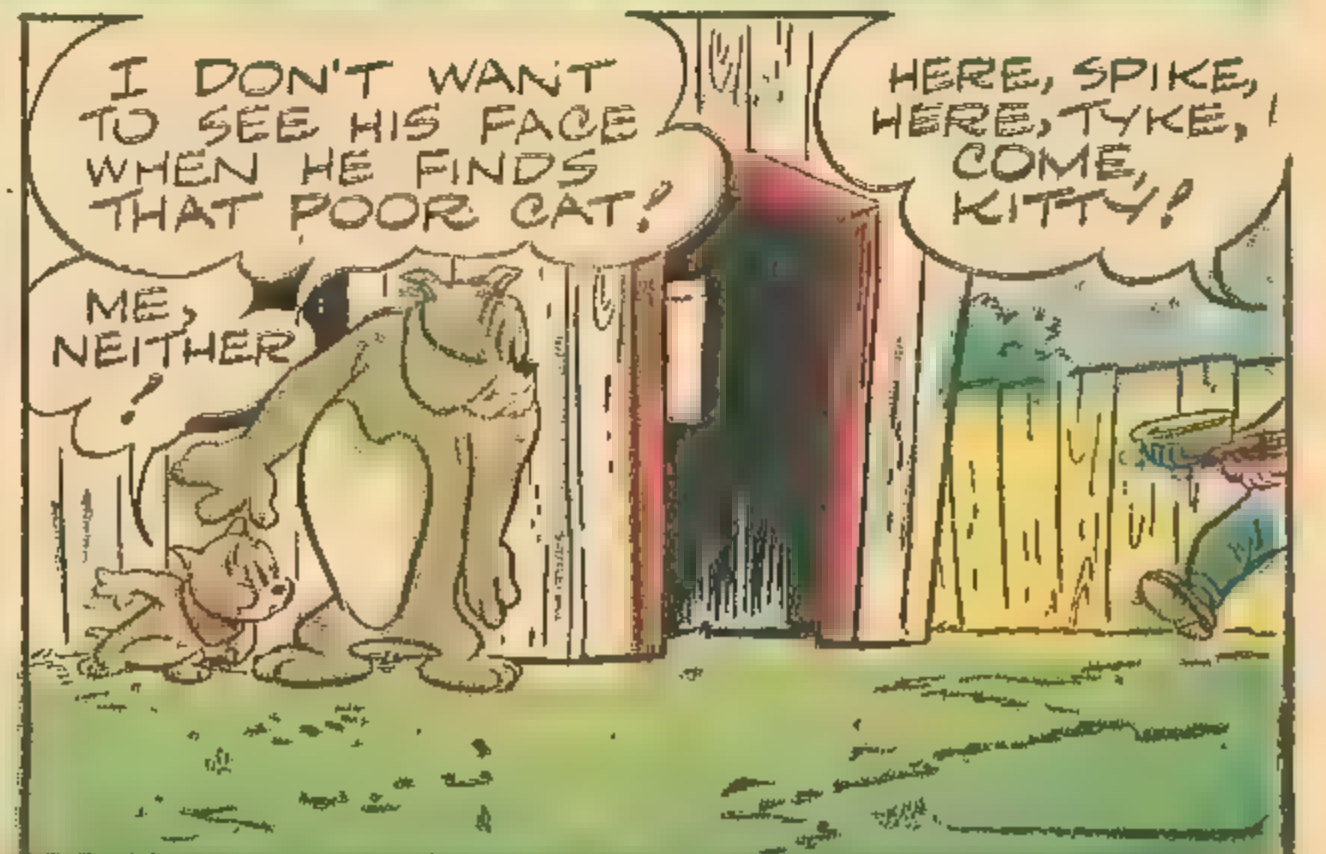
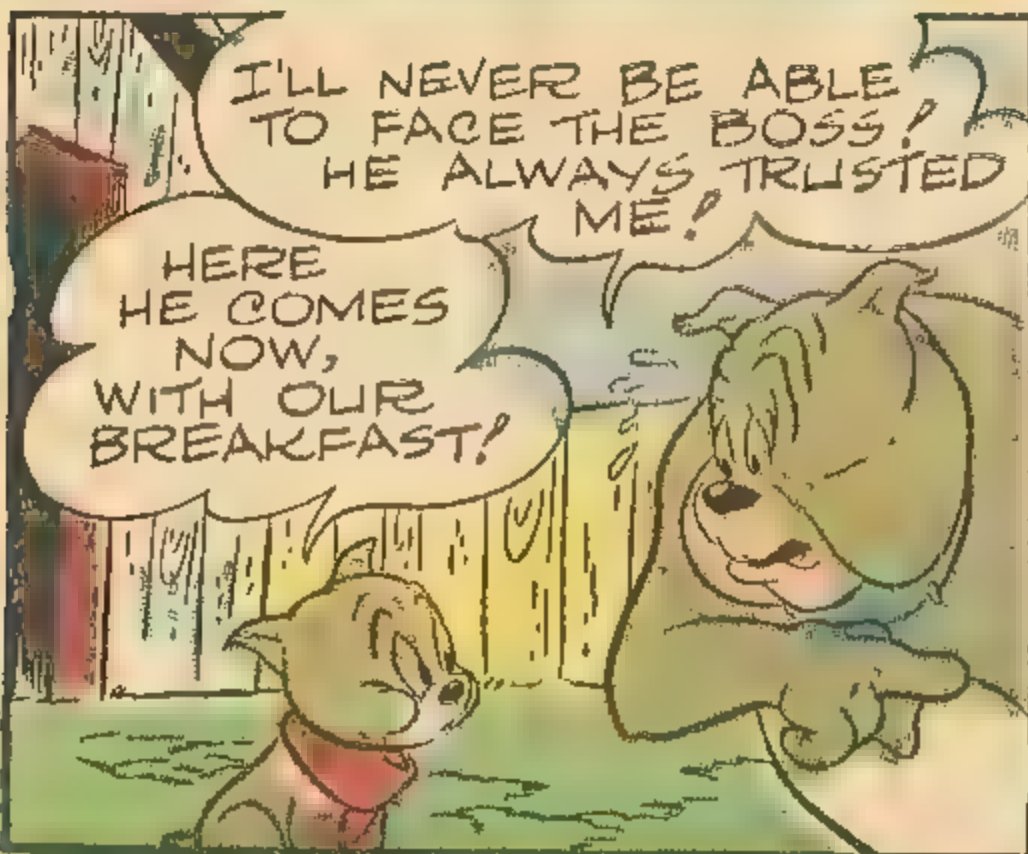
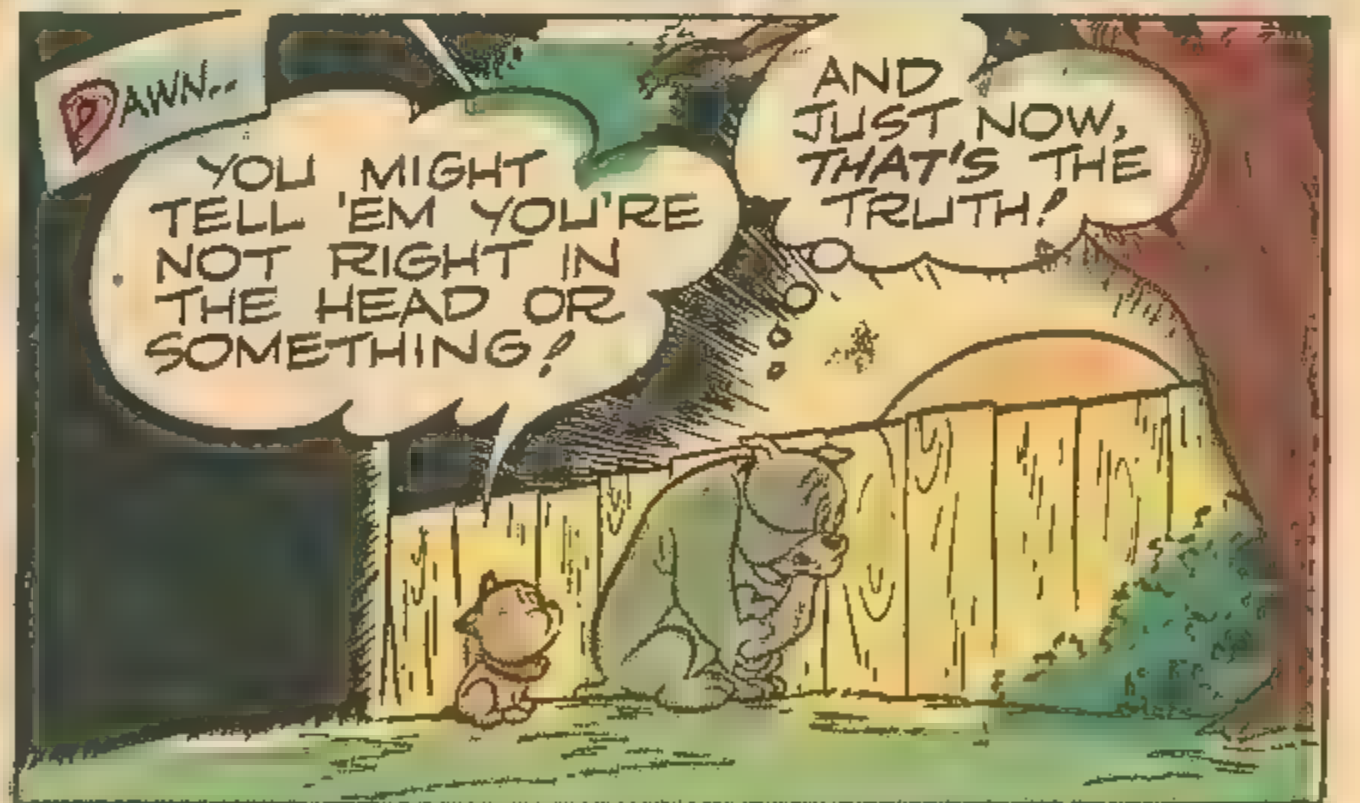
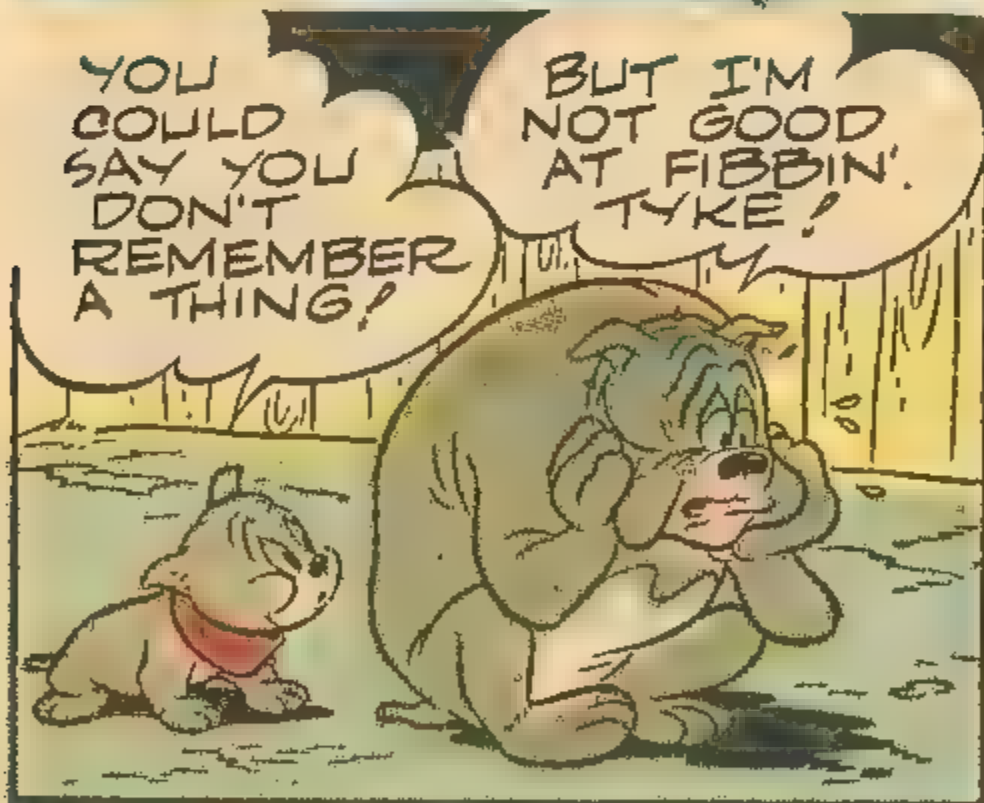
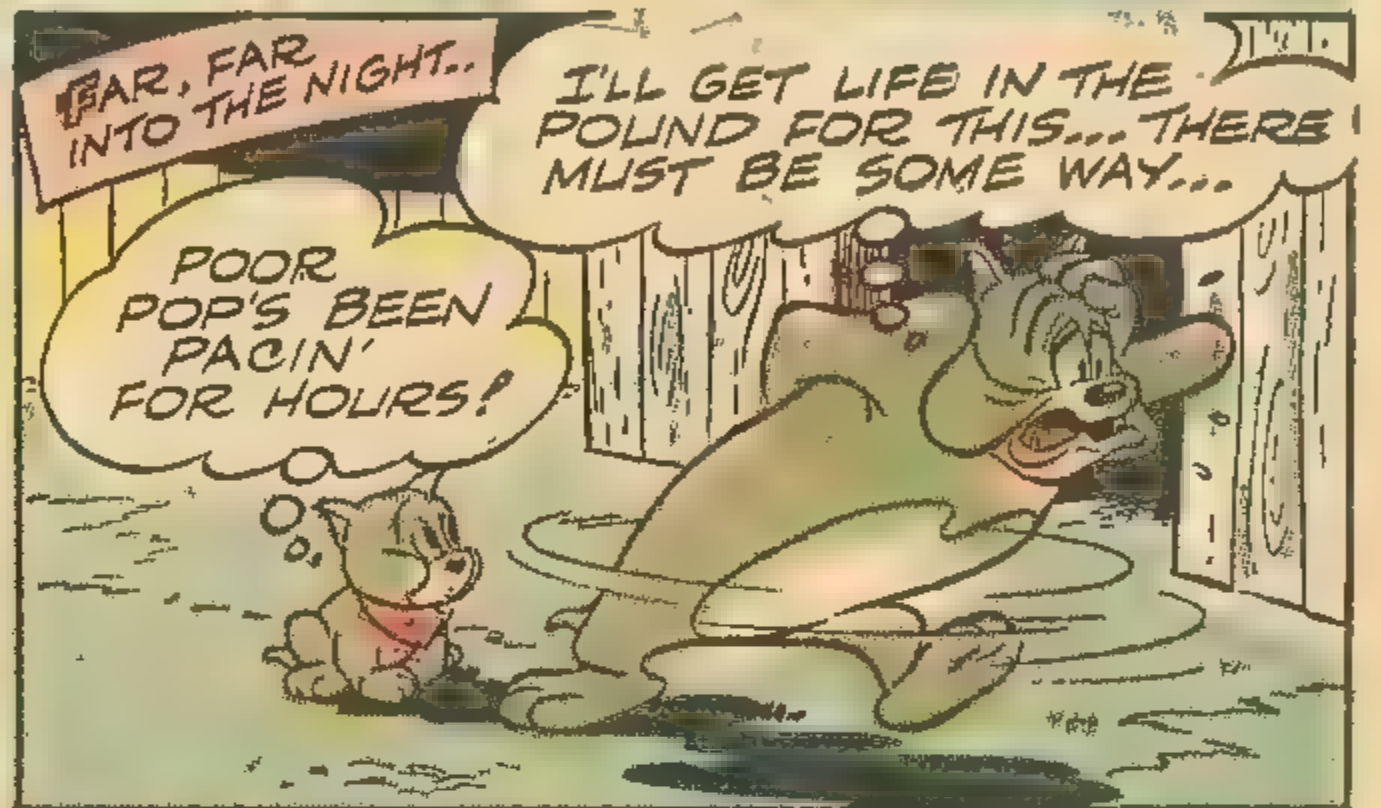
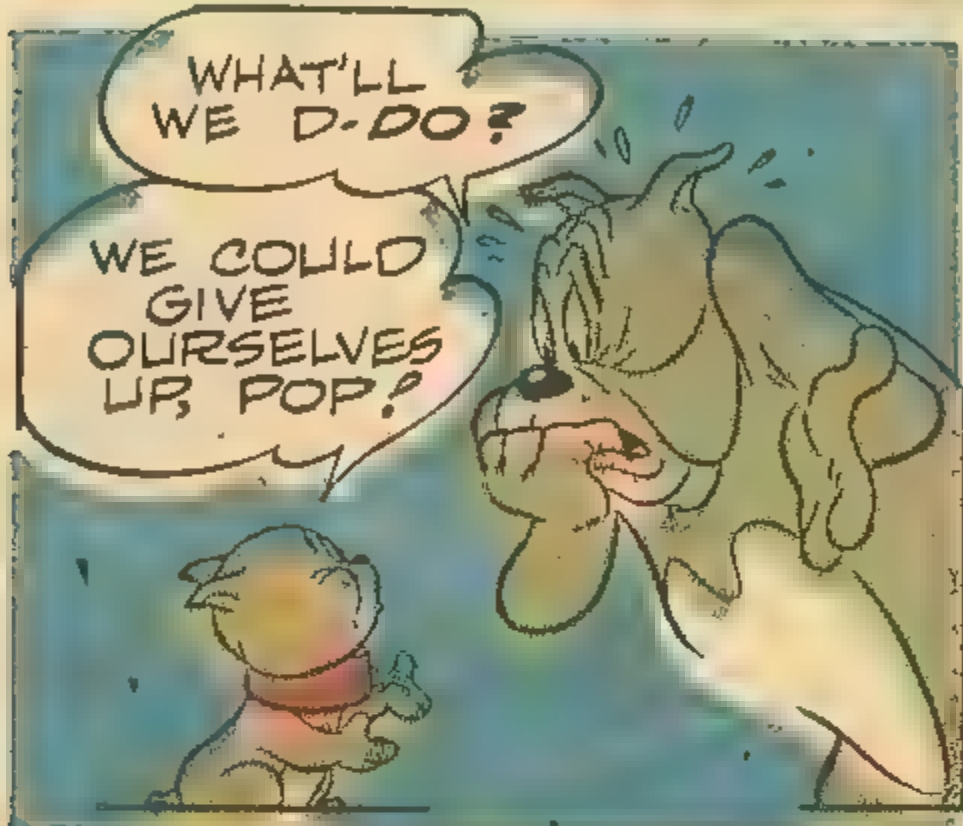
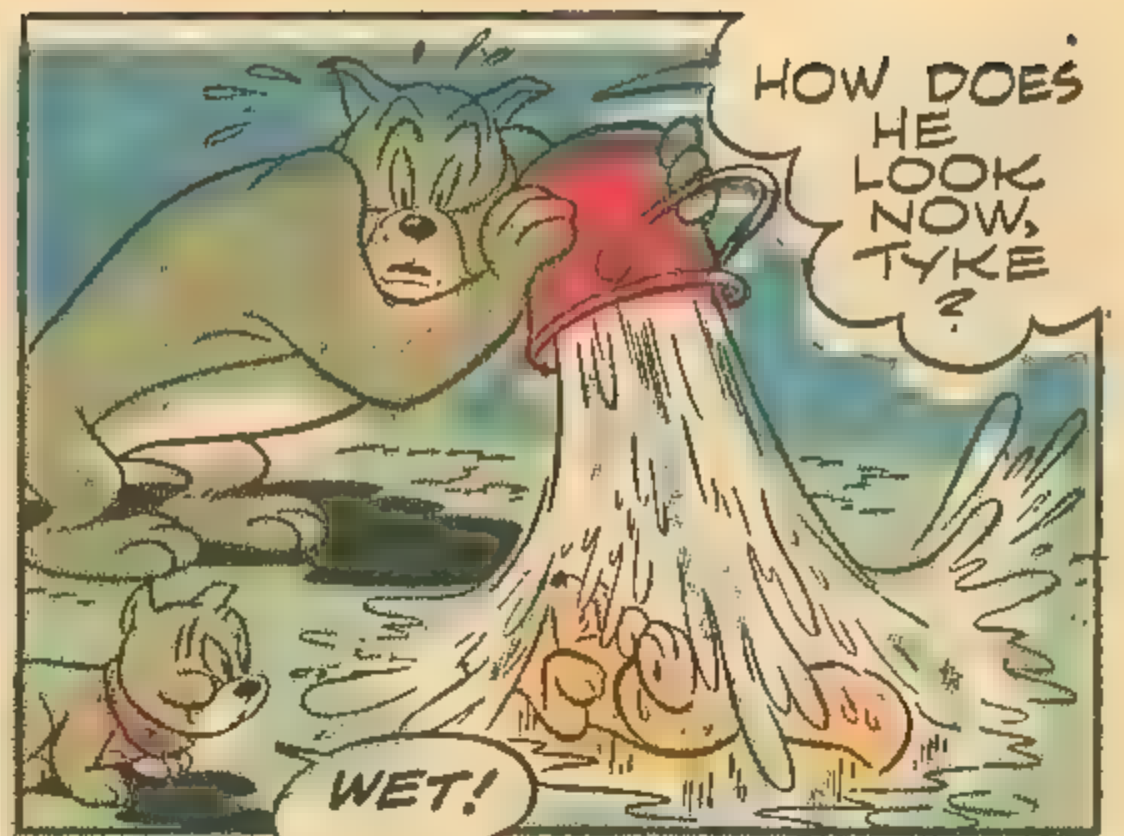
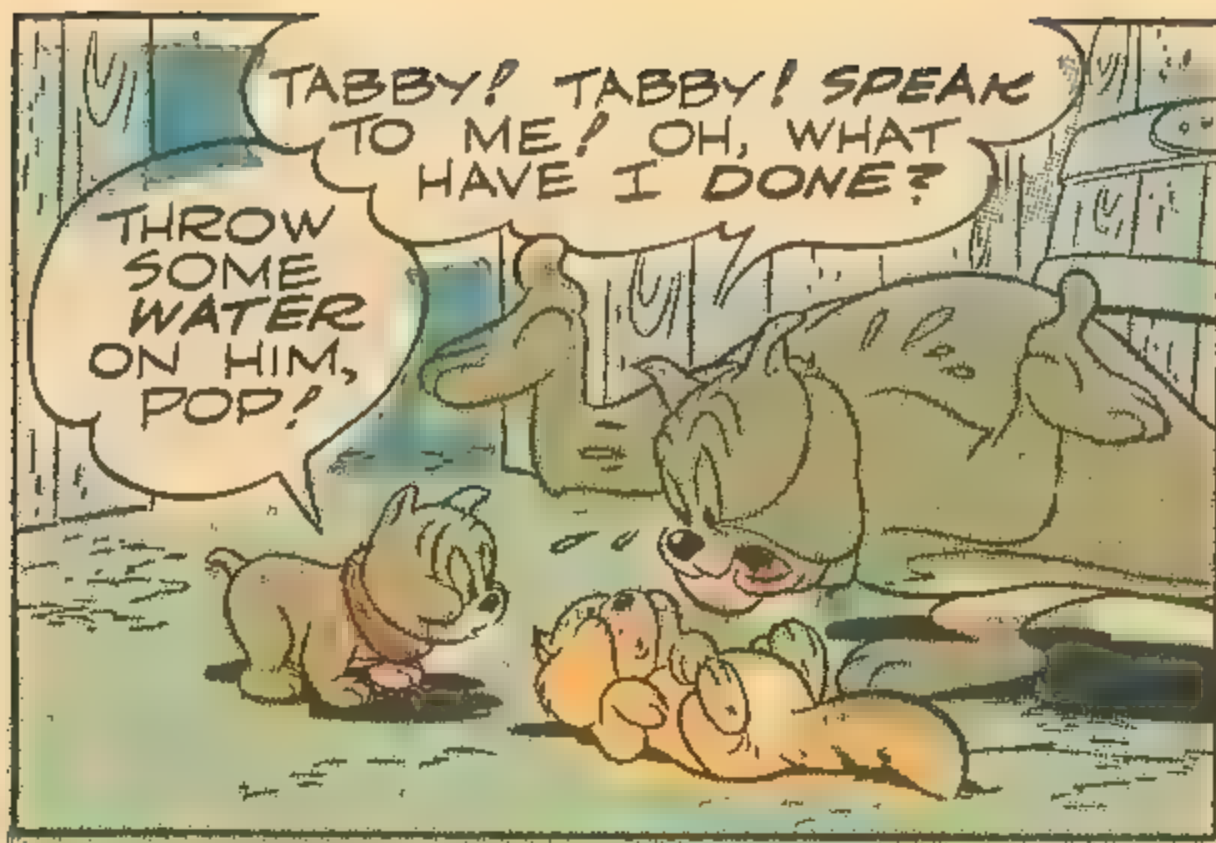


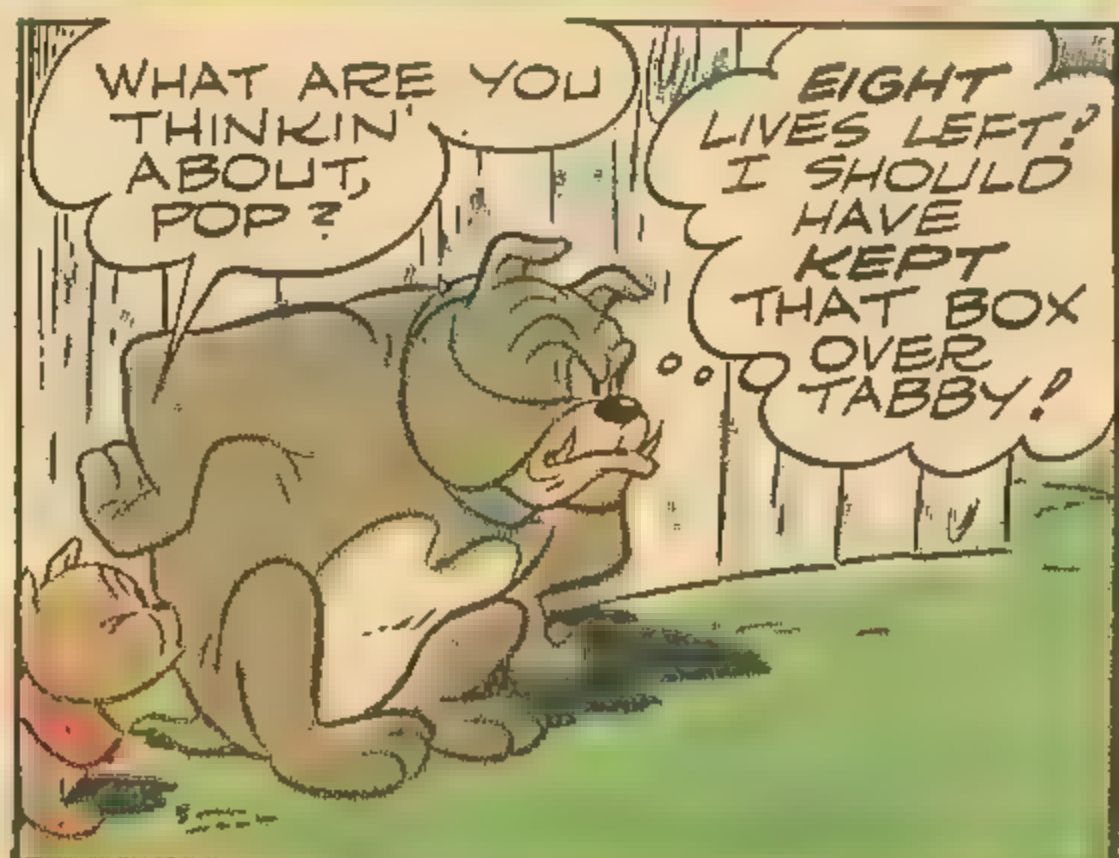
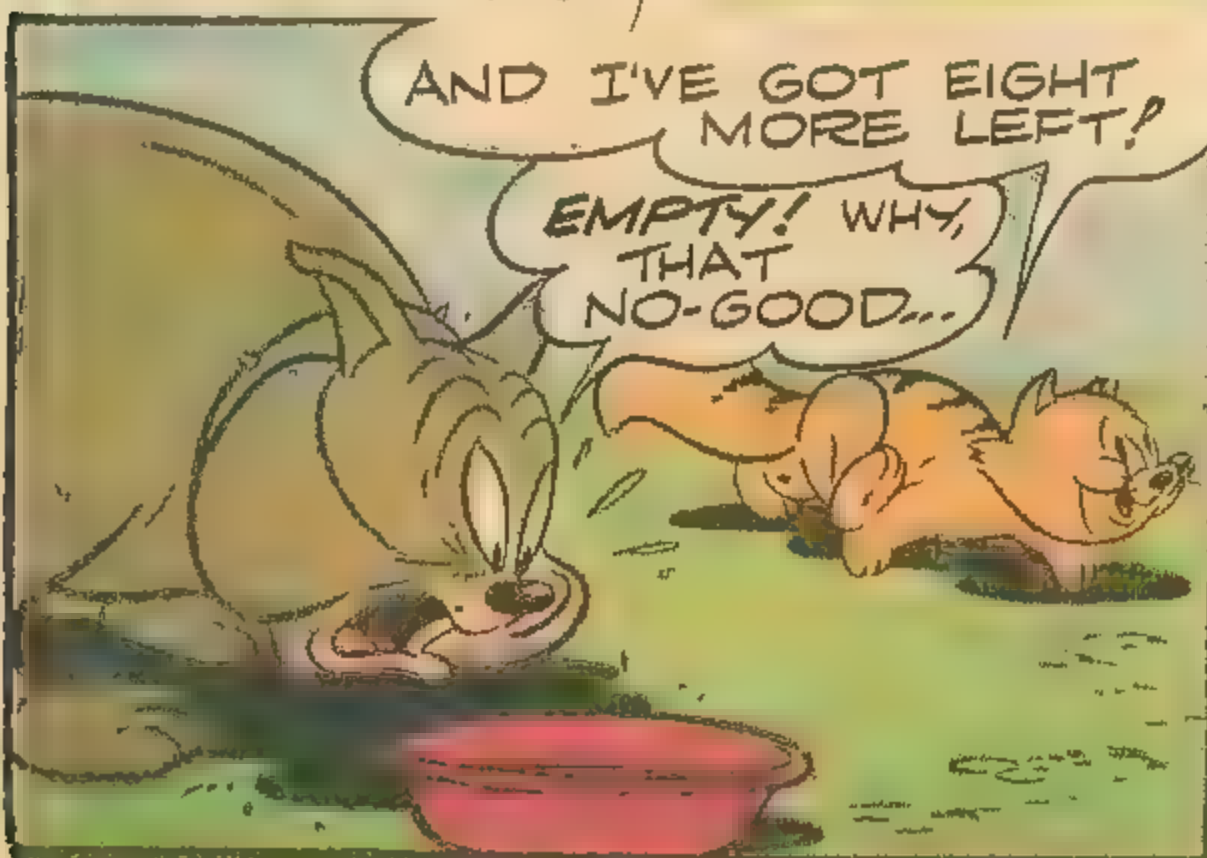
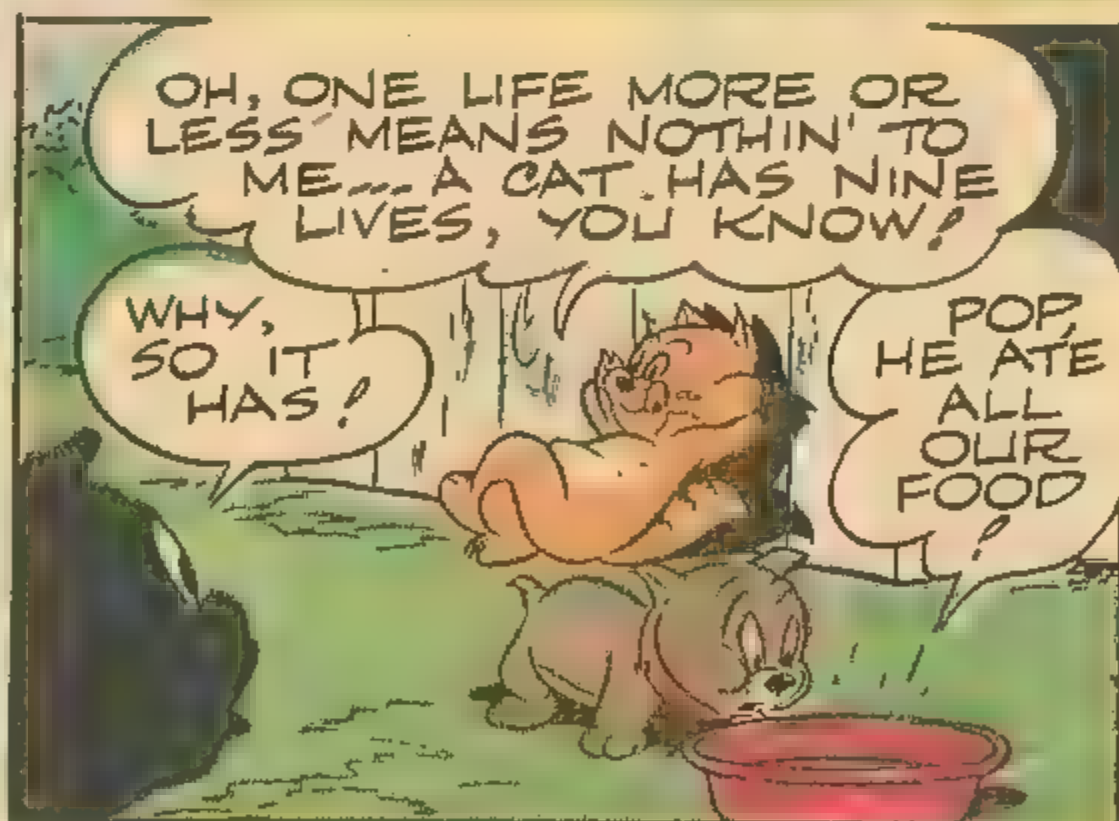
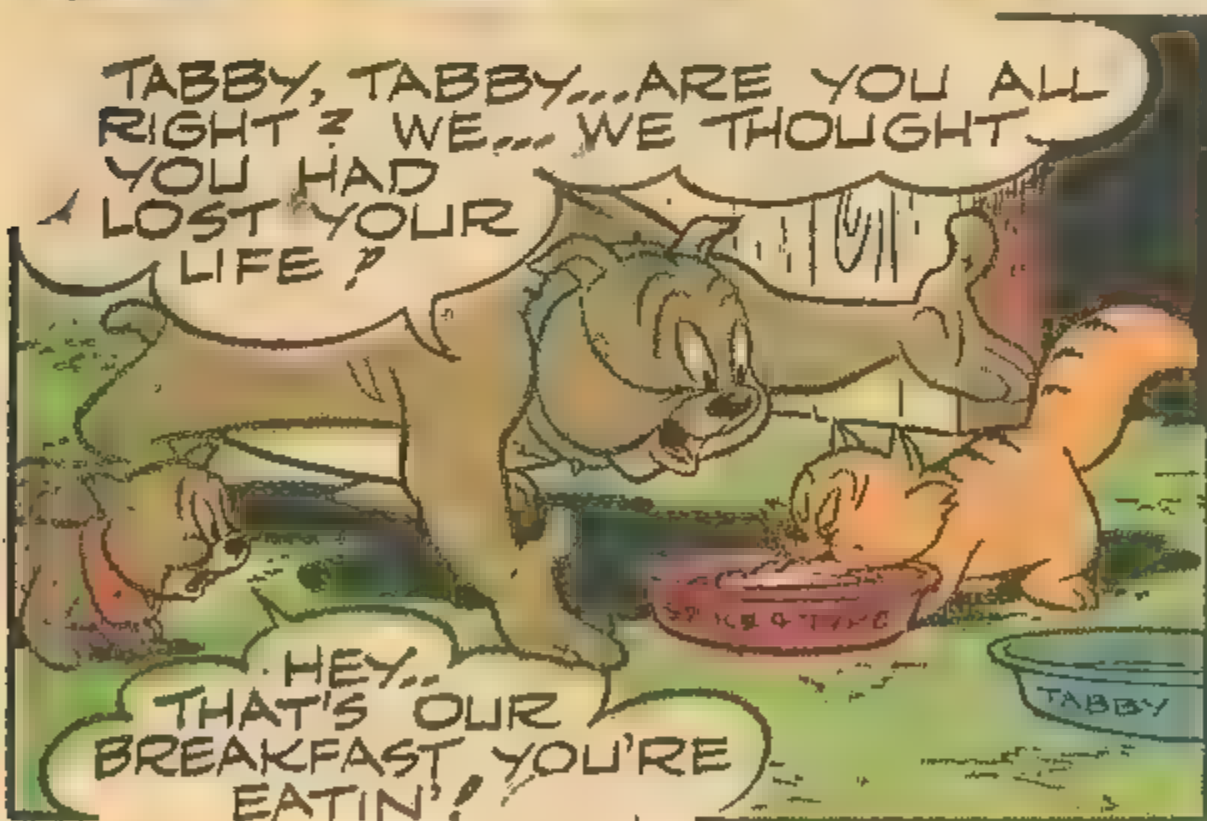
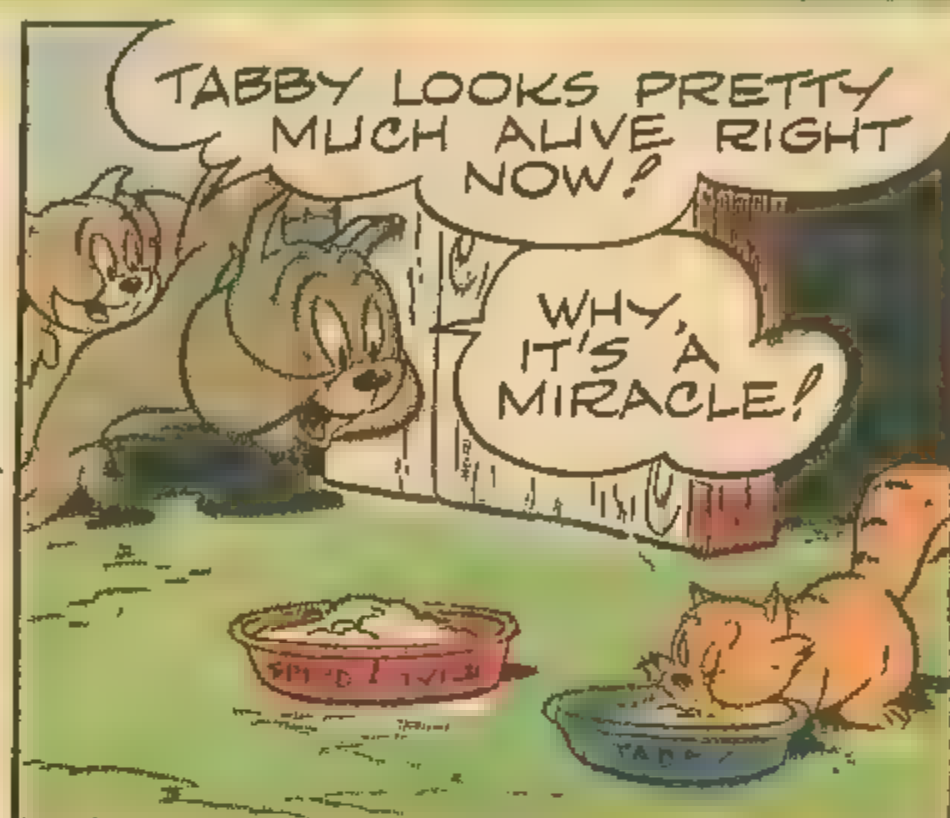
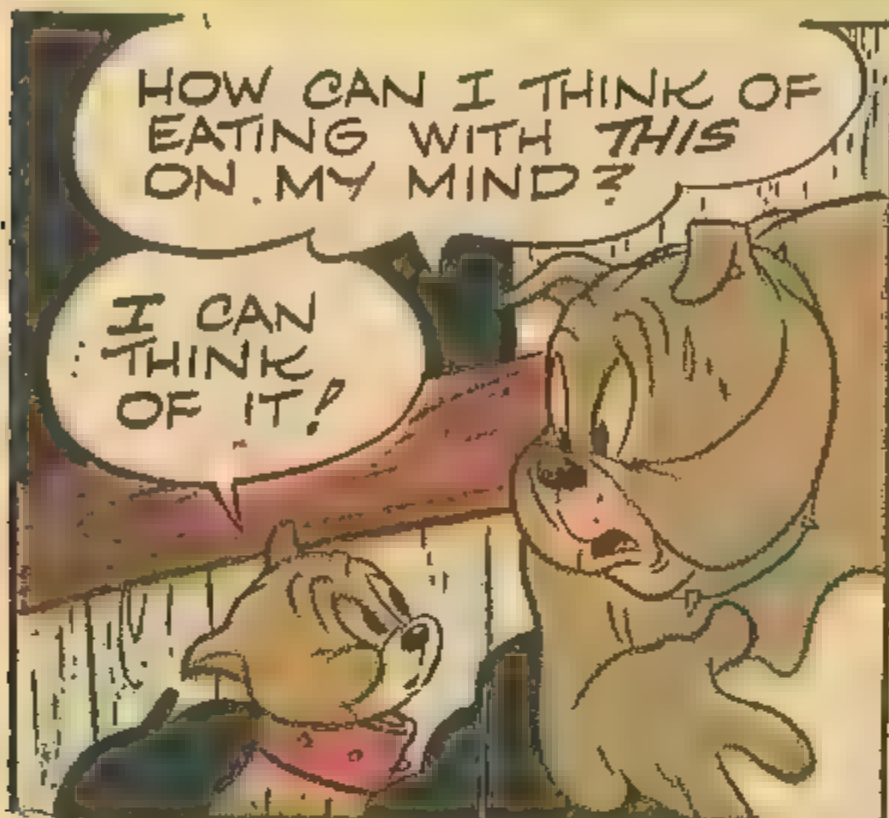
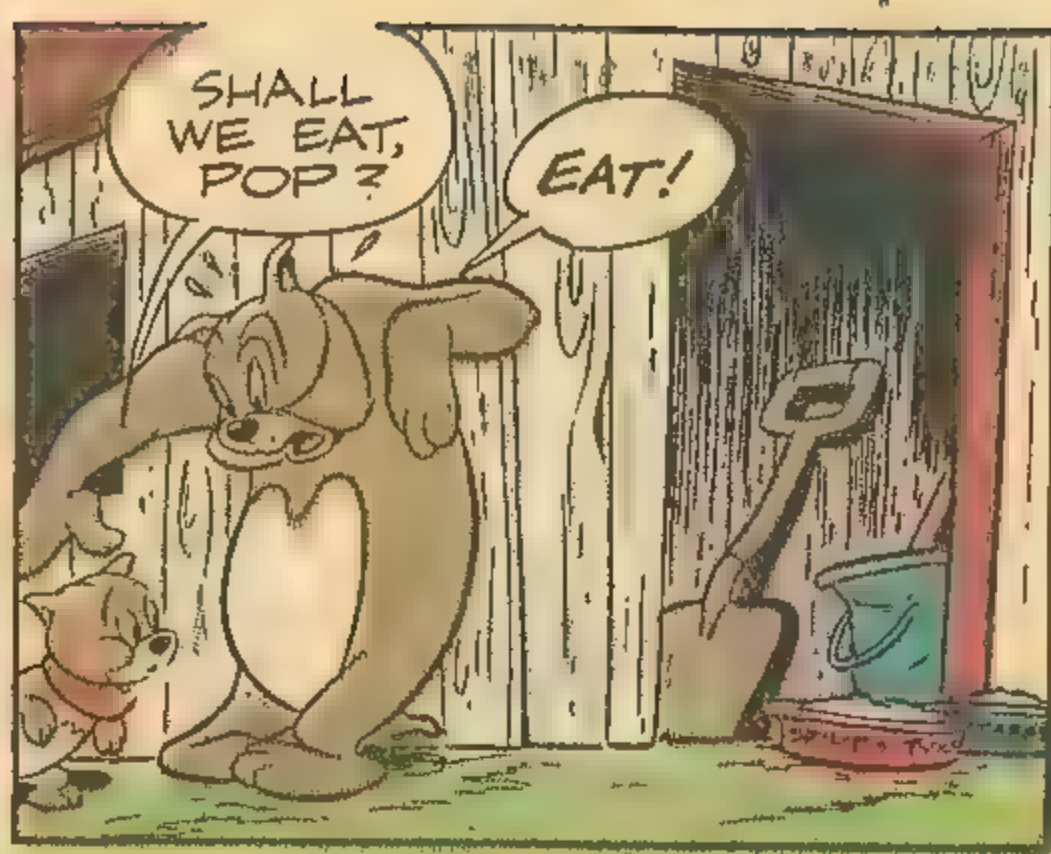






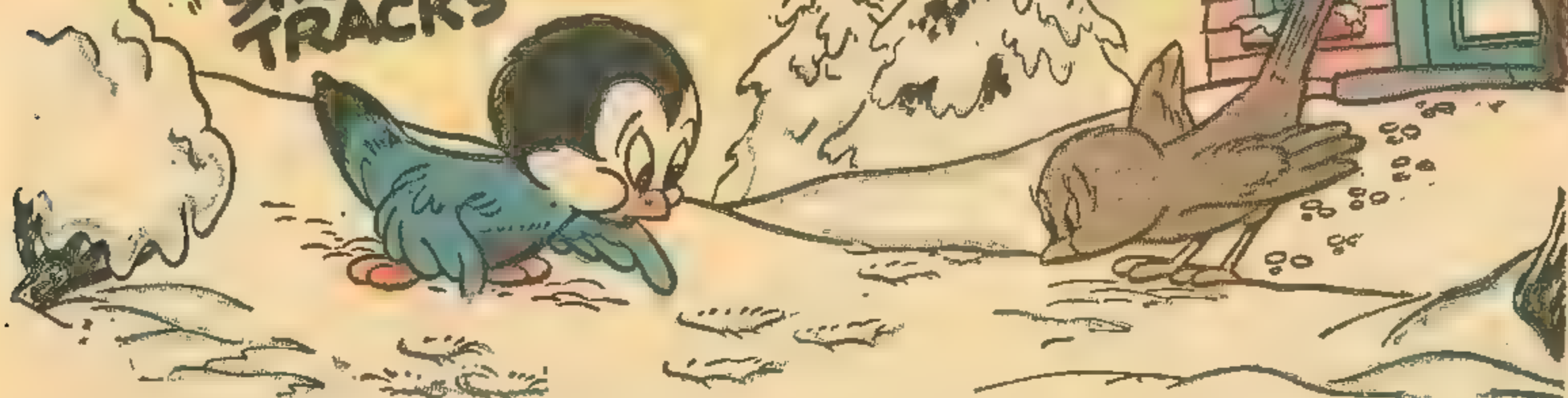
HE DOESN'T LOOK HEALTHY





M-G-M-CARTOONS
present

Bertie Bird's "SNOW TRACKS"



"Wake up, wake up, Bertie Bird!" called Mother Bird. Bertie blinked sleepy eyes and peered over the edge of their nest-home.

"Ooooh—!" twittered Bertie, for his eyes beheld a winter wonderland. During the night a blanket of snow had covered the ground and Bertie thought it the most beautiful sight he had ever seen.

"Won't we have fun today?" chirped Bertie gaily. "Maybe Susie Sparrow or Brother Billy will know a good snow game."

The chirping outside the nest grew louder and louder. "It's Christmas Day in the morning!" sang Susie.

Bertie turned to greet Susie who was hopping about impatiently from foot to foot. "Do hurry, Bertie Bird!" Susie trilled—and instinctively, they BOTH flew in the direction of the Big House.

Bertie was the first to spy the feast awaiting them on the kitchen window sill. "Look!" he exclaimed, "the Big Family left US a Christmas present, too!"

"Mmmmm!" replied Susie. "Weren't they nice to say 'Merry Christmas' to the birds?" Greedily they munched the tempting morsels till their fat little sides bulged.

Suddenly Bertie Bird cocked his head. "Listen to the bells!" The Christmas chimes re-echoed and familiar carols pierced the air.

Susie paused to listen. "They're

beautiful," she sighed.

Just then Bertie's sharp ears detected the tinkle of sleigh bells approaching from a distance. "Someone comes! Maybe it's Santa Claus!"

Susie was excited too. "Let's go see who it is!" Quickly they spread their wings and darted to the front lilac bush to watch.

But the birds were disappointed. "It's NOT Santa Claus,—it's"—their chattering was lost in the merry clamor of children tumbling out of the sleigh and unloading gifts. Patiently they waited until the grownups and children were welcomed into the Big House. Then Bertie Bird could be still no longer. He was anxious to start the games.

"C'mon," called Bertie, "let's not wait any longer for Brother Billy!"

"Okay," agreed Susie. "Shall we play snow-tag?" With that, they circled and soared above the glistening snow in the noonday sun. Finally, they stopped to rest, hopping about occasionally to keep warm.

All of a sudden Bertie brightened. "I have it—let's play detective!"

Susie Sparrow could hardly wait to begin. "Tell me how!"

"We'll hunt for footprints in the snow," Bertie began. "When we find them," he continued mysteriously, "we'll follow the trail and trace their tracks until we discover who it is!"

"That sounds like fun!" trilled Susie excitedly.

At once they set about their search for adventure. Skipping over the snow, Susie found a footprint much sooner than she expected. Kerplunk, plop! Little Susie slipped in the deep track.

"Help, Bertie!" she called shrilly.

Quick as a flash, Bertie was at her side. "You found a footprint all right," he chuckled as he dragged Susie out of the man-sized track made by one of the grownups on his way to the Big House.

Bertie's eyes twinkled. "I found Mrs. Robin's footprints but first, let's investigate another trail I found." And quickly, detective Bertie led Susie to a spot near the back steps.

"Who do you suppose this could be?" inquired Bertie, pointing to a path of tracks leading from the garage to the Big House.

"How funny," laughed Susie, as she examined the odd marks, "just three dots on the snow."

"Uh, huh," pondered Bertie. He continued to frisk about investigating every hole and cranny. But every clue always led back to the steps at the kitchen door.

"Look, Bertie! These aren't DEEP tracks," said Susie as she flitted over to the tree for a better "lookout" point.

"Nope," reflected Bertie, "whatever it is, it must skim over the snow pretty fast. Otherwise—"

Suddenly, without warning, a startled scream from Susie pierced the air. Surprised, Bertie flew to her side quickly.

From this sheltered spot, he saw Tab-

by Cat, like a thief in the night, sneak around the corner and make straight for the kitchen door—

"Whew!!!" sighed Bertie and Susie in unison. "Thank goodness, Tabby Cat is more interested in getting warm than in catching us!"

"What a relief!" murmured Bertie. "She's going inside!"—but NO, the back door would not budge and Tabby Cat was left out in the cold!

Bertie and Susie exchanged worried glances. "Let's just sit very still and hope Tabby Cat doesn't see us," suggested Susie Sparrow.

Bertie Bird shivered and shook. "But she can't miss us in these barren trees!"

At that very moment, Tabby Cat looked about. Then suddenly, skimmed over the snow toward their tree.

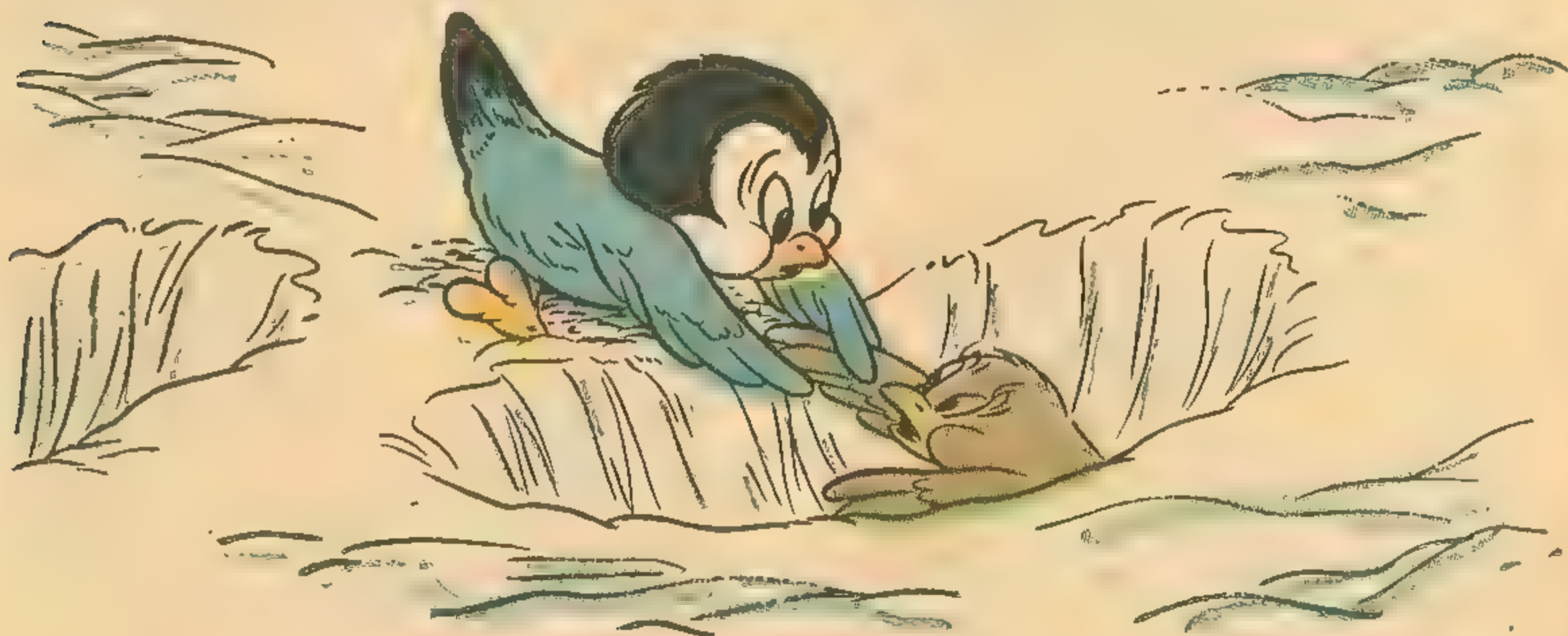
Bertie Bird was thinking fast now. "I'll outwit that ole cat somehow," he vowed.

And, despite all reasoning, he instantly decided to make a dash for safety. "Fly straight for the nest," he instructed Susie, "and don't look back!"

But just as they poised for flight, a miraculous thing happened—the lady, at the Big House called, "Tabby!"—and Tabby dashed inside.

"Slam!" sounded the screen door. The kindly lady was at the back door again. This time she sprinkled crumbs out on the snow, looking up in the tree as if to say, "An extra Christmas treat for you—brave little birds!"

And with two feasts in one cold day, you can be sure it was a merry Christmas for the little feathered friends.



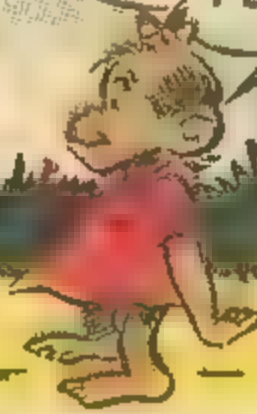
FLIP 'N' DIP

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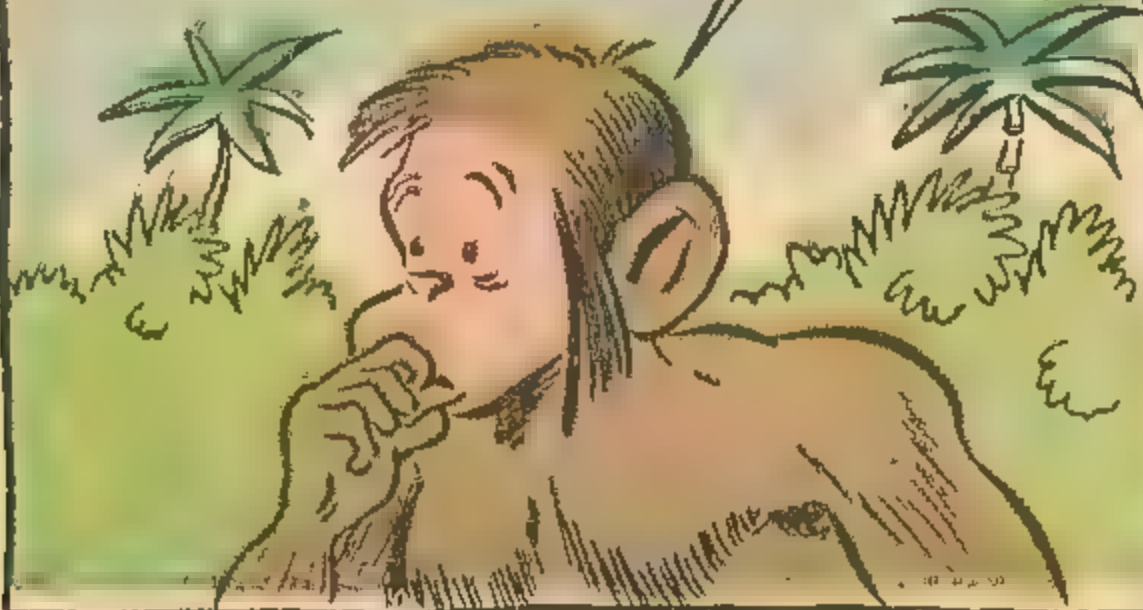
ER—I SUPPOSE YOU KIDS
ARE GOING TO SHARE
SOME OF THAT
MONEY YOU
FOUND WITH
YOUR OLD
POP!

SORRY, POP, BUT
THAT'S OUR HIDDEN
TREASURE!

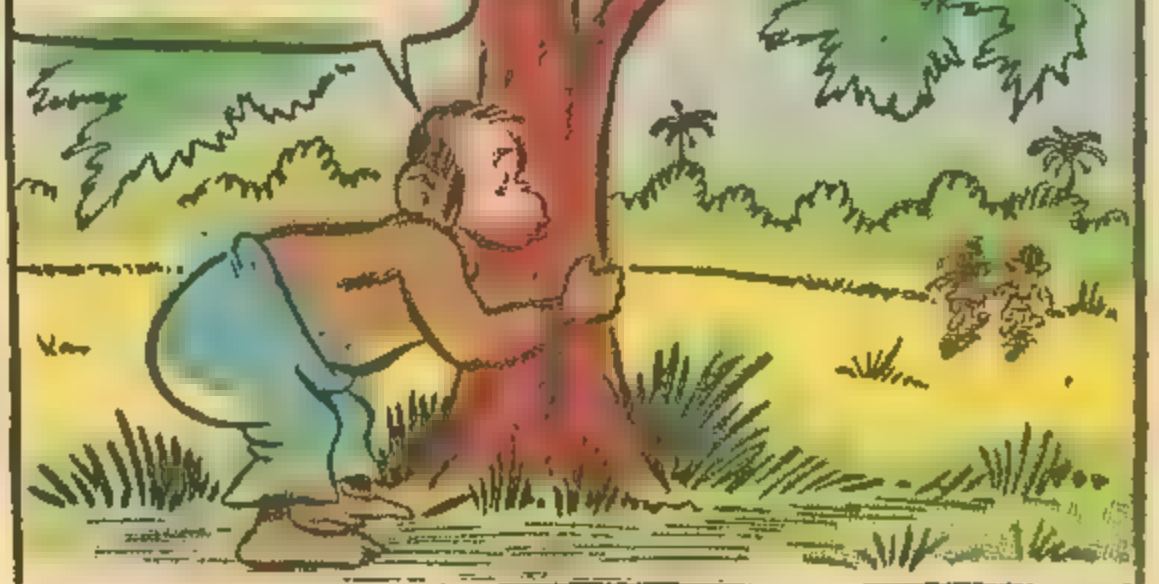
WE HAVE A
SWELL HIDING
PLACE, TOO!



I WONDER IF THEY ARE GOING TO
THEIR HIDING PLACE NOW?

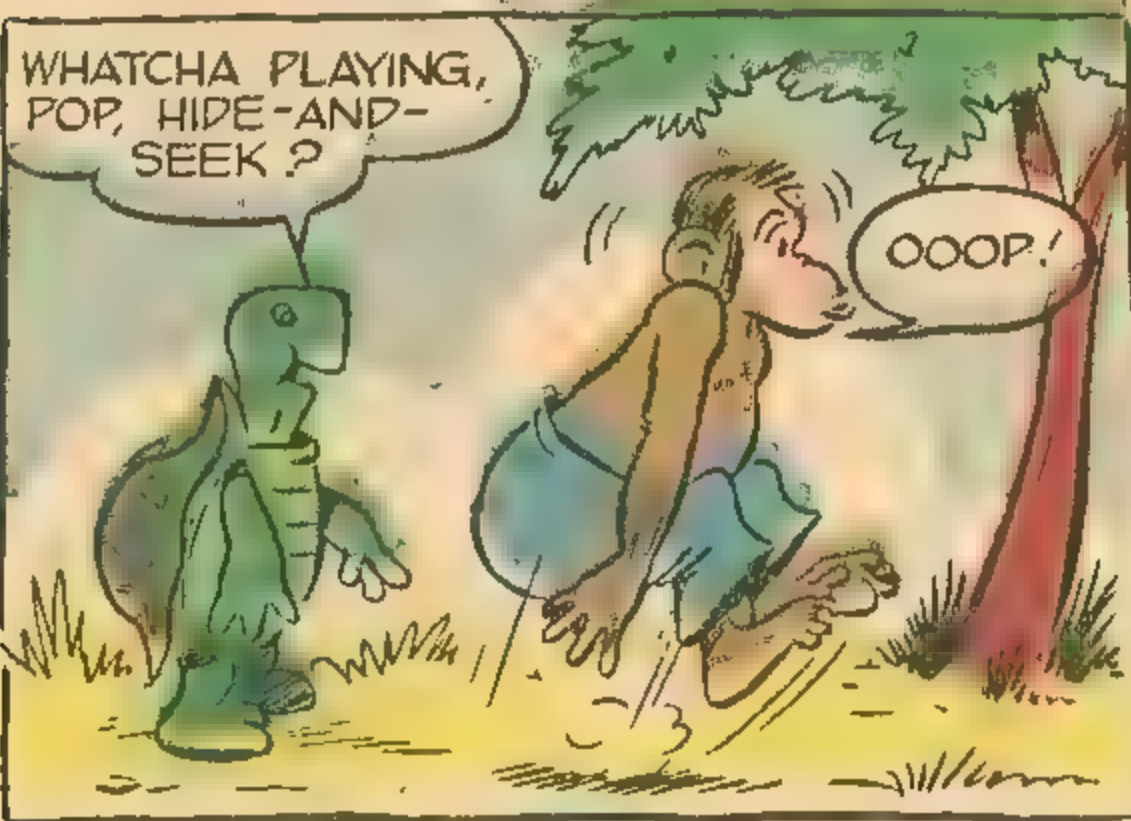


OF COURSE I WOULDN'T TAKE
ANY OF IT, BUT I WOULD
JUST LIKE TO KNOW
WHERE THEY—

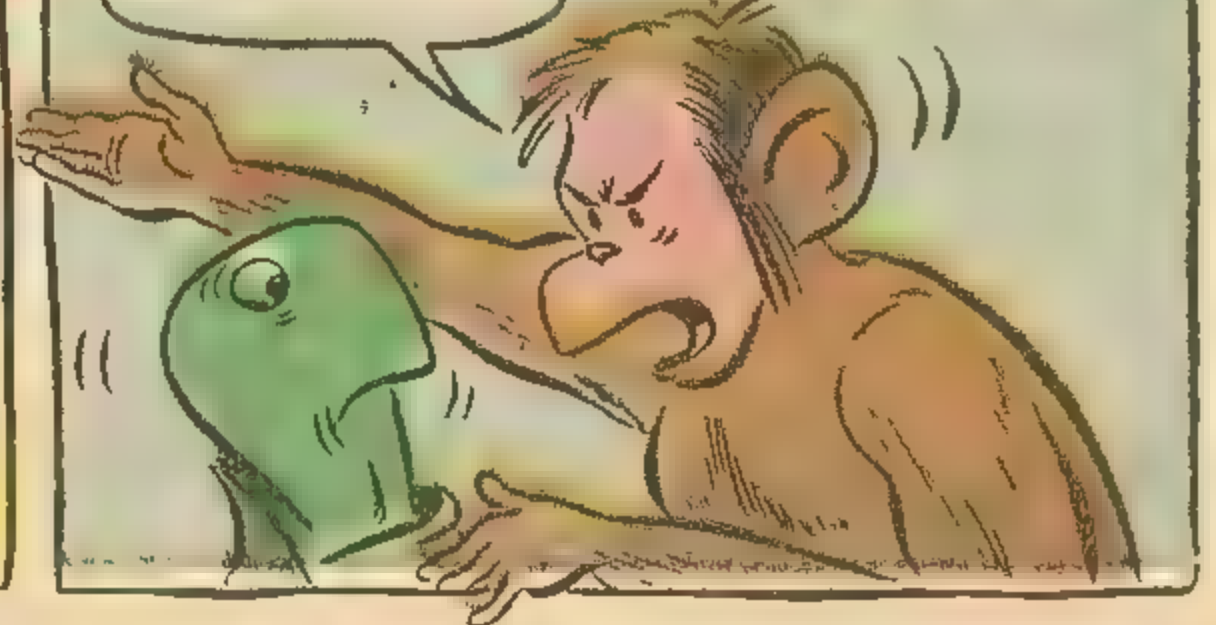


WHATCHA PLAYING,
POP, HIDE-AND-
SEEK?

OOOP!

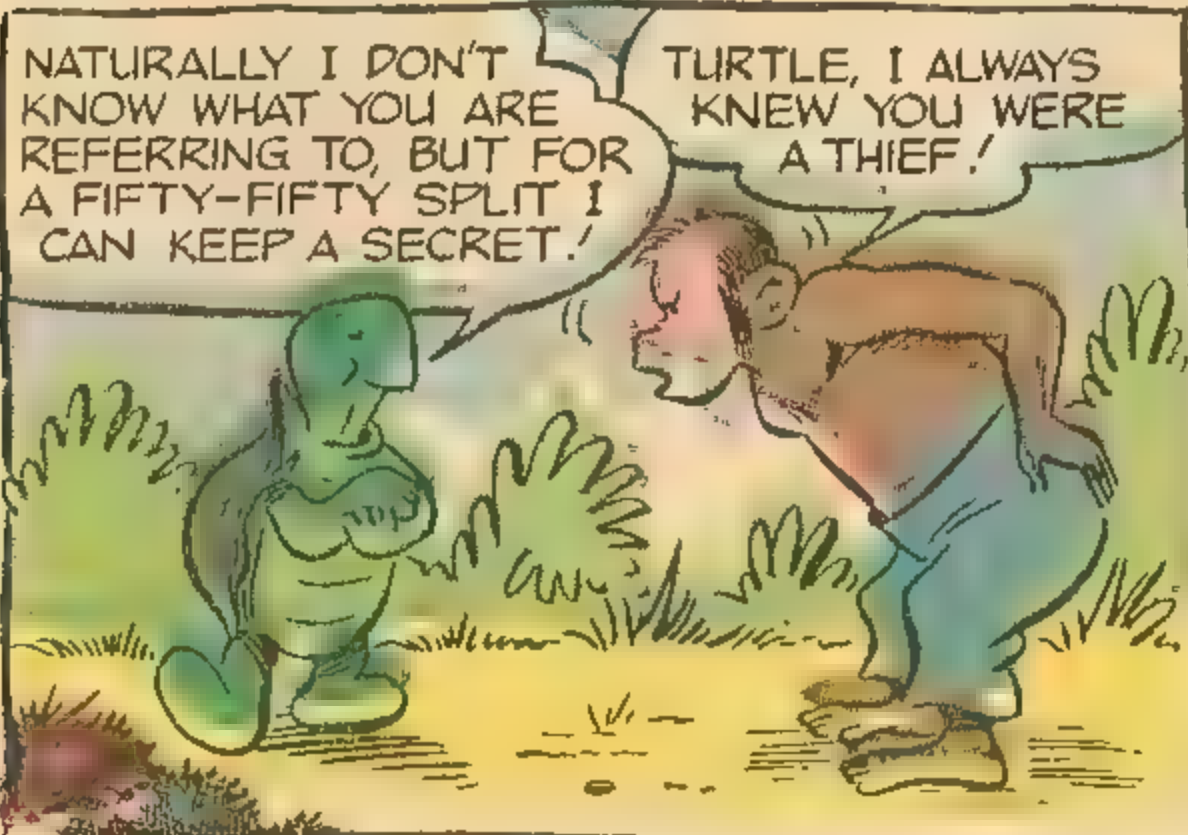


FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, TURTLE, MUST YOU
BE SO NOISY? I WAS TRYING TO FIND
OUT WHERE FLIP 'N' DIP ARE HIDING
THEIR MONEY!



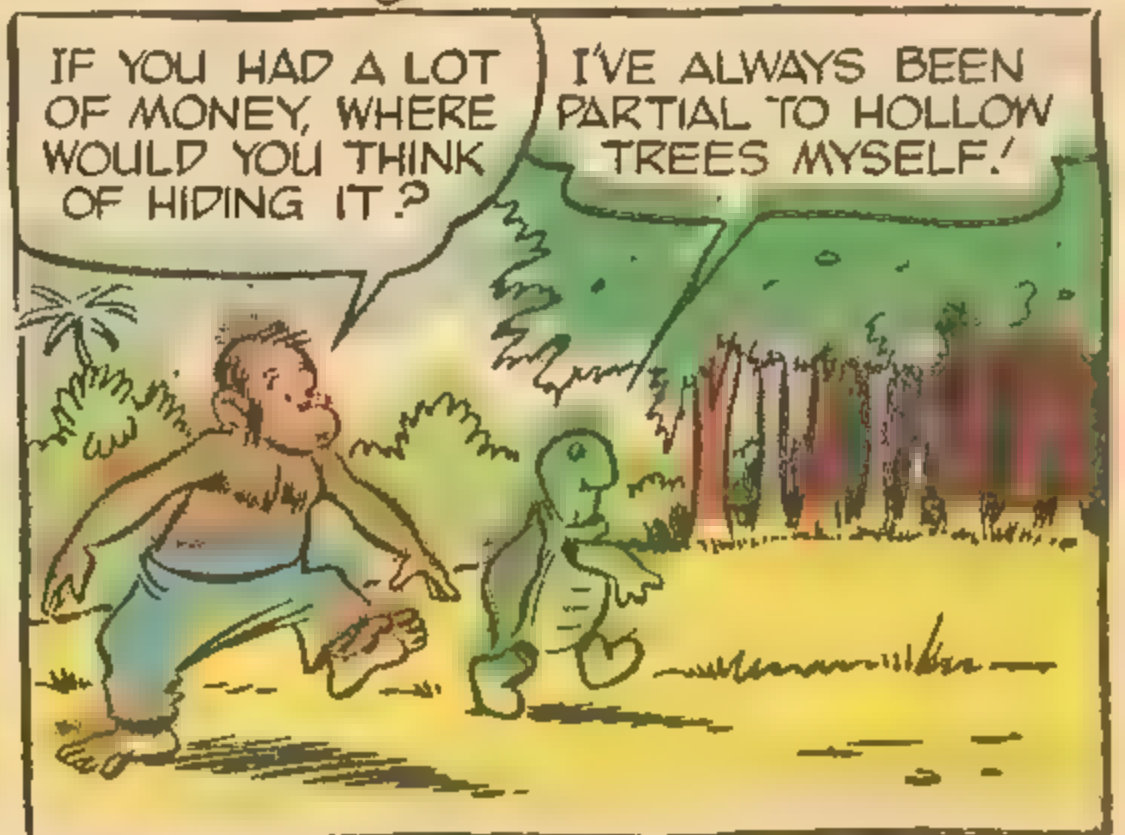
NATURALLY I DON'T
KNOW WHAT YOU ARE
REFERRING TO, BUT FOR
A FIFTY-FIFTY SPLIT I
CAN KEEP A SECRET!

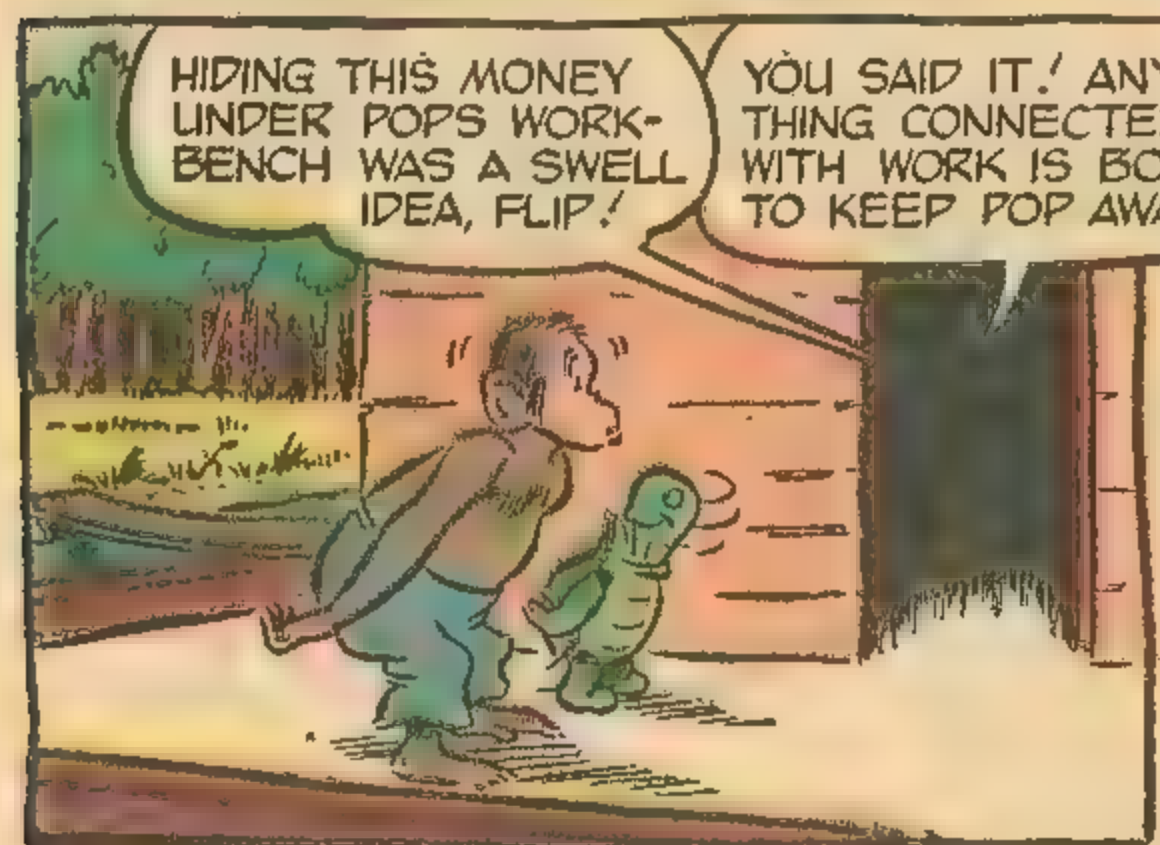
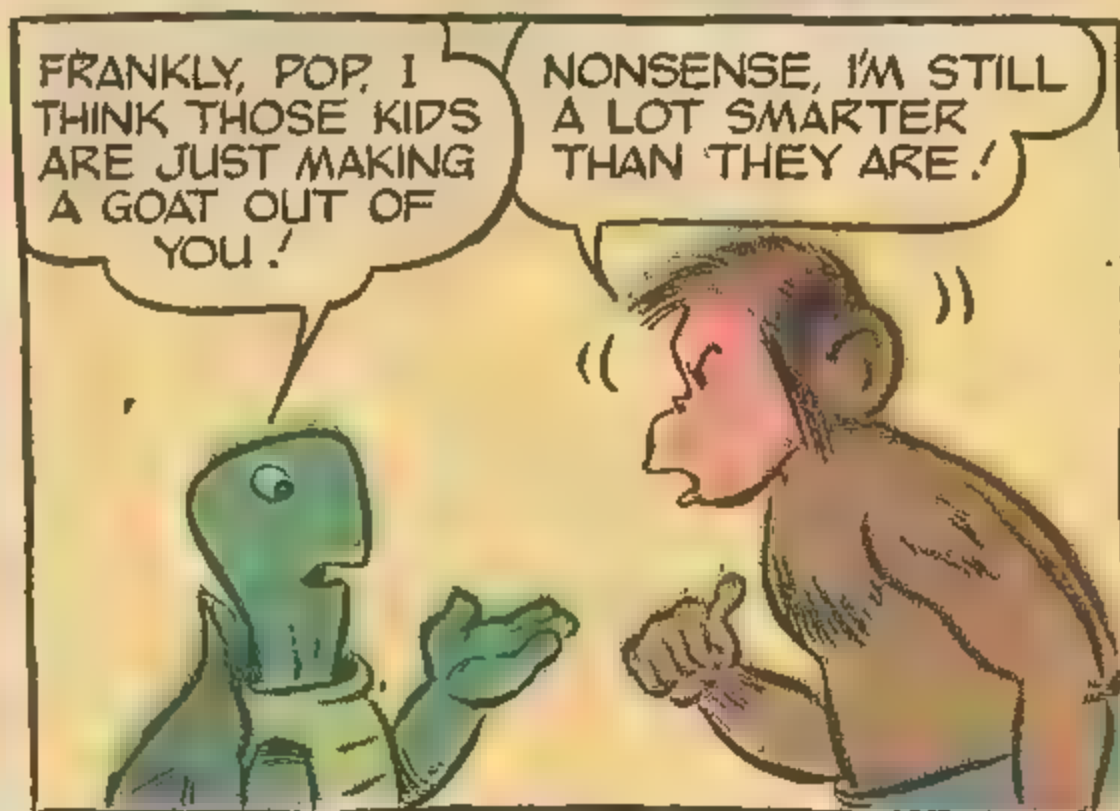
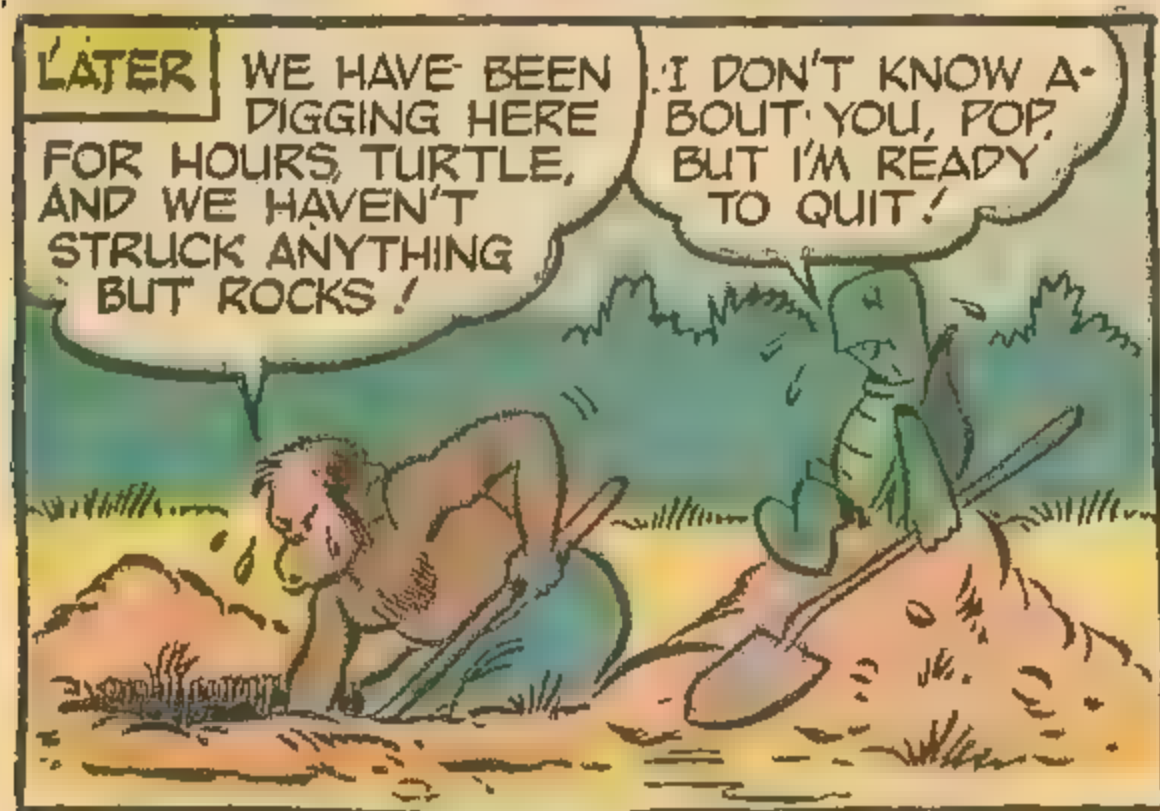
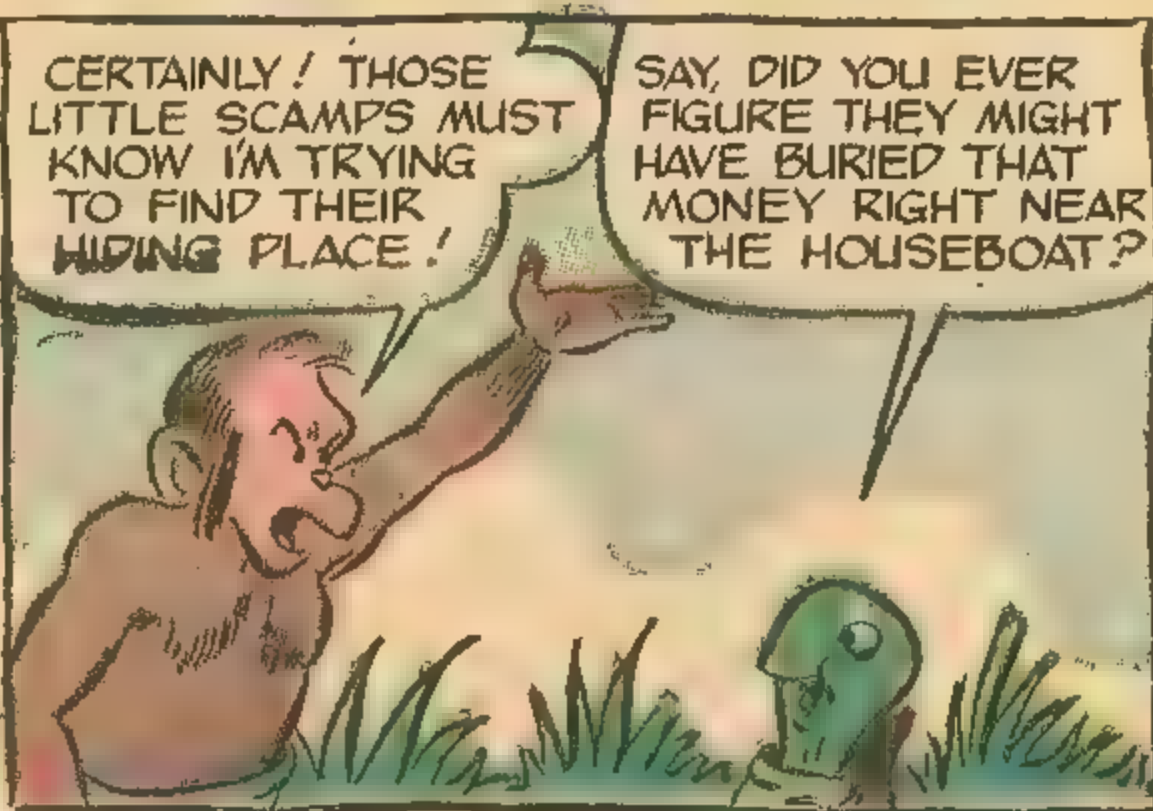
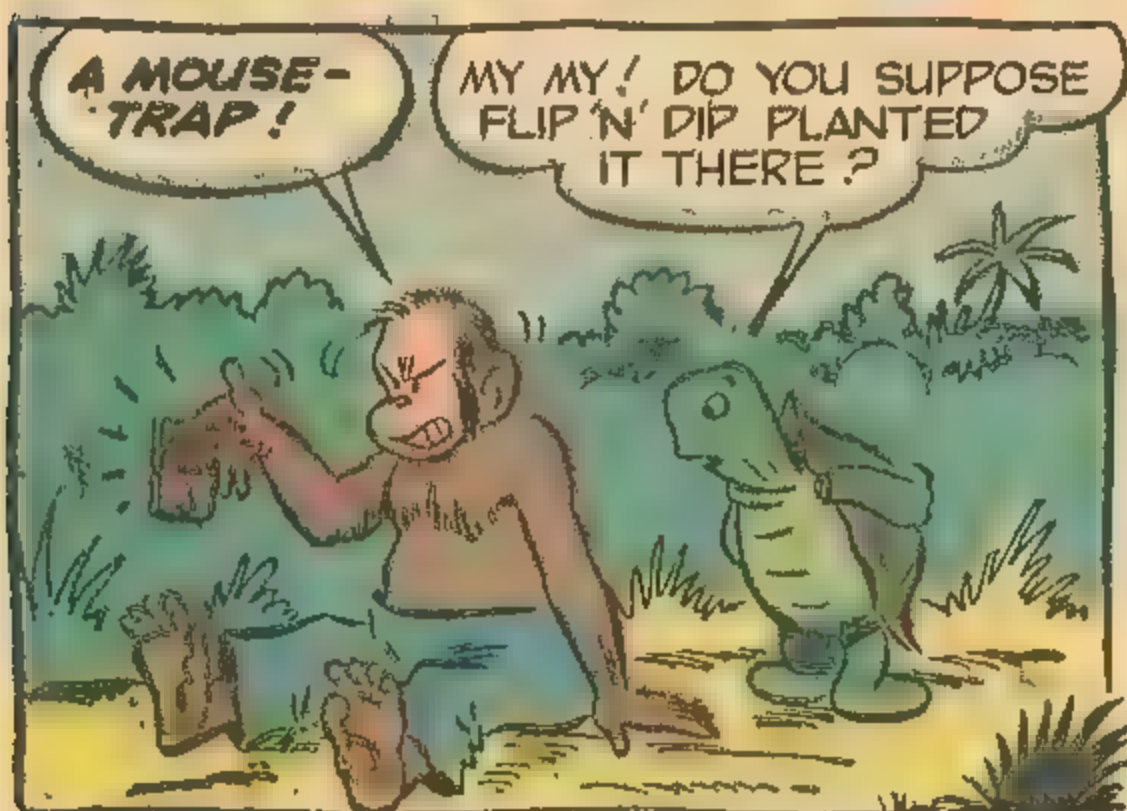
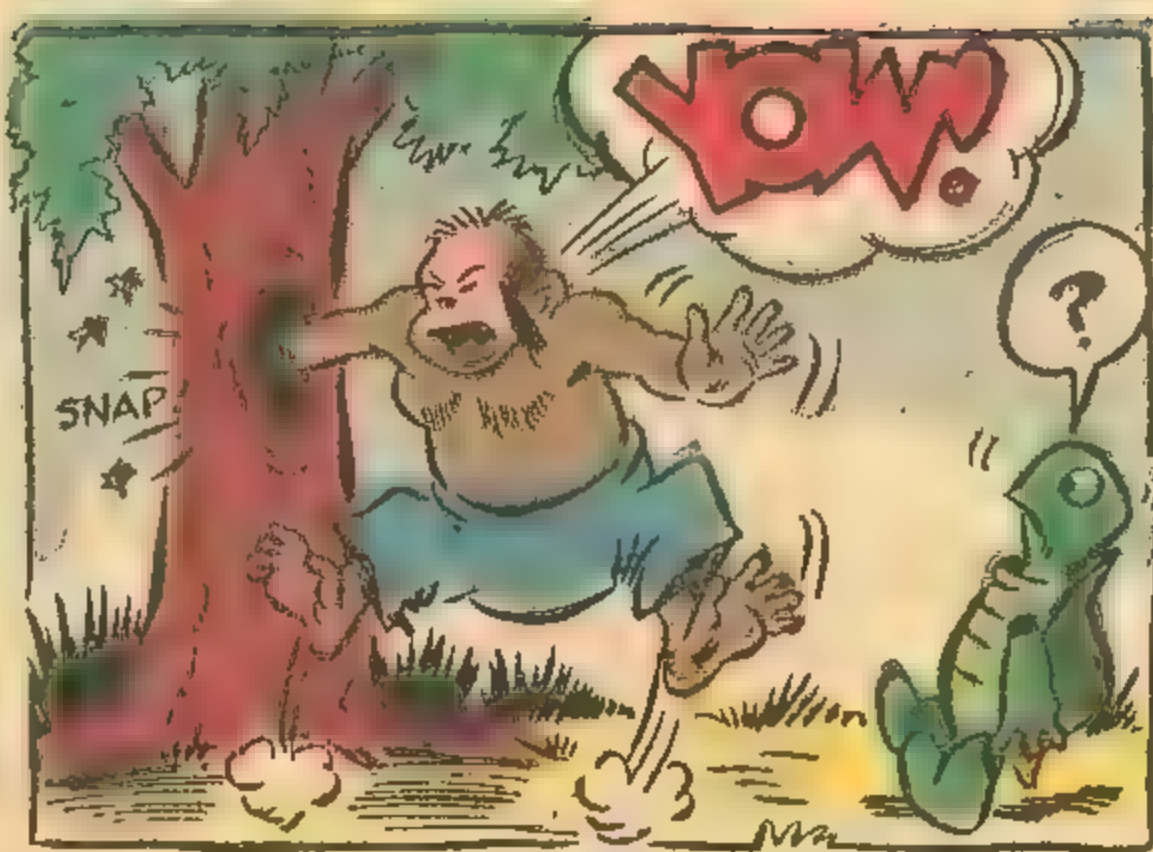
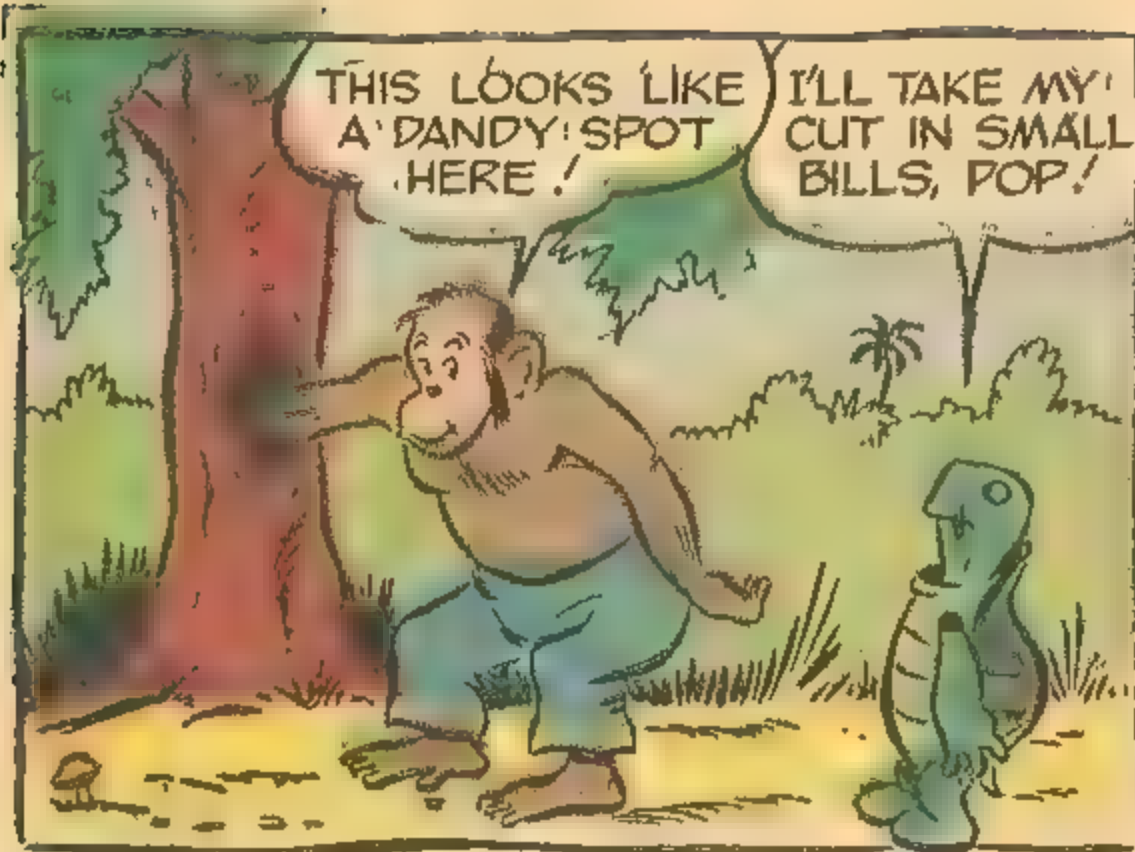
TURTLE, I ALWAYS
KNEW YOU WERE
A THIEF!



IF YOU HAD A LOT
OF MONEY, WHERE
WOULD YOU THINK
OF HIDING IT?

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN
PARTIAL TO HOLLOW
TREES MYSELF!





M.G.M. CARTOONS

Present

FURRY and WILLY

BOYS, YOU'LL HAVE TO
GO TO BED EARLY TONIGHT...
IT MIGHT SNOW ANY DAY NOW!

HUH?
THAT DOESN'T
MAKE SENSE,
UNCLE
BARNEY!

NO...
YOU MUST
BE A LITTLE
CONFUSED!

NOT AT ALL! YOU SIMPLY MUST
GET A LOT OF SLEEP, BECAUSE
THERE ARE LOTS OF CHORES
FOR YOU TO DO TOMORROW!

BUT...

THEY MUST BE DONE BEFORE THE
SNOW COMES! THE GROUND WILL
BE COVERED THEN, AND YOU WON'T
BE ABLE TO WORK IN THE YARD!

BUT, UNCLE BARNEY...

WE'VE GOT PLANS FOR PLAYIN'
TOMORROW!

NO
ARGUMENTS!
GET TO BED!

FINE TREATMENT
WE'RE GETTIN'
AROUND HERE!

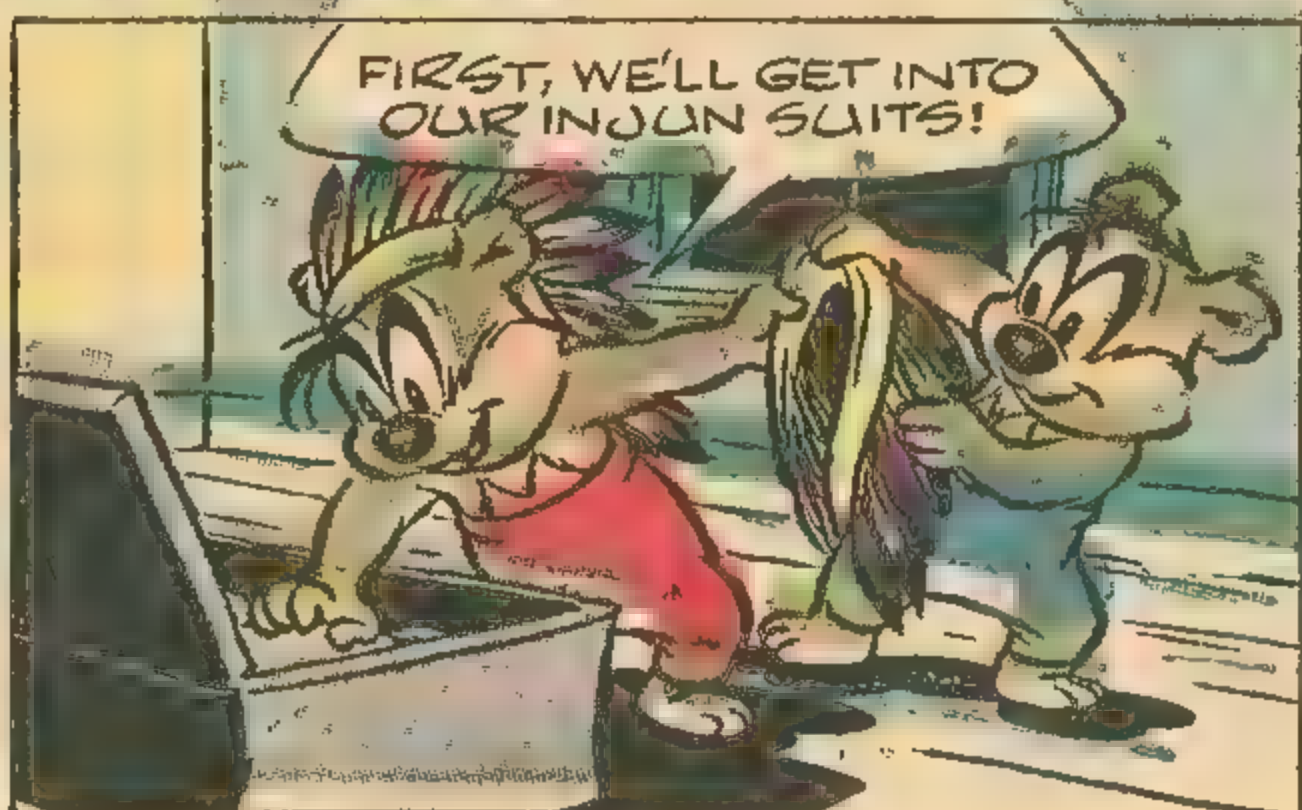
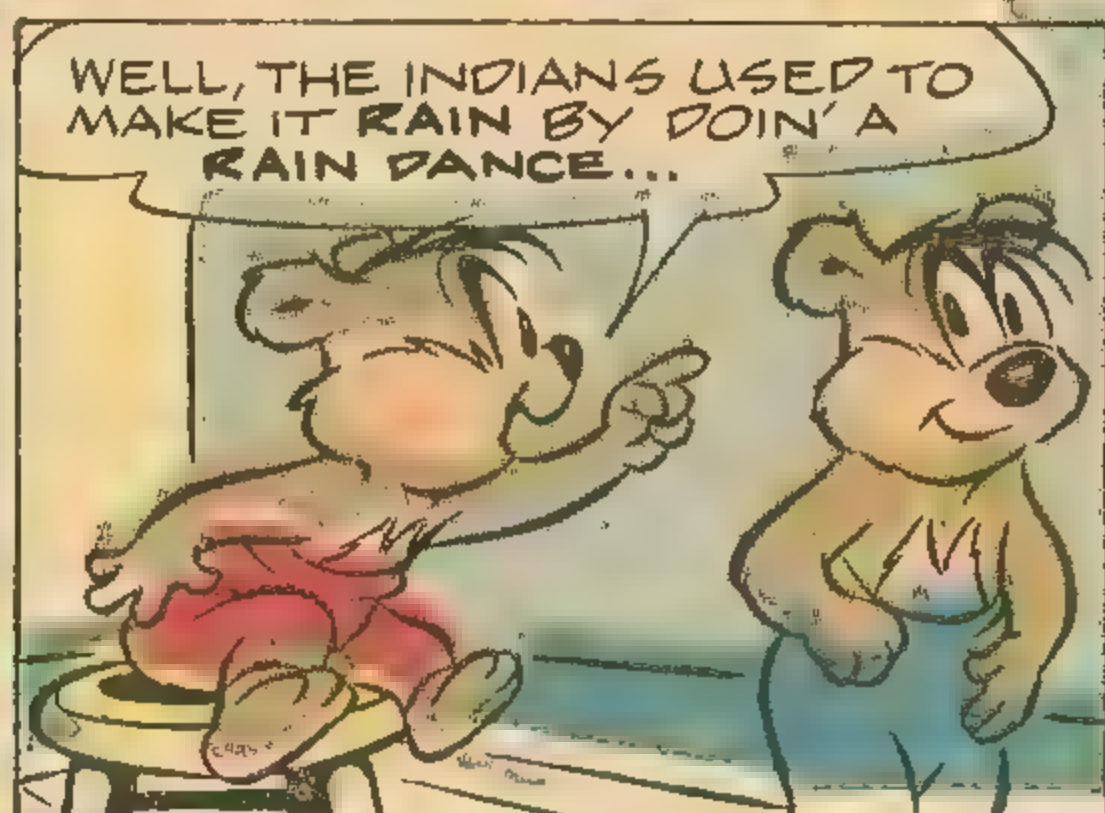
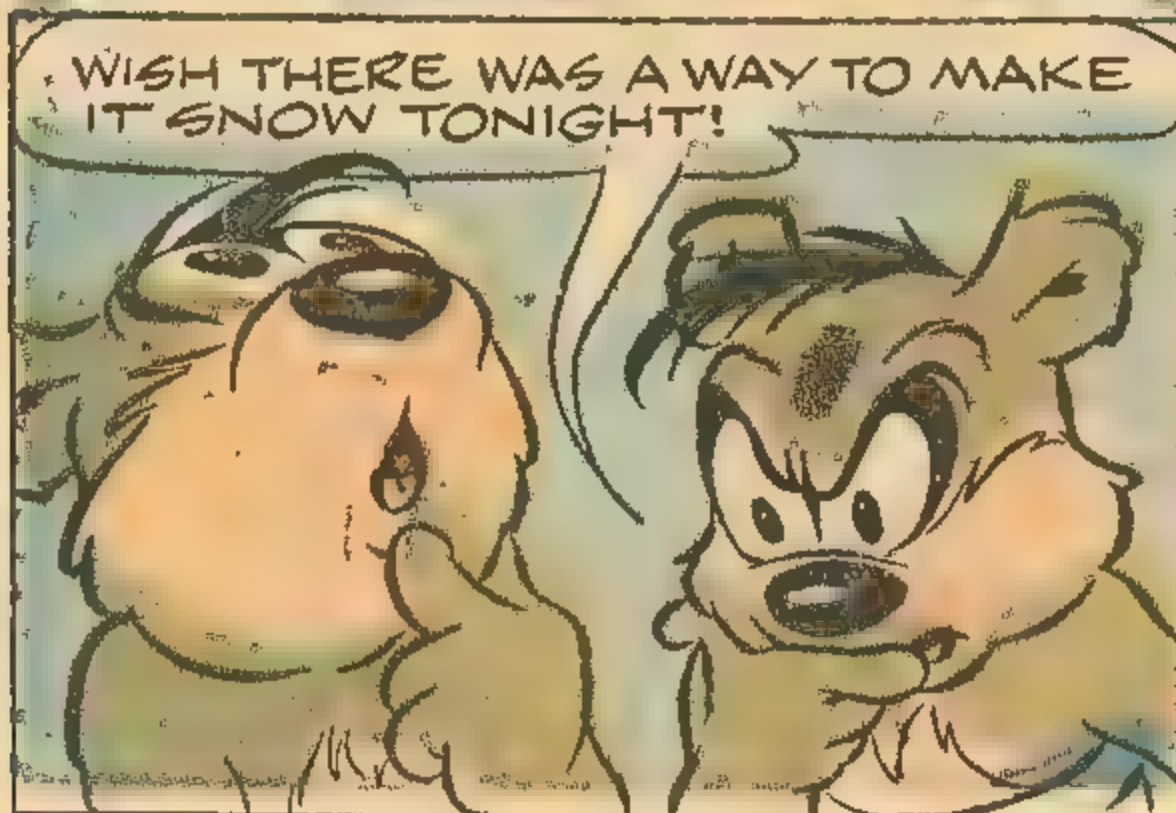
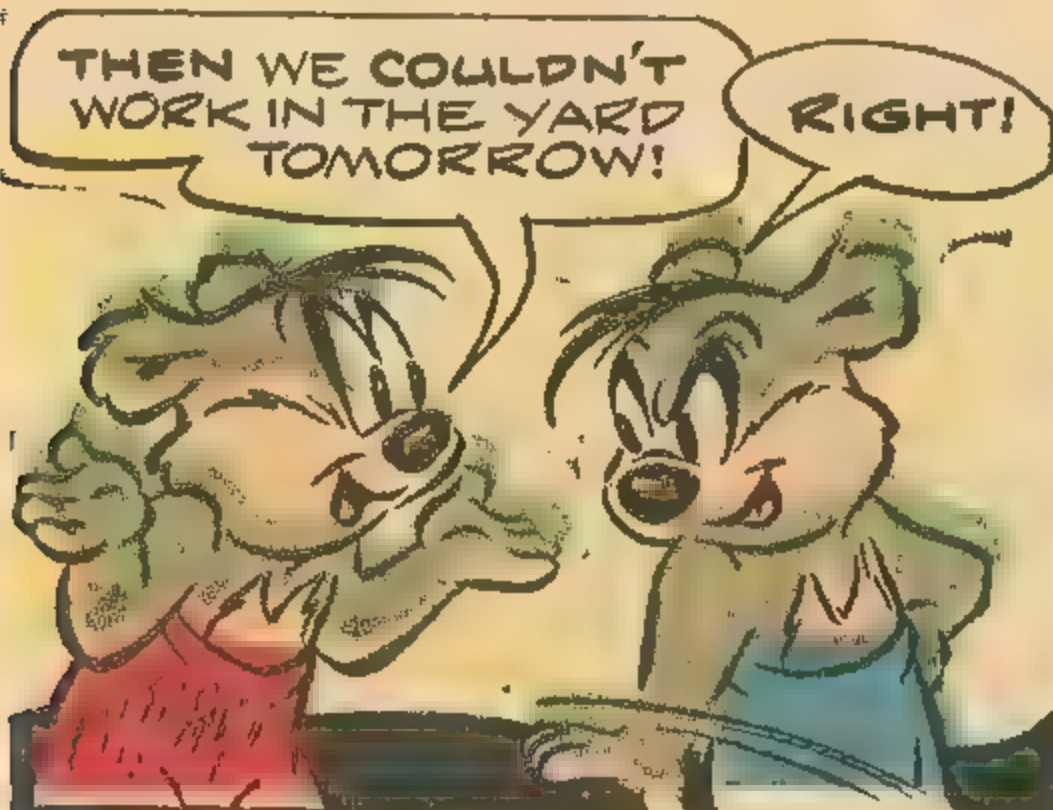
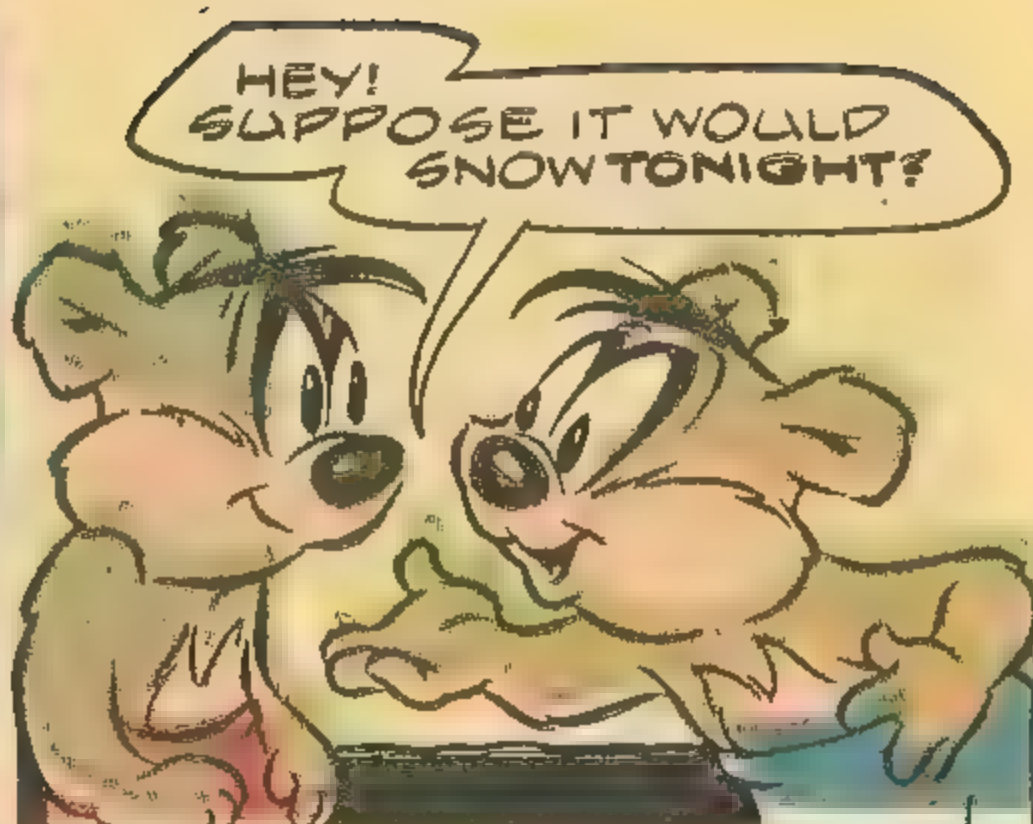
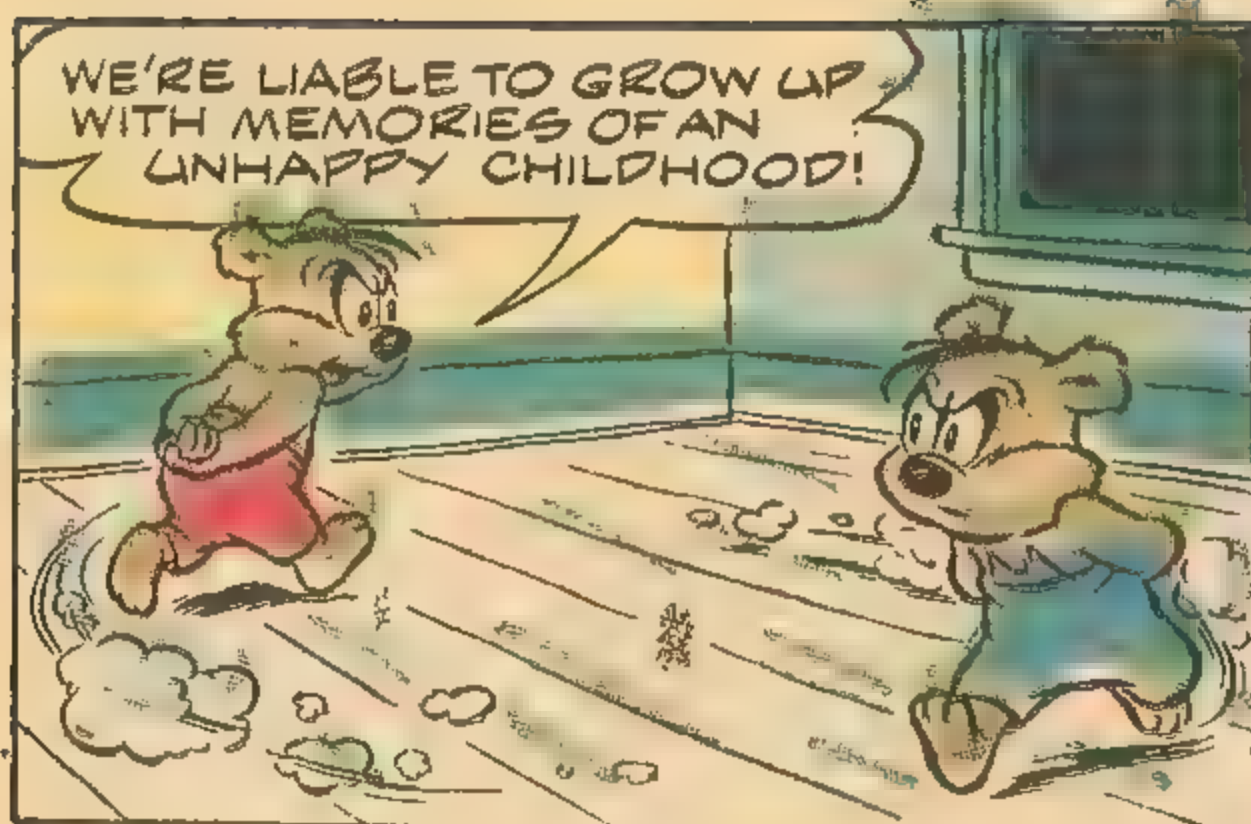
YEAH...
HECK!

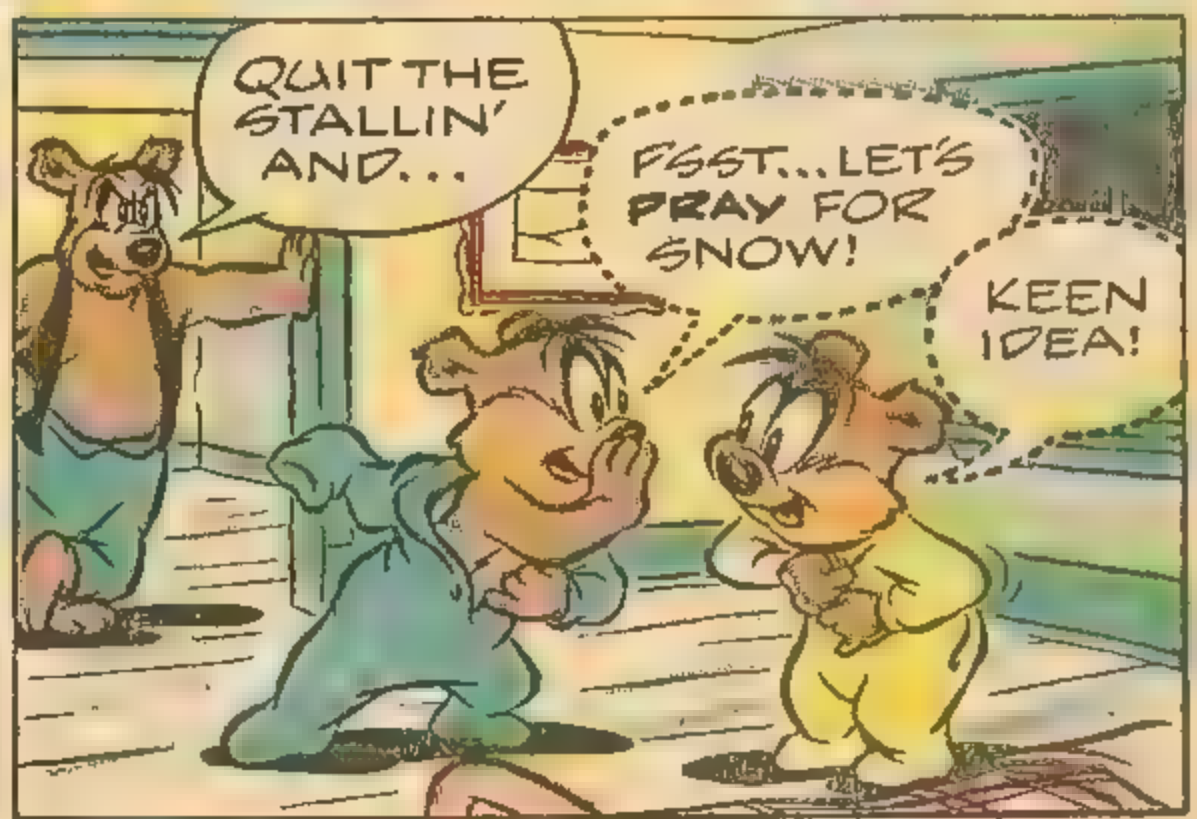
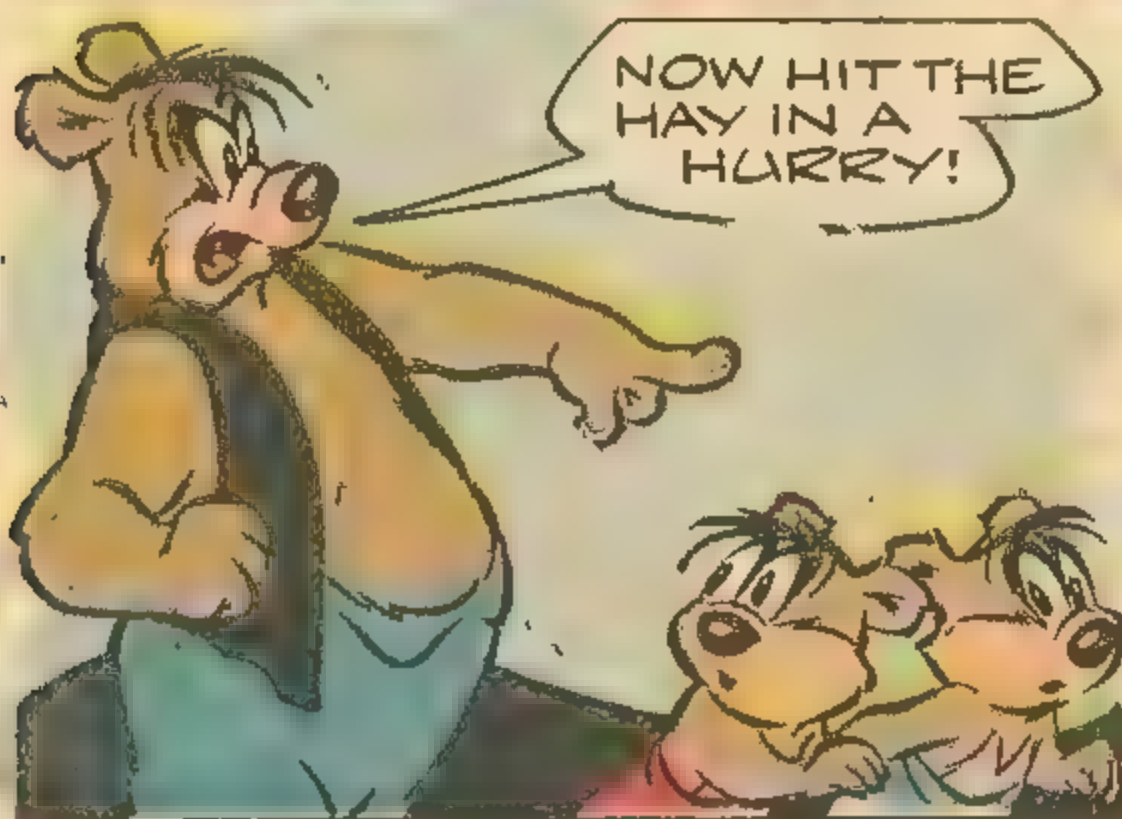
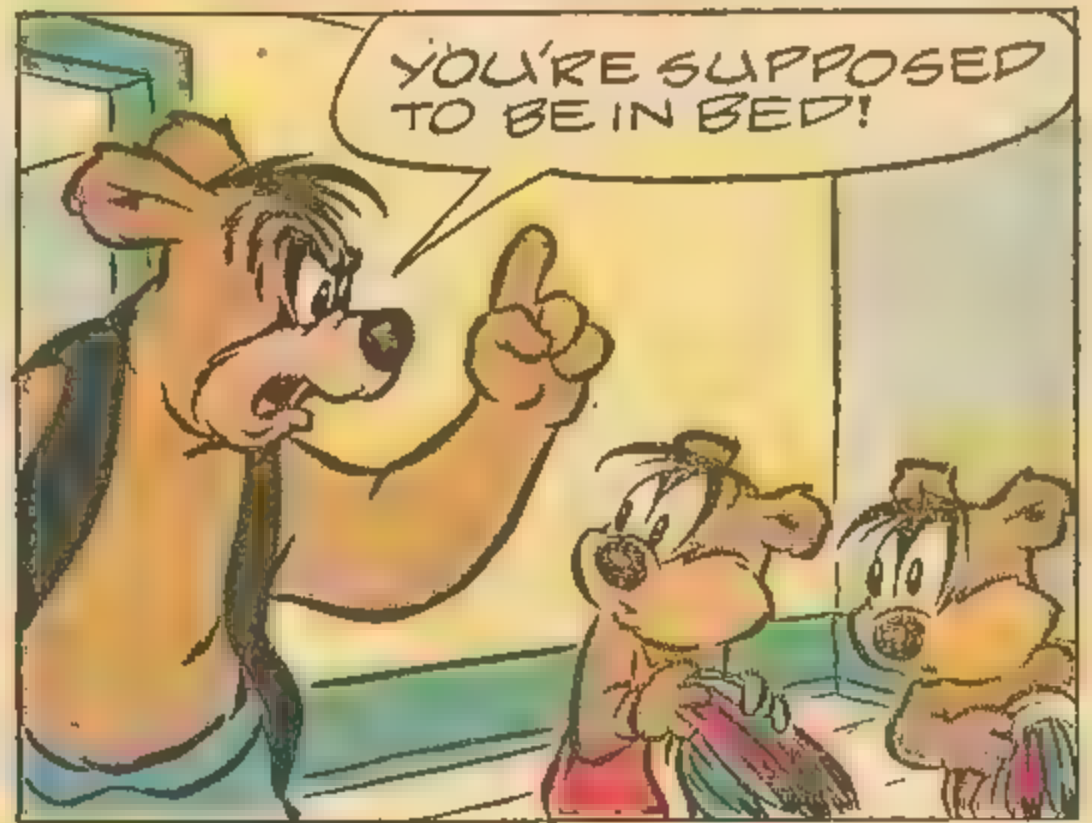
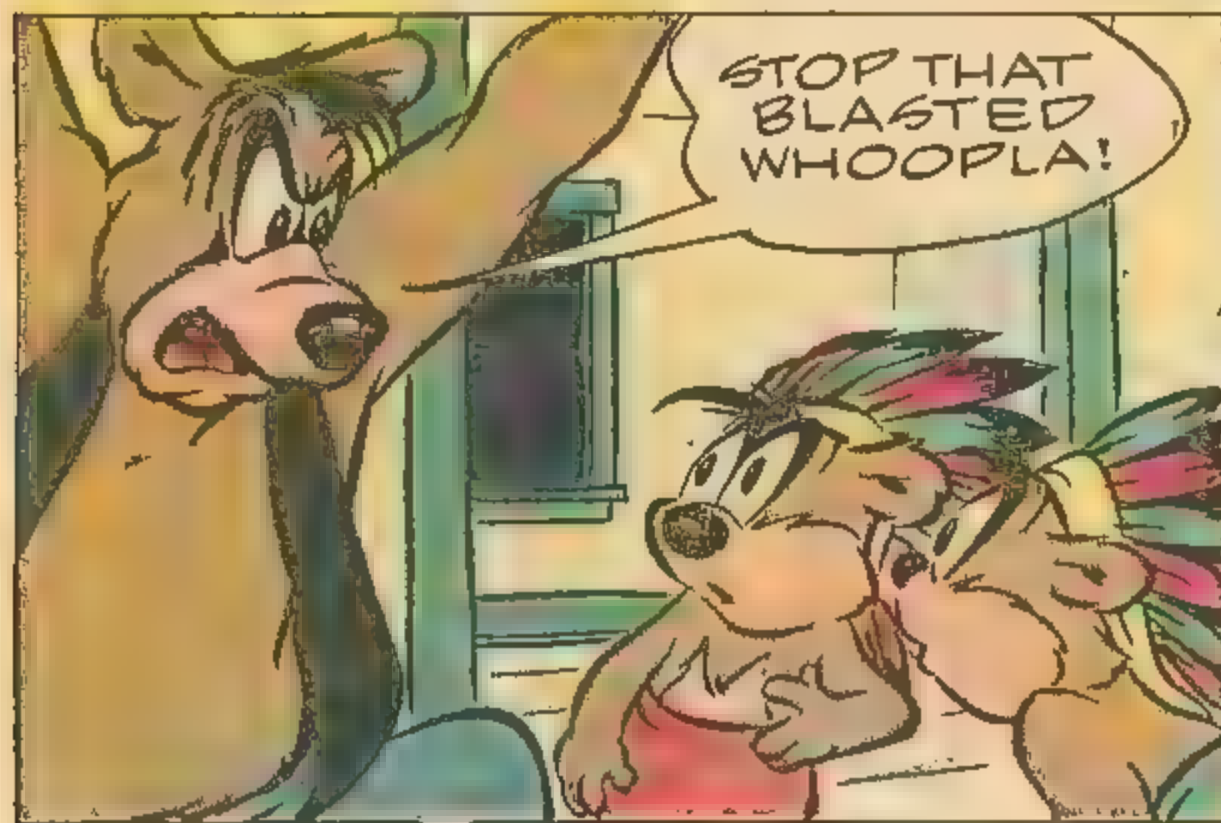
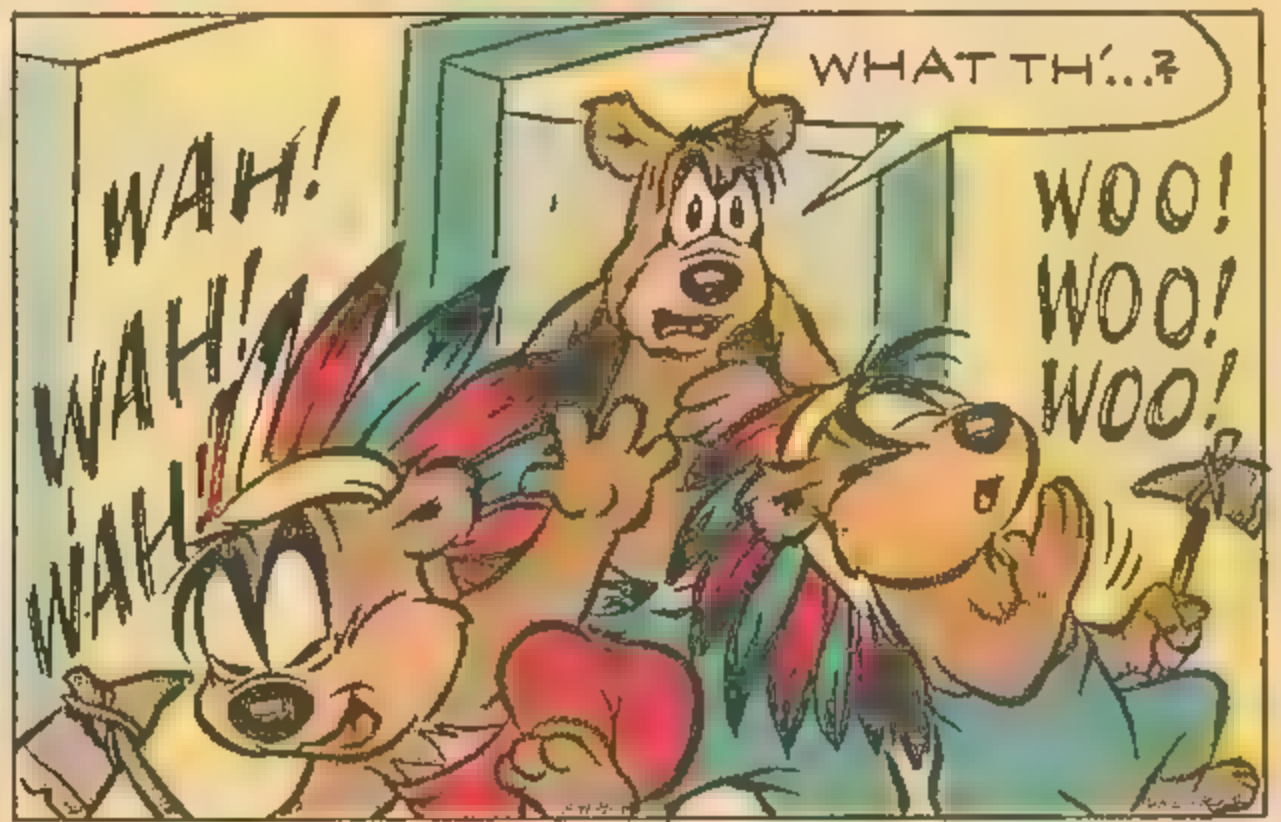
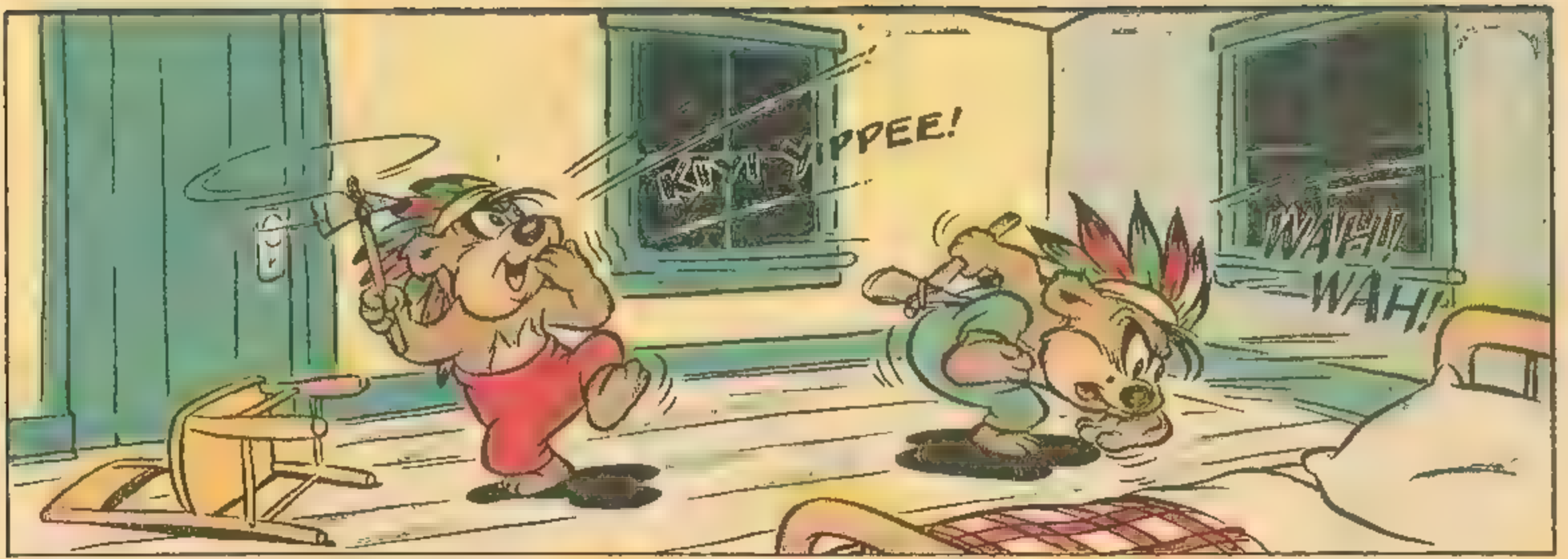
WE NEVER HAVE ANY FUN
IN OUR YARD!

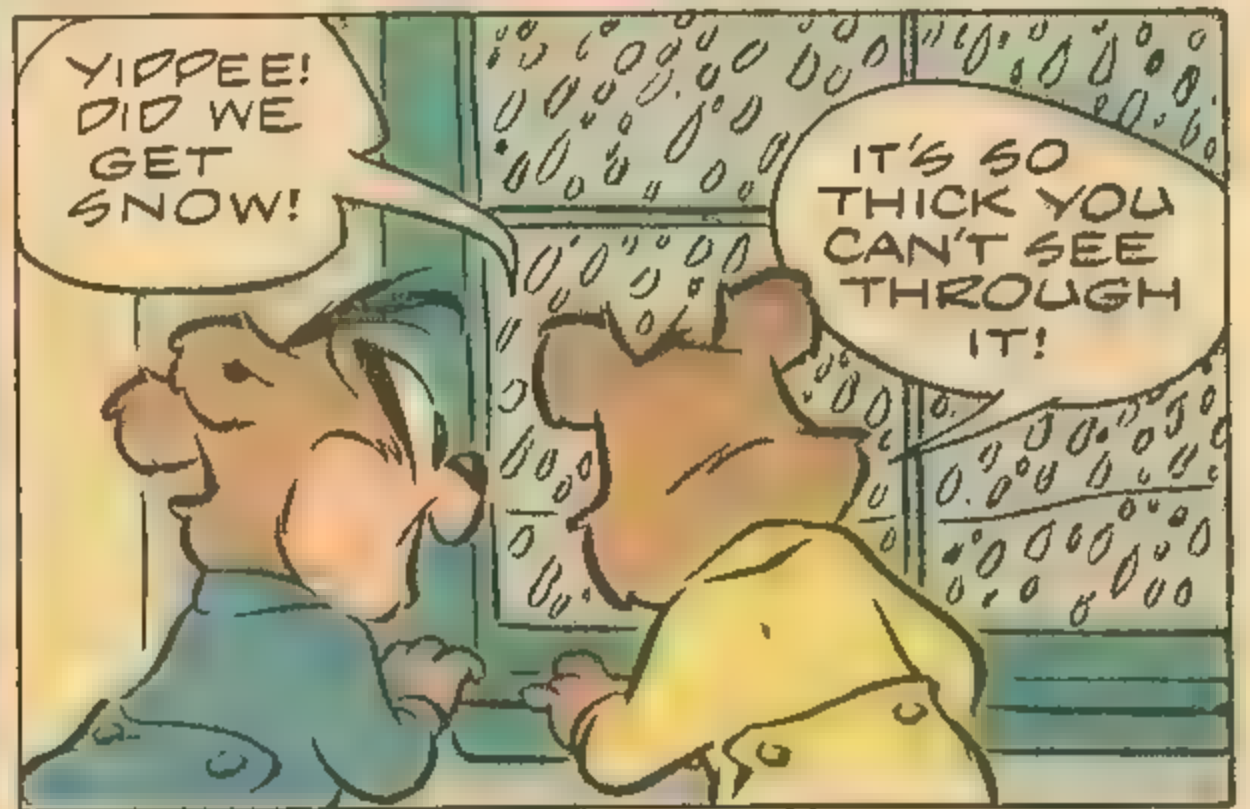
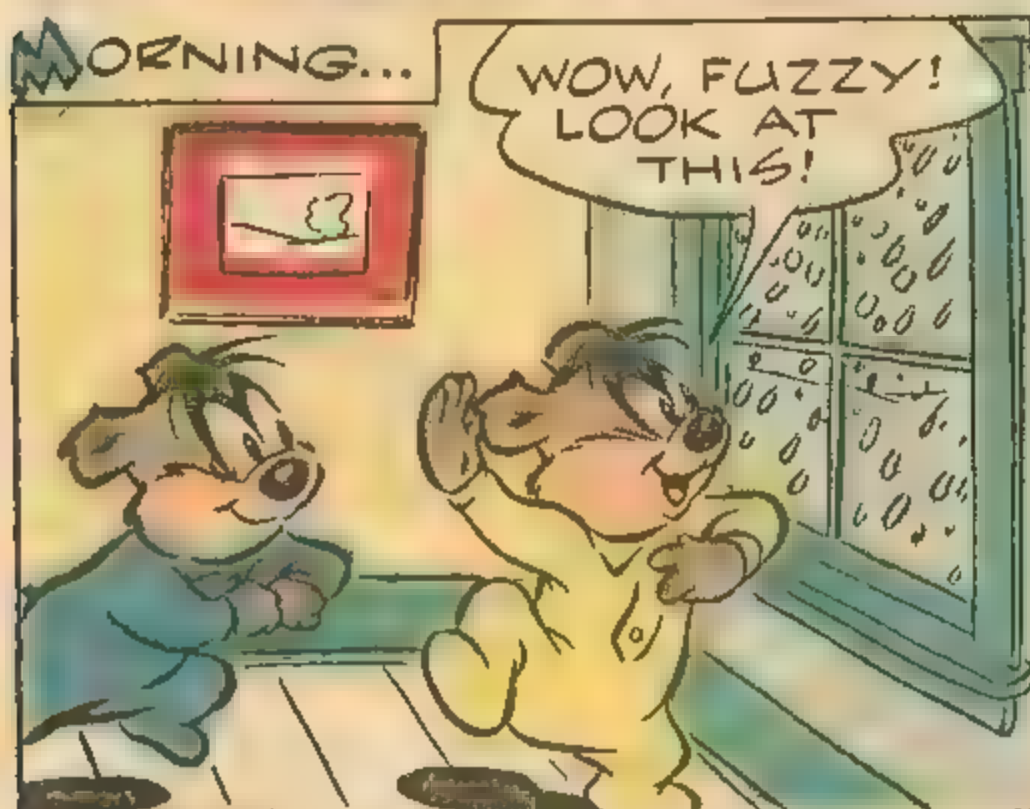
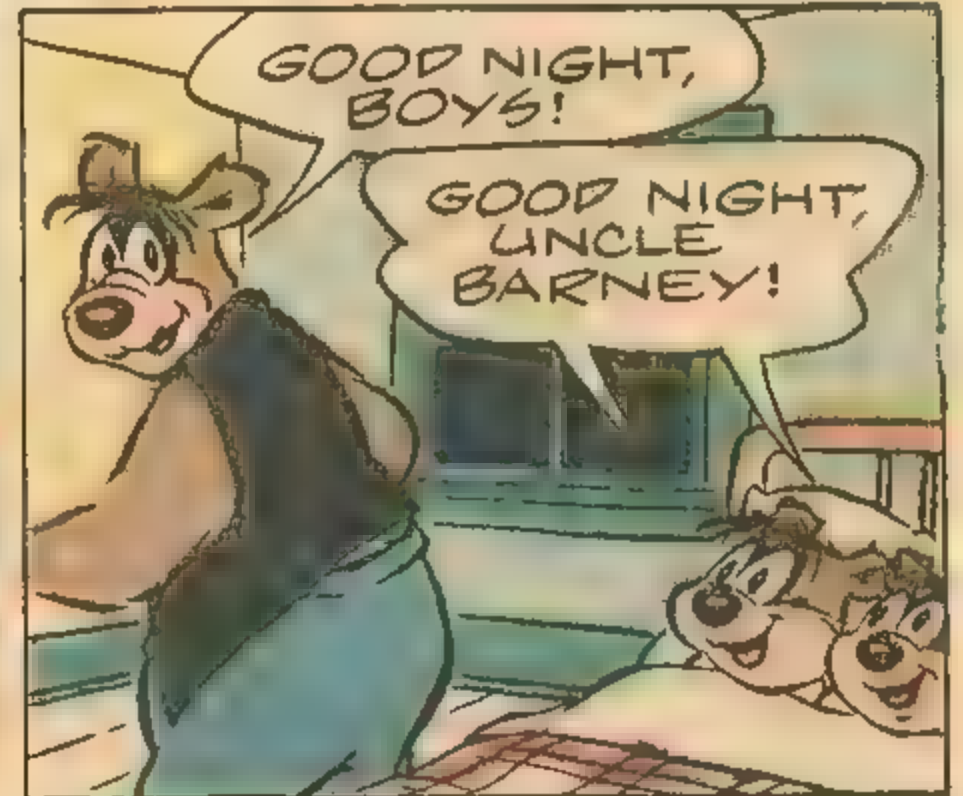
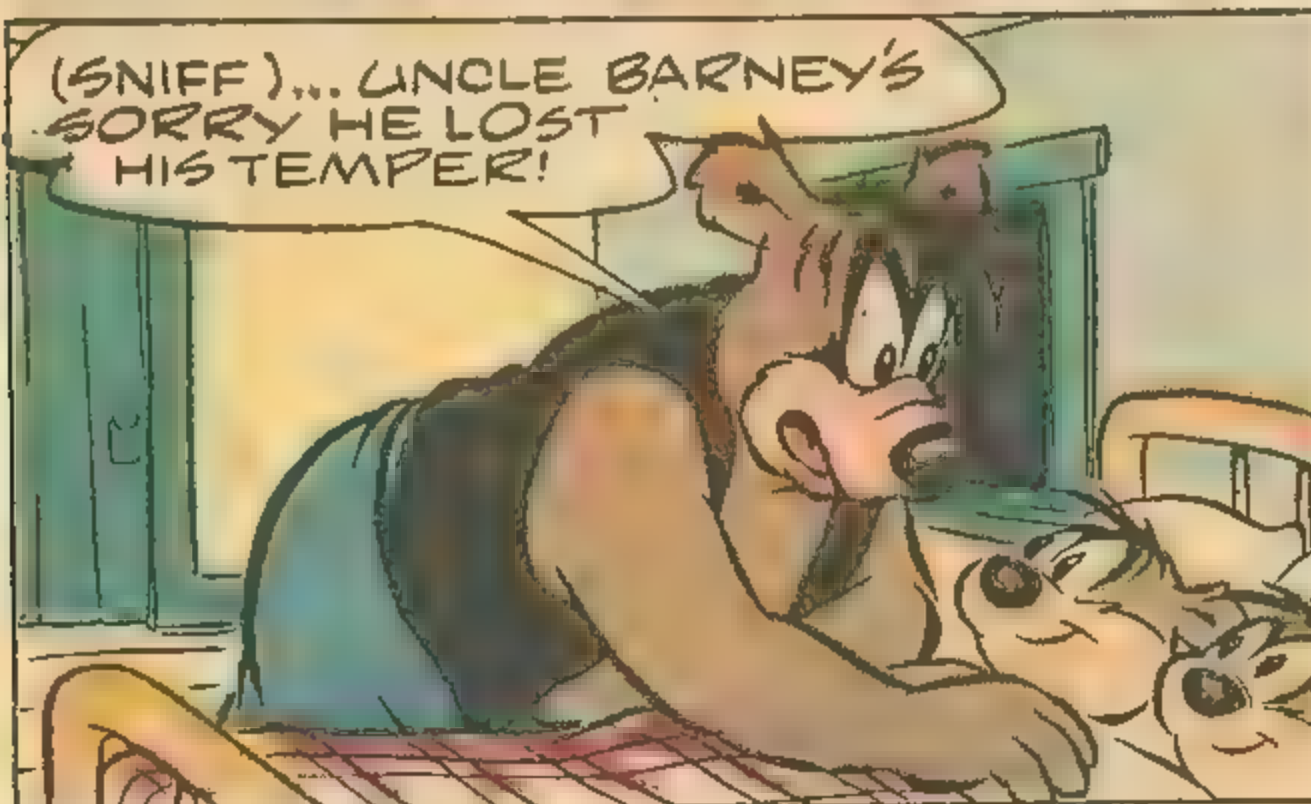
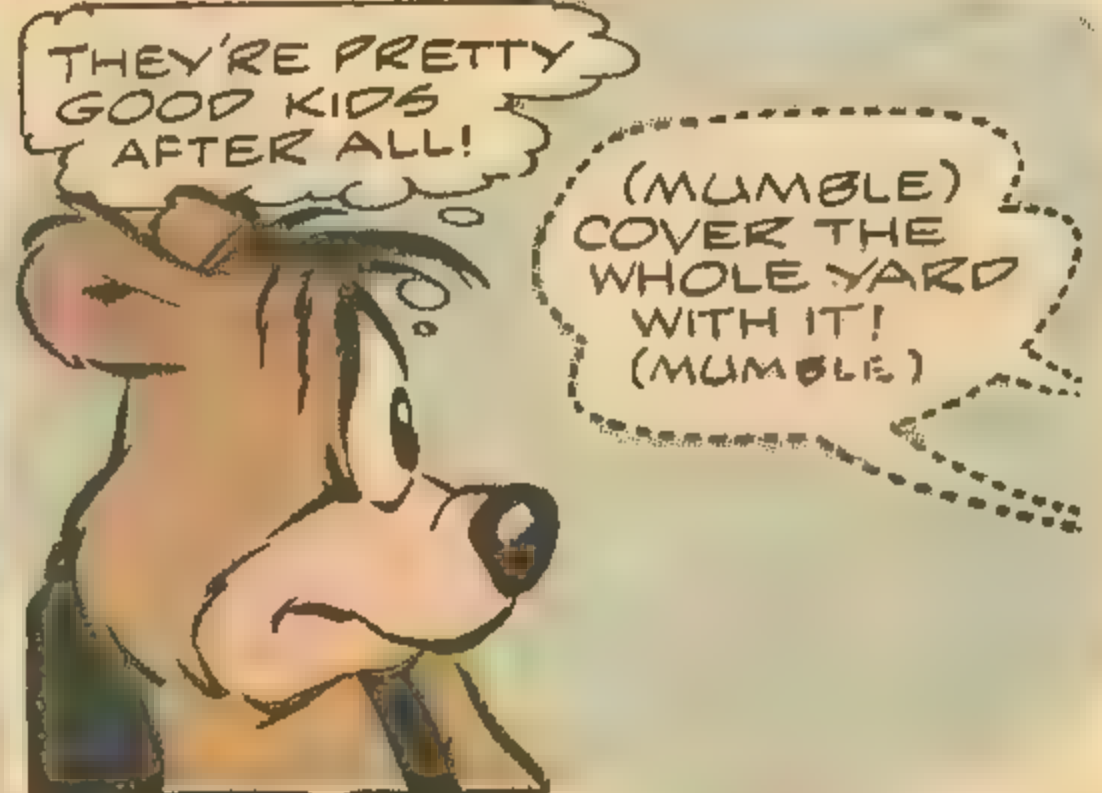
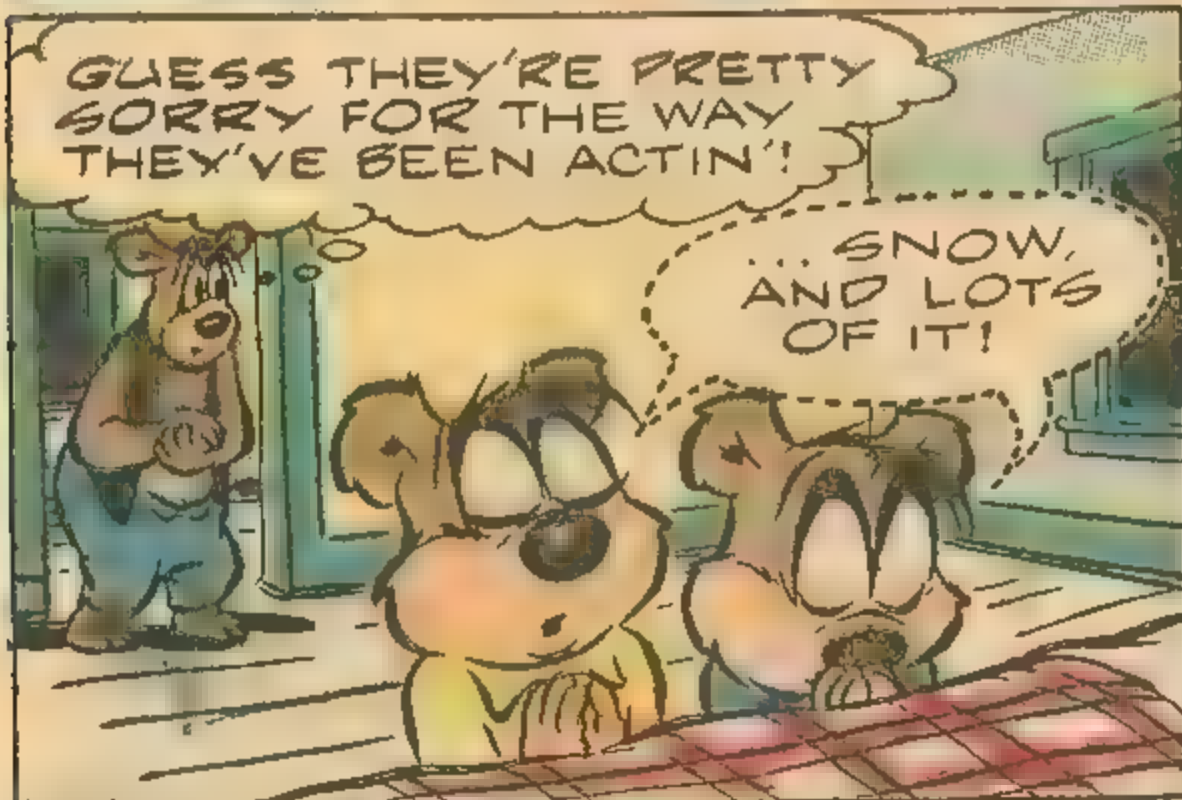
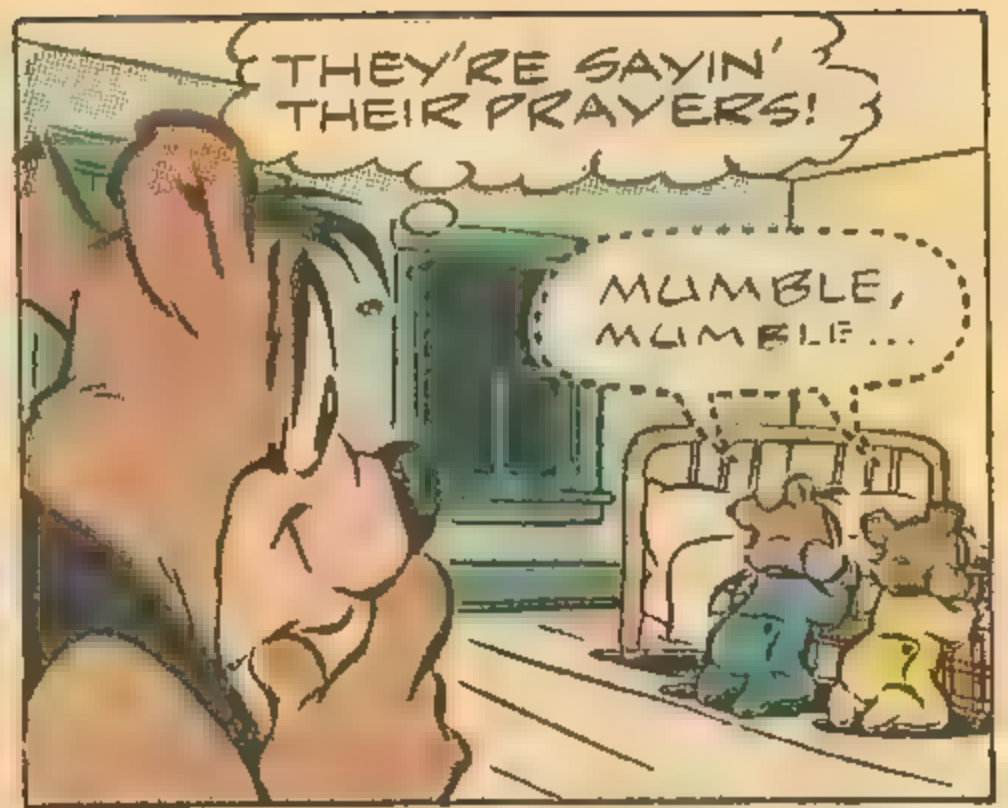
NO!

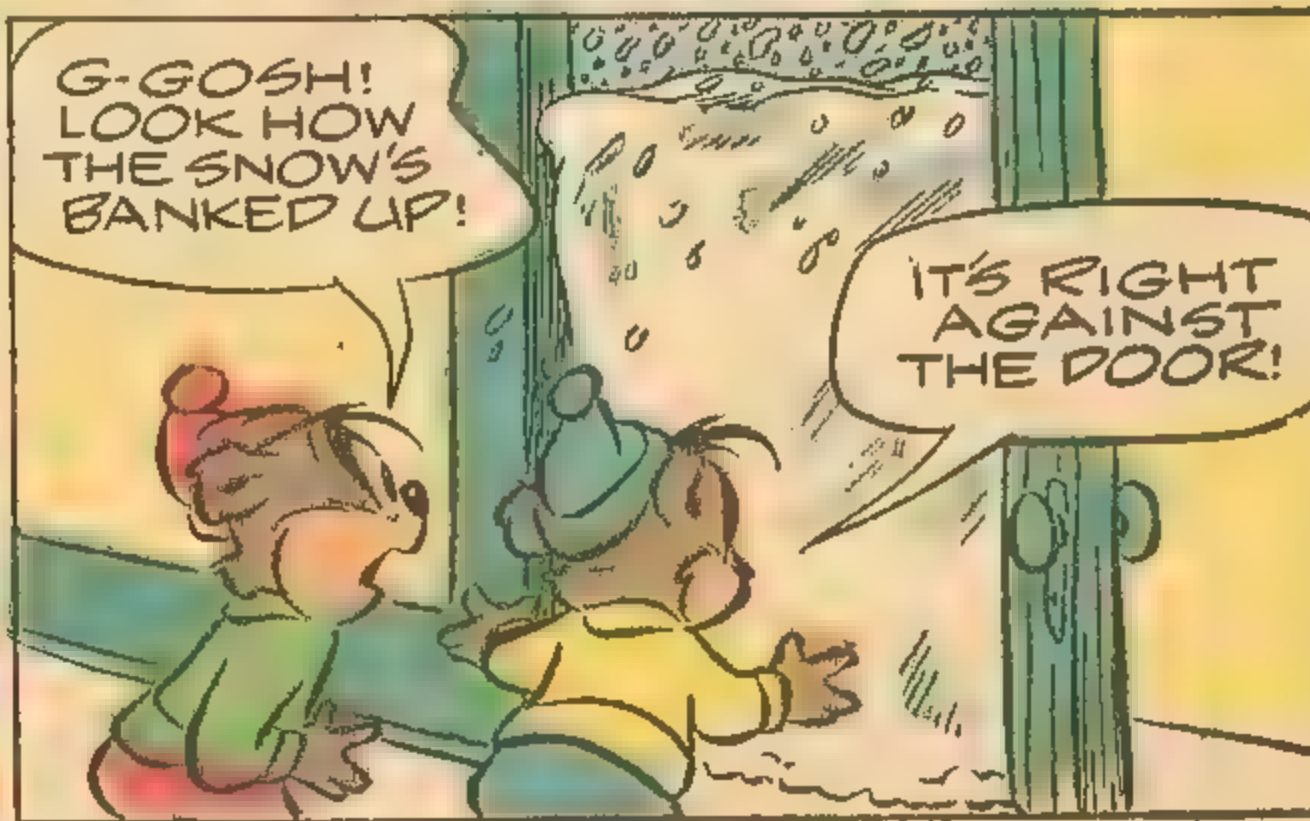
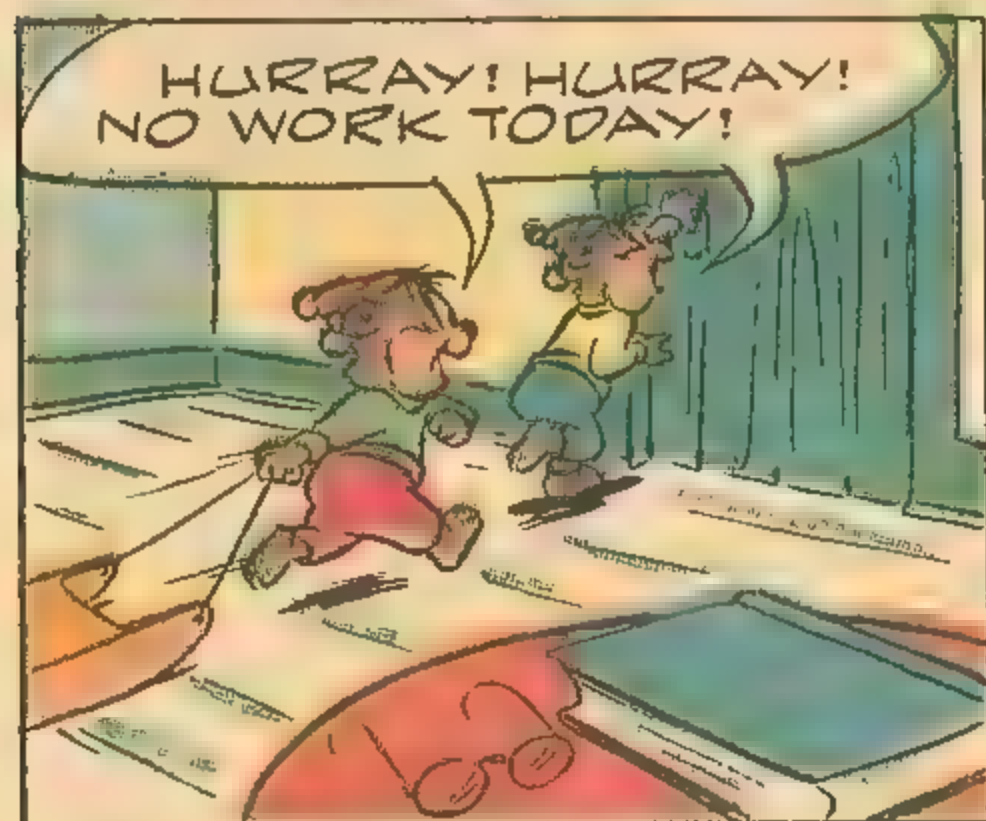
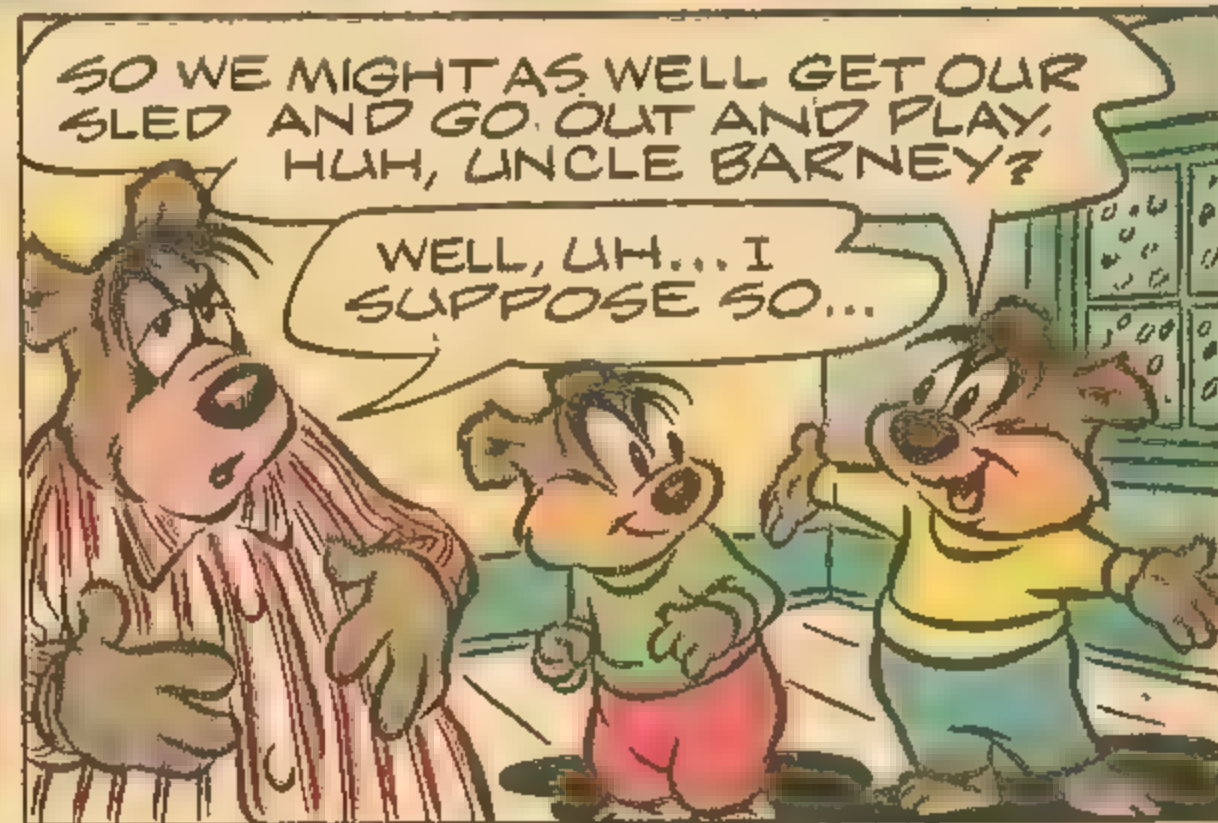
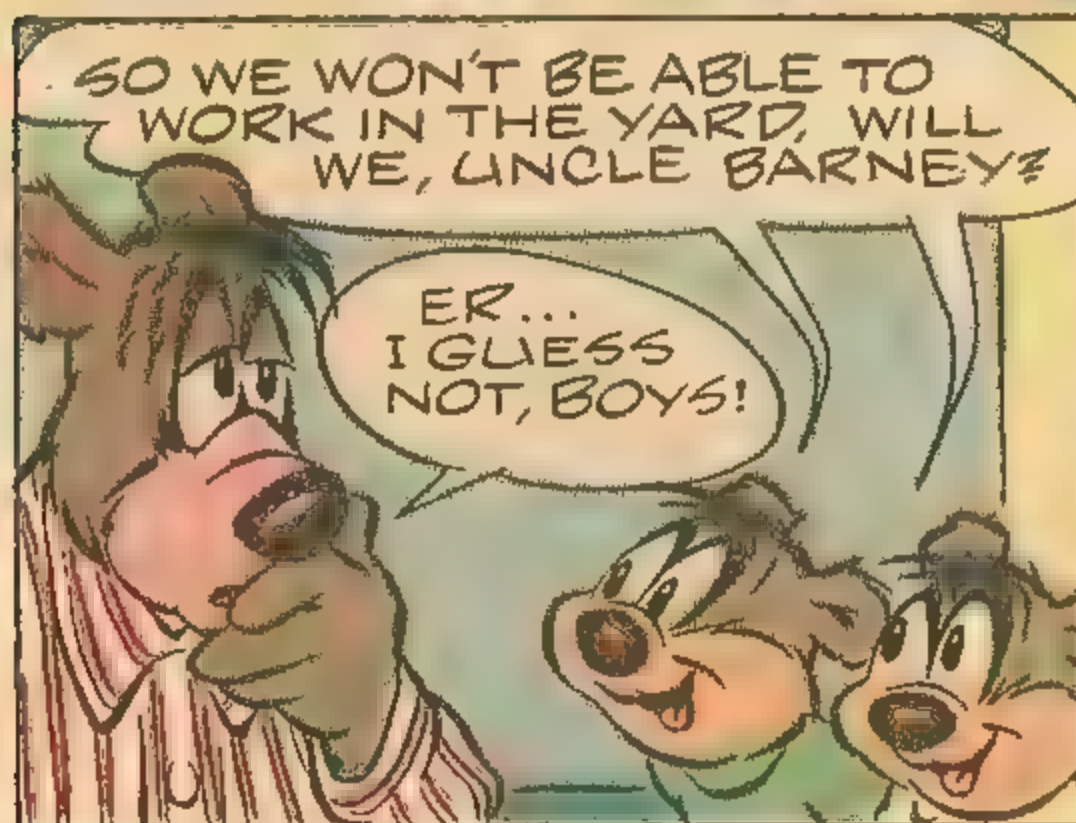
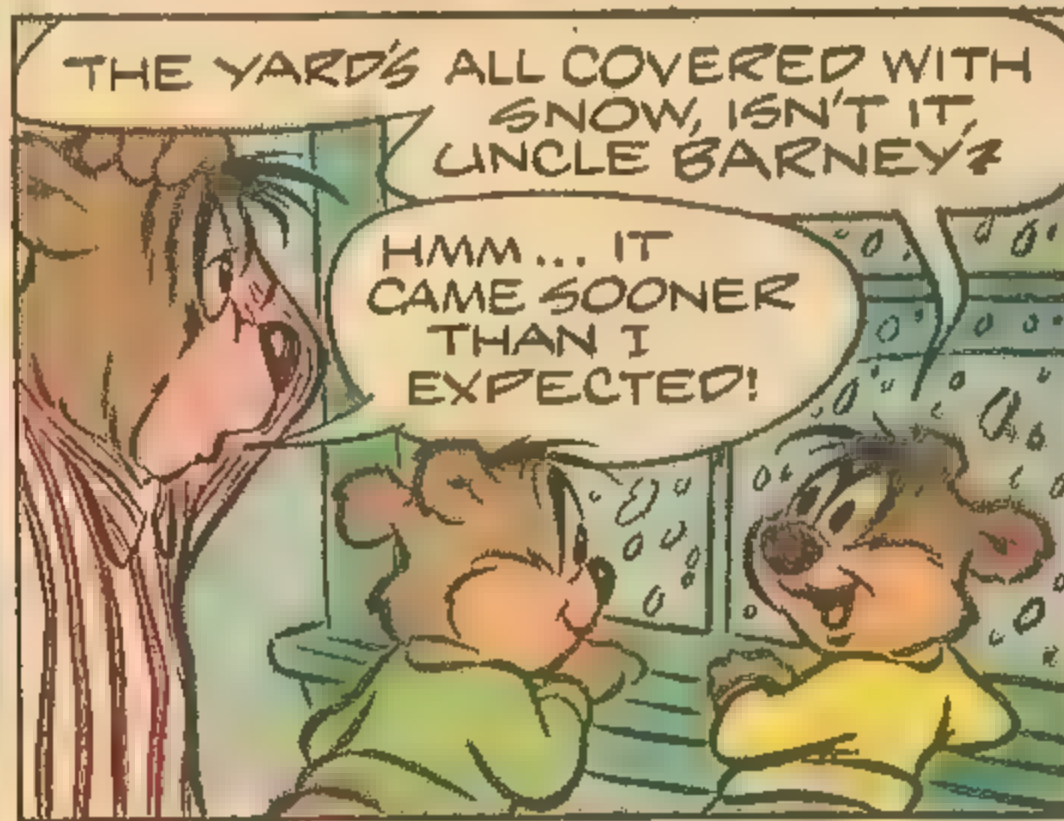
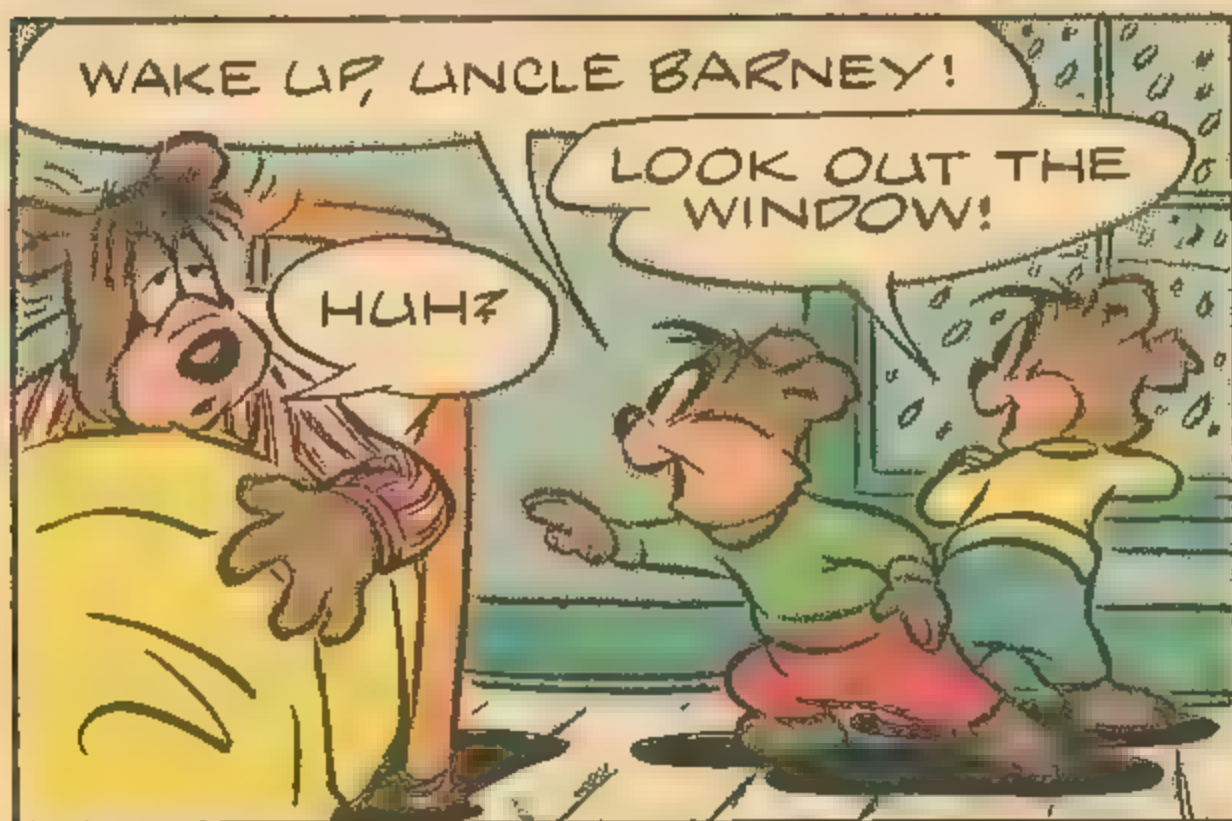
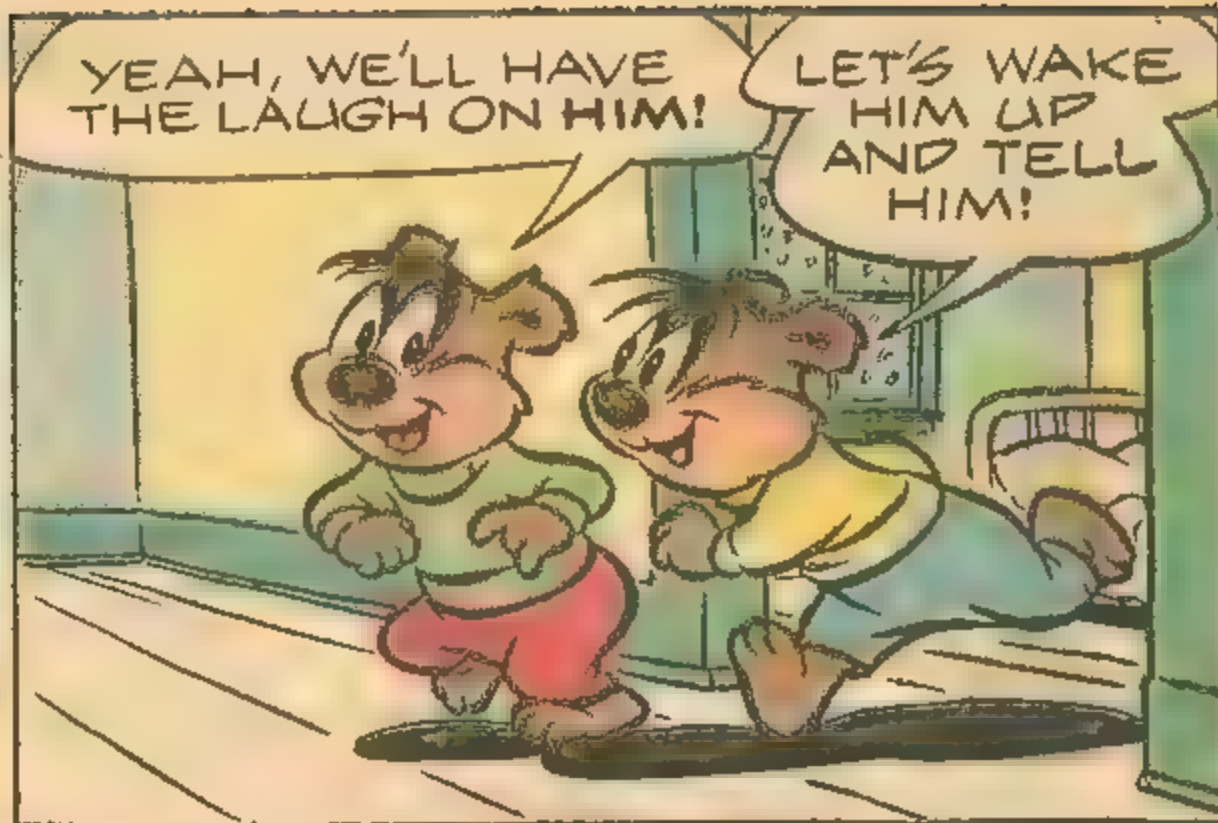
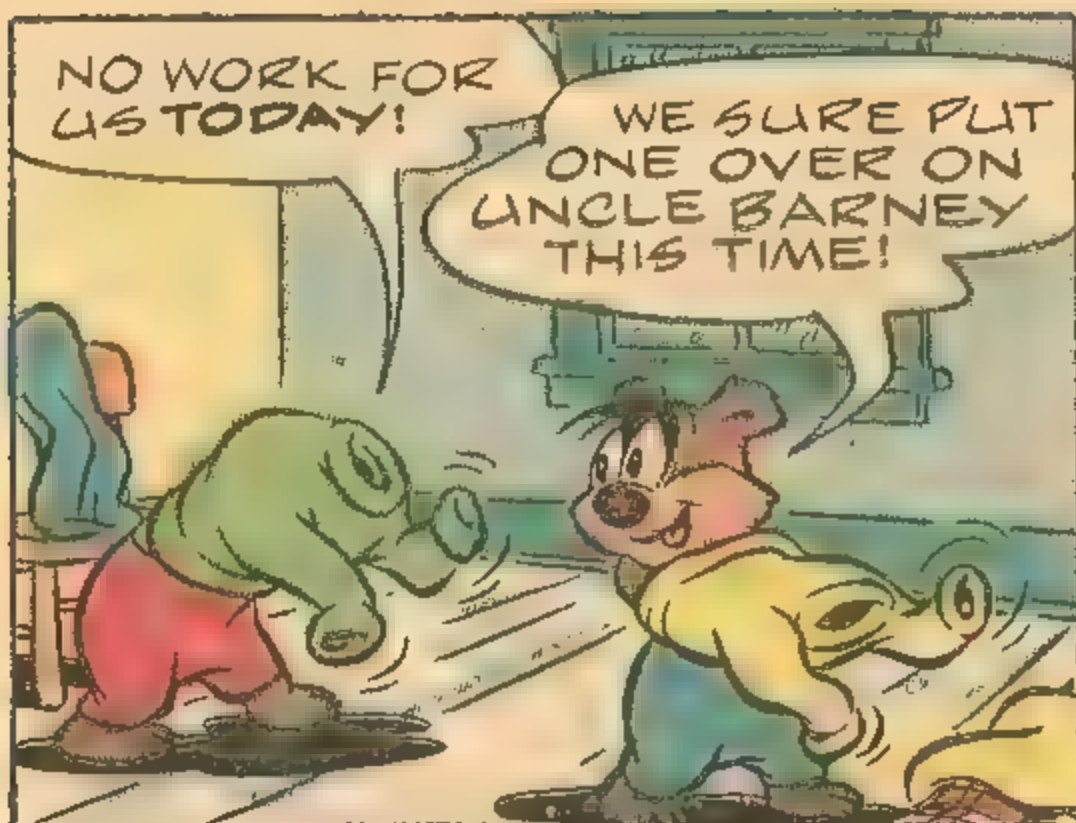
IT'S ALWAYS WORK, WORK...

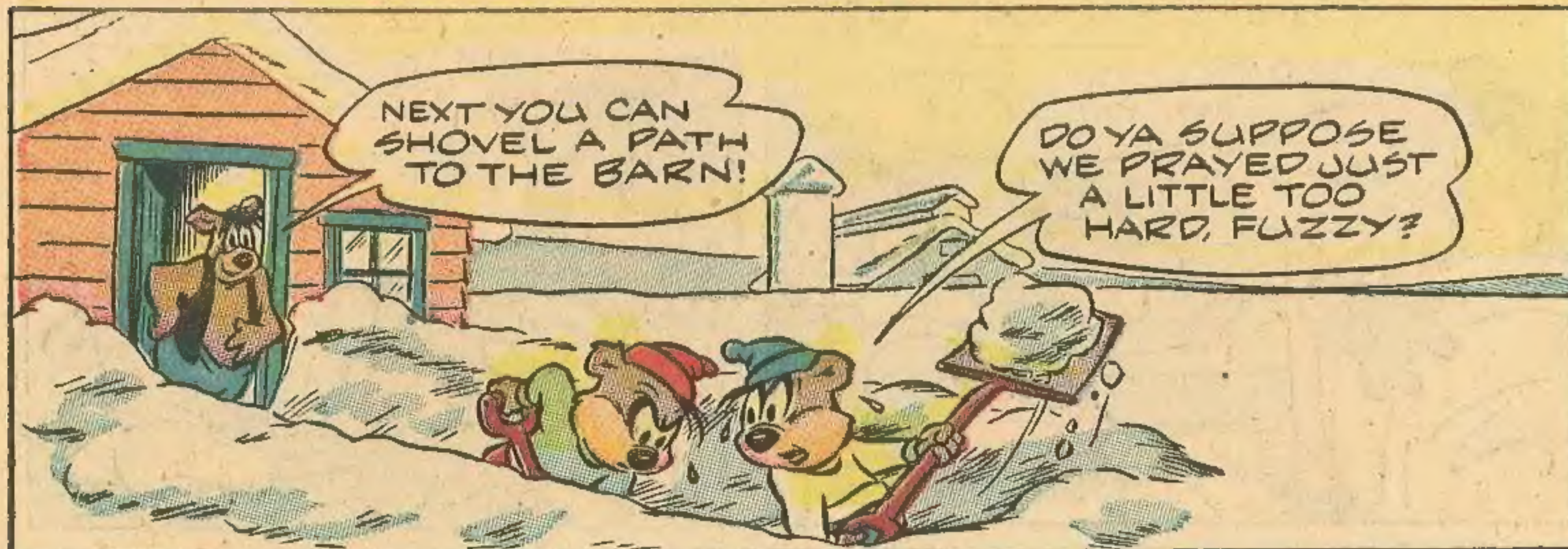
...AND MORE WORK!











The End

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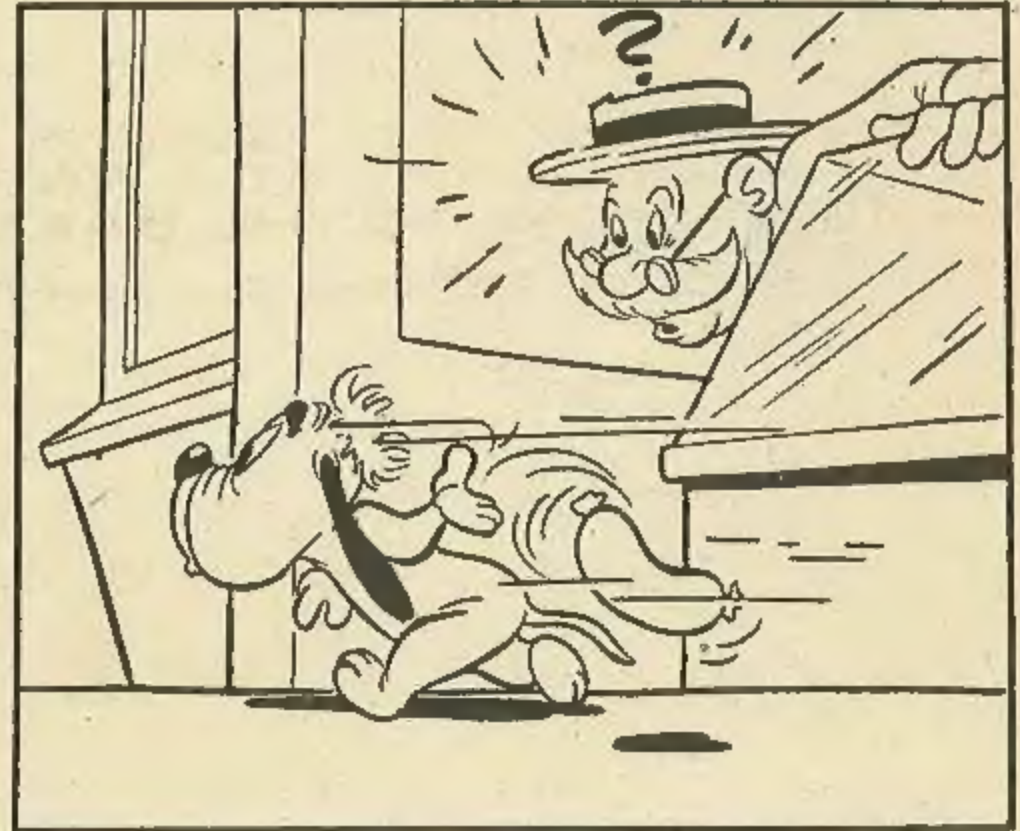
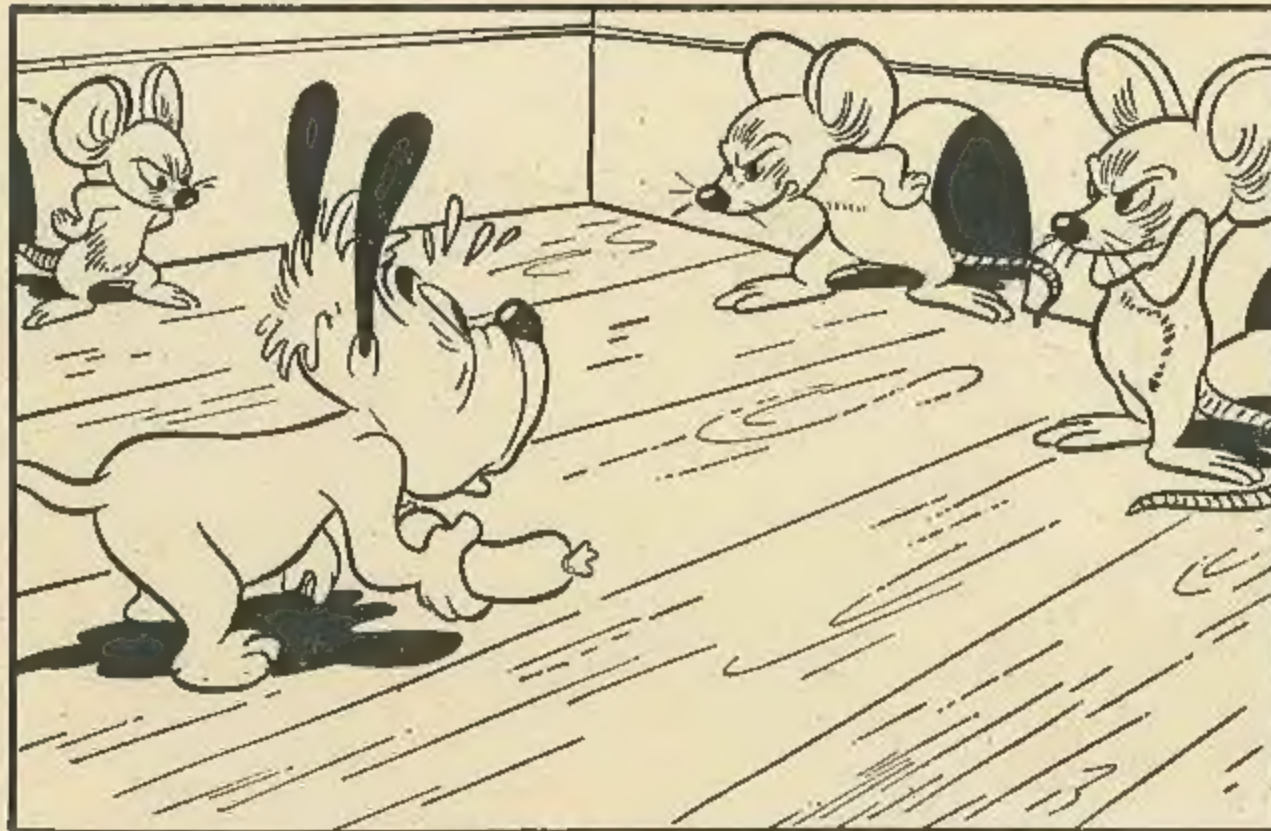
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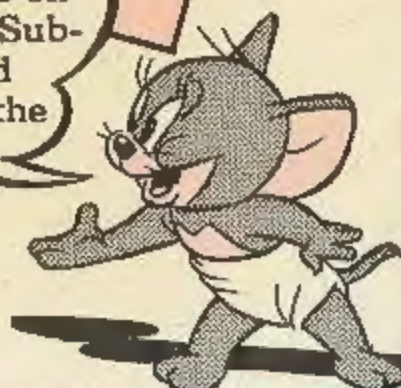
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